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THE
D E N O U N C E D .

BY THE
AUTHORS OF "TALES BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

— bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's name.
THOMAS MOORE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK :

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SOLD BY COLLINS AND HANNAY, COLLINS AND CO., G. AND C. AND H. CARVILL, O. A.
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ELISS;—PHILADELPHIA, CAREY AND LEA, J. GRIGG, U. HUNT, TOWAR AND HOGAN,
M'CARTY AND DAVIS, E. L. CAREY AND A. HART, J. CRISSEY, AND T. DESILVER, JR.
—PITTSBURG, HOGAN AND CO.

1830.

THE CONFORMISTS.

CHAPTER I.

OLD Irish people of the present day, who remember the things of their early youth, and can gossip intelligibly about them, wonder at nothing more than at the contrast between the mode of public travelling now, and what it used to be in Ireland some sixty or seventy years ago. While tottering, supported by their sticks, along the suburb roads of their native towns, they may be seen to hurry up a convenient green-lane, or, if that is not at hand, place their shoulders against the hedge or wall of the highway, in order to allow deferential scope to the career of the stage or mail-coach heard afar off, but suspected to be close at their backs, in consequence of confused misgivings respecting the state of their own sense of hearing. In such situations as the latter, we have observed many an ancient friend, and while the stage whisked by them at the rate of nine English miles an hour, (making no more ado of four insides and twelve outsides, than if the horses were blasts of whirlwind, and itself and its tenants light clouds involved in their motion,) we fancied that, in the up-turned eyes and dropped jaws of the old gentlemen might be perceived—mastering even their terror of being run over and ground into dust—an expression of awful amazement, as if the impetuous vehicle were some superhuman wonder, boding evil to mortals in its transit over the public roads of this earth.

And we have heard described by these grandsires of our minds, the more rational public conveyances which reflected credit on the different towns of their birth, when they (and who but they?) were of the young and adventurous of a growing world. “In them days,” it was thought no waste of time or

want of energy in passengers, proprietors, horses, or carriage-machinery, if the ponderous diligence accomplished a journey of sixty miles to or from the metropolis, in forty hours after its sedate departure from the starting-point. Nor did foolhardy men then commit themselves to its guidance, sure (though slow) as it was, with the indifference and the want of previous arrangement for a long journey of sixty Irish miles, which is observed in a traveller of the present day, who, at an hour's notice, and having in charge only a small valise, or the paltry novelty called a bag, and contenting himself with nodding to his friends, and jokingly kissing his wife and children, consigns life and limb to the discretion of a slight stage-coach, an opposition coachman, and four incarnate devils of half-blood horses. No; in these good old times, weeks were allotted to due preparation for such a journey, even by the diligence. Apprehending a lack of accommodation in houses of entertainment themselves, the prudent man victualled his capacious saddle-bags with a week's provisions, at the least, paid his debts, made his will, partook of religious comforts, and in various other ways nerved his manly mind for his perilous adventure. Days before his departure, a tender gloom shaded his domestic circle; upon the doomed morning itself, not only all the members of that circle, but a crowd of friends besides, escorted him to the side of the awful machine, and there tearful and boding embraces were interchanged. And, for present purposes it is convenient to add, upon the evening when he was expected—or rather hoped—back again, the same group proceeded miles outside the town, and took a position upon some convenient eminence, patiently watching for hours the approach of the moving house which contained among its inmates he who was most dear to them. “Upon the evening when he was *hoped* back again,” has been said; for certainty in the case, or even that maturity of hope which amounts to expectation, was affected by no one, not even by the local half-proprietor who kept the sign of “the Cross Keys,” or haply of “the naked boy on the barrel,” in the main street of the town. His helpers, indeed, waiters and ostlers, and stable-boys of humbler degree, sometimes pretended to speak of a particular day, while he clothed his words in mystery; but from their anxiety, equal to that of the friends of the poor travellers, and often visible some evenings before the actual arrival of the public conveyance, it might be inferred that a laudable wish to support the credit of the mighty vehicle, rather than conscientious conviction, prompted their tongues to augur boldly.

In the reign of George the Second, upon a hill outside a town which boasted one of these public blessings, many persons were assembled as usual, hoping to catch along the distant road a sight of what was called, by excellence, the Fly Diligence. It was late of a summer's evening, but sufficient light still remained for their purposes. They had been assembled since before three o'clock, and had now strained their eyes abroad more than an hour, but without a promise of the expected object.

The group consisted of ostlers from "The Cross Keys" in the town, as well as of expectant friends of passengers, supposed to be contained in the Diligence. The former had confidently assured the latter that the object of the interest of both would surely arrive that evening; but, as often happened, these shuffling officials did not feel the certainty they fain would impart, and an observant eye might detect doubt, and perhaps uneasiness, under their assumed tranquillity, or through their occasional gibe and jeer, and loud laughing among each other. In truth, although, until now, they had prudently kept their mind to themselves, the familiars of the Fly Diligence had reckoned upon the appearance of their esteemed machine the evening before; and its absence at present, long past the hour when, if to come at all, it ought to have been visible, made them really begin to fear the occurrence of some embarrassing event.

"The axle of her hind-wheels, poor crature, couldn't give way again, 'Tim?" surmised one of the helpers, speaking in a whisper to his companions.

"Or her fore-wheel be slipping off again, Ned?" said another; "but that 's the laste likely: Mat. Huck spent two good hours over it, after the last misfort'n, an' I by his side. An' never no one seen or hard him hammer away so since the day he was a smith."

"Them late rains," resumed Ned, "they'll be softening the mud between nine-mile-house and Carra-gap afore this time, an', maybe, she's stuck in a convenient spot, boys."

"Or, maybe, brown Sal stretched a leg in the middle o' the long stage this side o' Kilcullen, like her cousin, Pol Blackberry, afore her, where there 's neither horse nor mare, for love or money, to harness in her stead," remarked a third.

"Or, maybe, she put it in the head of herself and her other three brothers and sisters to run off wid the poor Dilly," said another; and, notwithstanding their uncomfortable misgivings, a hearty laugh from all attested the impossibility of this witty supposition.

"And how down in the mouth the poor sows that 's waiting here along wid us, are biggennin' to look!" resumed Tim, glancing towards the group who expected friends by the Diligence.

"*Torney Doolly's woman, above all," concurred Ned; "but she needn't; there 's men in the world that wather won't dround, nor fire burn, nor a tumble out of a worse Dilly than the masther's, hurt or harum, in regard o' the little han'ful o' something that does be growin' for 'em."

"You may say that, lad o' wax; but I wonder what brings Misthress D'Arcy here, the 'torney's ould an' early friend, when he was a bare-legged beggar's brat (an' no Protestan') in her house, an' her husband's?—who in the world can she 'spect home by the poor Dilly, wid her son Dan by her side?"

"By the powers o' Moll Kelly, I dunna, Tim; no one belongen to them went from this in the Dilly anyhow; maybe, it 's one o' the daughter's of her neighbour, ould Donaven, that she 's lookin' for; an' the comely *colleen* 'ud be coming from Dublin town, unknownst to us all, the way she went, maybe."

"That can't be, Ned; we'd hear of her settin' out anyhow, an' we never did."

"An' so we would, faix; an' yet, how arnest she is lookin' over the road, and bould young Dan, too, by the elbow of her, doin' the same."

"She 's a grand kind of woman," continued Ned; "and had a right to be han'some in her day."

"An' not a bad heart, or a hard heart in the body of her either," agreed Tim; "for all she has that stand-off look, an' that stately way wid her, an' the black drop in her, into the bargain."

"Marryin' wid one o' the good ould stock oiled the wheels of her heart, an' made them turn so kind, lad; though I wonder Hugh D'Arcy, that gave her such a brave bit of a boy to brag of, never coaxed the Protestan' out of her at that same time."

"Mostha, so do I; only it's jist as great a wonder that *she* doesn't try to coax young Dan to the church-dour wid her, sayin' nothing of the boy, oulder nor him by a year or two, that they sent to foreign parts, for the larnin' he couldn't get at home, an' the riches, too, we hear;—but, neighbours, give an eye to the wife o' the turncoat 'torney!—See! there's the

* Attorney.

second time she thought to make up to Madam D'Arcy, an' put the *comether* on her, wid her *curtshee*, an' her 'God save ye kindly!'—an' jist look how the widow o' the ould *Roman grandee, (Protestan' as she is her own sef,) sends her off' wid one rise of her head, an' one cast of her eye, to find Micky Doolins's aq'ls among the people of all sorts that's watchin' the poor Fly along wid them."

"Ay, an' watchin' it for no use or purpose, I'm afraid, at last, boys; an' Madam D'Arcy seems of the same mind wid myself, an' so does young Dan, I'm thinkin'—yes, by the wit o' man, an' doesn't take it as kind as his mother either.—Hould, boys! by the hokies, here they are on our backs, the two o' them! an' now keep your faces, every Christian o' ye, an' the best we can, for the honour o' the Dilly."

Mrs. D'Arcy and her son approached the group of helpers. The lady's appearance justified among themselves the homely criticism of the lords of the inn-yard. She was tall; as stately as graceful in her mien and motions; and her face, although beautiful, even to a statue-like degree of beauty, showed little of the gracious play of feature which wins the hearts of the vulgar; yet it was very feminine, and, notwithstanding an expression of coldness to the general eye, very sweet withal. While she slowly advanced, the flapping of her vast hat, which reached but half-way down her lofty system, and the rustling of her stiff silk gown, open at front, over a rich quilted petticoat, well furred, and projecting, at her sides, only into an anticipated improvement of the emulative "bustle" of the present day, was awful in the eyes and ears of the conscious minions of the Fly Diligence.

"Bould young Dan," as they had called her son, also seemed to have been passingly well sketched in these few quaint words. He had not completed the legal years of manhood; was not taller than his mother, and therefore of rather low stature for his sex; but his breadth of shoulders and of breast, his muscular limbs, his measured and heavy tread, and his contracted brow, which did injustice to a large blue eye of naturally amiable expression, bespoke a manly strength and maturity of frame, and a firm, perhaps, wayward character. It may farther be remarked that, although much elevated in exterior expression above vulgarity, he by no means gave as much of the notion of a gentleman as his mother did of that of a lady. In fact, there was a homely, unintellectual air

* Roman Catholic.

about him. And if some particular cause had not this evening warped his features, young Dan D'Arcy prefers little claim to be called a gentle youth, by those, at least, who casually regard him.

It was obvious that he prepared himself to address the children of the Fly Diligence, and in no very good humour either; but his mother checked him by a pressure of her arm, and spoke instead. The lady temperately, but somewhat threateningly, demanded to know whether or not the public vehicle would, in truth and reality, arrive that evening?

The helpers had been innocently stretching their necks, and straining their eyes, in the direction of the Dublin road, and now seemed as if their attention was unexpectedly called home by the question. They answered, one and all, though in different phrases, that nothing in the world could be, to their minds, more certain than the desired event. They requested Mrs. D'Arcy—"long life to her!"—to observe how very sure they must have been on the point, when, as she might easily perceive, Tim had brought out from the town a grease-horn for the wheels, in case of need,—the few last miles to the Cross Keys being none o' the best, and an accident or two having previously happened at the turn by "Bergin's corner;" and when Ned had borrowed Mat. Huck's hammer and a few nails; and Jem provided himself with the "biggest scrap" of a rope's-end he could lay hands on, "more betoken, plenty of a good suggaun;"* and thus they were eloquently proceeding, partly in an earnest hope of deprecating the lady's wrath, partly, as they had agreed, "for the honour of the poor Fly," and yet with an inward chuckle at the thought of hoaxing Mrs. D'Arcy, when she again interrupted them. All they had said, she observed, might well apply to their anticipations three hours ago; but now, that the winter's evening was fast falling, and the time long elapsed at which, during the short evenings, it was customary for their Diligence to come up, the lady, once for all, desired them to answer, yes or no, to her last question—Whether they would take upon themselves to advise her, and were willing to abide by the recommendation of exhorting her, delicate in health as they knew her to be, to expose herself any longer to the unwholesome night-air, in expectation of an occurrence which—she believed in heart—could not now take place till the next evening?

At this, the ingenious sycophants of the Fly Diligence looked

* Hay-rope.

at each other, shrugged their shoulders, or touched their caps, muttered unintelligibly; and, in fine, ventured to admit that, considering the uncertainty of human things, even when they seemed most likely of occurrence, it would be as well for Mrs. D'Arcy not to build much upon the appearance of "the Dilly," until, as she herself had hinted, the next evening; and the men gave a good proof of their own dependence on the soundness of their minds in this matter, by scraping and bowing a good evening to her honour, God bless her! and to Master Dan, and then proceeding to descend the post of vain observation.

At the same moment, Mrs. D'Arcy and her son moved homeward; the latter growling angrily at the disappointment caused to their betters by the proprietors of such trumpery Diligences; and the crying necessity there appeared to make the cheating knaves pay dearly for their imposition on the public. A Fly, forsooth!—"Yes," Daniel D'Arcy continued, uttering bitterly an old jest—"a fly moving over a plate of treacle." During his tirade, his mother spoke no word, either to soothe or inflame his mood; she sighed, however, often, although faintly, as she leaned on his arm down the side of the steep eminence, and Dan soon grew as silent as she was; until, after a long pause, he asked, sighing abruptly and fervently in his turn—"but for all this, mother, will not Helen make Dora come down-stairs to us the night?"

Mrs. D'Arcy replied mildly that she believed so; and they hastened over the road to their house, which was but a few miles from the hill they had just left.

CHAPTER II.

THE next evening was very rainy and tempestuous, and Daniel D'Arcy came alone, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, once more to lie in wait for the arrival of the Diligence. But upon this occasion, neither he nor any of the other persons expecting friends from Dublin in it had courage to brave the elements upon the hill outside the town, but rather repaired to the Cross Keys inn, and were accommodated according to their social rank, or other considerations, with waiting-room in the private sitting apartment, in the kitchen,

or traveller's apartment, or else in the porch before the entrance door of the caravansary: from each of which positions they could reconnoitre the street.

Mrs. Doolly, the wife of Attorney Doolly, was one of the favoured few who, at the smiling invitation of Mr. Hutchinson, the landlord, had a place in the apartment of honour. Her husband, as has been hinted by the dependants upon the Fly Diligence, had conformed, many years before, to the superior ritual of which the innkeeper had always been a zealous observer; had attained, in consequence, to his profession as an attorney, and afterward to much wealth and consideration in his native town; was a chief supporter of a convivial club which, twice a-week, did good to Mr. Hutchinson's establishment; and, for all these reasons, Mrs. Doolly had a right to a place in the best waiting-room in the house.

The ancient (though not present) family importance of Daniel D'Arcy, the fact of his mother being a Cromwellian, and, above all, young Dan's sway in the town upon fair-days, induced the landlord to ask him also, "reputed Papist" as he was, to participate in the indulgence accorded to the attorney's wife. And, as a mere matter of course, to which he felt himself entitled, the young man silently followed Mr. Hutchinson to the parlour-door, and was about to enter, when, seeing Mrs. Doolly seated there before him, and about to salute him graciously, he drew back with undisguised repugnance, and a hauteur rather clumsily expressed, and muttering—"What! by the side of Micky Doolly's wife!" stamped back to the porch before the door, and leaning his shoulder against its extreme projection into the street, where the rain splashed him, there awaited, along with some of the humblest of his town-neighbours—(the wives the daughters, the brothers, or the fathers of small shopkeepers)—the long hoped-for appearance of the vehicle which was deemed freighted with so much of interest and value to all assembled.

"'Pon *my* word!" said Mrs. Doolly, in ejaculation—"set us up, indeed!" looking to Mr. Hutchinson for encouragement in her expressions of ironical surprise, at the high airs of the younger son of a family, which was known to have lately suffered much amid the clash of politics.

"Mrs. Doolly," answered her friend's husband, seating himself by her side, while he drew in and firmly closed his lips, gravely knitting his brow, and bent his eyes on the floor—"you just see a sample of what the ould grandees used to be over us, and what they would be again, if they dared—if they

were let to go riding rough-shod through the country, with swords by their sides, and pistols in their belts, and to the mass every Sunday and Saint's-day, and to the school-house to get their pride puffed up with the larning and the Latin they used to throw at us, in the ould times."

"And so Micky says; an' it's I that b'lieve you, Misther Hutchinson, honey; avoch, yes! there's that very boy, now—sure no one could stand him, at all at all, if the schoolmaster was just let to turn his head entirely, along wid the poor family pride that's in it, of its own accord, an' the scornful snout that's on the face of him—*helatchy!** 'Micky Doolly, says he? an' so, that's the way they still think to spake of a gentleman attorney, an' a man of substance in the place?—my heavy hatred on 'em, an' all their likes!—if they go by the ould saying—'tisn't what youw ere, but what are you?—' who'd come off worse, I wonder?"

"Young Dan was ever an' always a hard-grained boy—that is, since he began to think himself a bit of a *manneen*,† but I never saw him so glum as he is this evening," remarked Mr. Hutchinson.

"An' what's the matter wid 'em all now, I wonder?" asked Mrs. Doolly—"maybe they 're found out, agin, in some rebellus practices, in the teeth 'o the law o' the land, sich as buyin' new grounds, or takin' new lases, under-hand, or *coshering*‡ priests, or schoolmasters, or ishers?—ay, faix, Mr. Hutchisson!" she continued, becoming much interested, and looking important—"an', for all we know, 'torney Doolly's journey to Dublin town, that he didn't give even my own self the sacret of, was to tell on 'em, an' get the fine-money, an' maybe young Dan has the wind o' the business, an' is here on the look-out to cross Micky's palm, an' give him the *hoosh* (hush)?"

"Little likelihood a' that, Misthress Doolly; your husband showed no ill-will to the family of late, you know; he's a for-giving man, and doesn't keep up ould grudges; moreover, I don't think that if the boy abroad wanted to make friends wid your husband this evening, he'd be after doing as he done a minute ago to your husband's wife, Mrs. Doolly."

"An' it's true for you, neighbour honey," assented Mrs. Doolly, with an air of reflection—"but who in the world does he 'spect by the Dilly, then?"

* An ejaculation.

† Little man—would-be man.

‡ Entertaining, or exchanging confidence with:—a statute word.

"Perhaps there may be a foreign friar or Jesuit in disguise, coming to them, by the *Fly Diligence*," answered the landlord, laying some emphasis upon the last words which described the important vehicle, of which he was part proprietor, better than Mrs. Doolly's familiar abbreviation had done.

"Maybe so," assented the attorney's lady; and a second time she seemed mentally occupied.

"The which, Heaven forbid!" resumed the innkeeper.

"An' why so, Misther Hutchisson?—that is, I mane, God forbid! as yourself says—" Mrs. Doolly seemed rather confused, and after a pause added, as if unconsciously—"though, what harum could one poor pil-garlic of a priest do among us, I wonder?"

"Whist! the *Fly Diligence* is coming in!" cried the landlord, rising, as a faint cheer of boys' voices, mingled with the barking of curs, and a remote, vague rumble, which might be taken for the incipient mutters of an earthquake, seemed to justify his bold assertion. Mrs. Doolly jumped up also, with a shrill cry of joy and expectation, and saying, "Micky! Micky, *machree*!" left the parlour: and her friend, Misther Hutchisson thus thought his mind upon the momentary confusion we have just remarked in the attorney's wife—"Ay; I always said it—Micky *may* be in earnest in his conforming—but there's a good lump o' the Pope in *you*, along with your good dinner, this evening, Mrs. Doolly, my dear."

Meantime, the person he apostrophized, along with all the other persons waiting for the public conveyance, became aroused into great interest and commotion. The rain and tempest had almost subsided, and many darted forth into the street, while the rest crowded together in the porch. Among the former was Dan D'Arcy, whose late gloom and apathy gave way to an almost brilliant expression of face, and briskness of manner, as, bestriding the mid stones of the rugged street, he strained his eyes, unconsciously smiling, in the direction of the coming tumult; and among the latter was Mrs. Doolly, whose lively solicitude for "Micky machree" did not prompt her to brave the few last drops of the subsiding rain, that she might prematurely come in contact with her husband.

But even the less calculating expectants in the street saw, as yet, nothing to repay them for their earnestness. True, the shouting of boys, the barking of curs, and the almost appalling rumble, still continued to be heard, and coming still nearer too, but that was all. At length, however, appeared an avant-courier, in the person of the town-fool, a half-clad poor

creature who had been born silly; and he, running and jumping towards the Cross Keys, and flourishing a stick over his head, kept crying out, "We have her at home at last! here she is! our own darling of a Dilly!" He was quickly followed by ragged urchins, who had met the great vehicle in the suburbs, and who, sharing in all the poor simpleton's pride of having such a wonder and blessing appended to the place of their birth, loudly echoed his triumphant ejaculations. Presently, round the abrupt turn of the street, some score mongrels came in view, prancing backward, and half-squatting at every prance, without any fear of being run over, while their barking grew shriller, and what had before been a dismal rumble, now changed into a stunning, crashing noise; and, finally, the windows dancing, and the very foundations of the houses of the street quailing as it passed, the ponderous Fly Diligence filled the eyes of its admirers. Two of the helpers whom we have previously met on the hill, trotted on, bare-headed, before the horses. These horses were in number four; their genus expressed by the word *garron*, their coats as rough as a bear's, their ribs as visible as the untiled or unlathed rafters of an old deserted house, and along with their other appellations, answering individually to the epithets of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm. Ropes of hemp or of hay, indifferently, with a small remnant of leathern harness, attached them to each other, and to the ark-like building they barely moved along; for, in truth, their jaded and nerveless trot could be rated at no more than between three and four miles an hour, notwithstanding that the self-praising smiles of the postboy, who sat on the bare back of one of the leaders, and of the supreme driver who was enthroned in the huge box-seat, told how much they were satisfied with the unusual spirit of this approach to the Cross Keys, effected by many a lash at the poor beasts, and by a still greater abundance of crack, crack, round their heads; while a second swarm of curs assisted their endeavours by worrying the animals' fetlocks; and a second detachment of ostlers and stable-boys attended near the fore-wheels in the same view, applying goads whenever a sly opportunity presented itself, "for the honour of the Dilly."

Every human thing must have an end, and the Fly Diligence stopped at the Cross Keys, amid the renewed cheers and barkings of the brats and curs, and the unlimited ecstasies of the town-fool. Before even the inside passengers could descend, it was necessary that the driver, or *conducteur*, should

clamber to the ground, to unlock the doors of the vehicle, of which the key was in his pocket, and that other attendants should procure a ladder. The expectant towns-people gathered around him, vociferously demanding to know if their friends were inside, or else under the awning on the top, made of sacks spread over hoops ; and to all such inquiries the imperturbable man would only smilingly answer, "Ye'll see, ye'll see," as he proceeded in his duties. Mrs. Doolly, close at his side, changed some of her interest from repeated inquiries about her husband, to a contemplation of the highly ornamented side of the Diligence, on which were depicted the Cross Keys to the life, and under them the names of the public vehicle and of its proprietors, together with "*Latin itself*" in yellow letters on a waving blue ribbon, to this effect, "*Paratus ad arma.*" And, "Ay, indeed?" remarked Mrs. Doolly—"P-a-r-a-t-us a-t A-r-m-a-(h)? Musha, what great news the Dilly brings us? Why wouldn't the praties be there as well as here, or any where else?"

While the travellers under the awning upon the roof now crept down, to be embraced and welcomed home by their joyous friends, the driver and Mr. Hutchinson simultaneously opened the two doors which gave egress to whoever might be inside. And at this moment, Mrs. Doolly stood at one door and young Dan D'Arcy at the other ; only two passengers appeared in the recesses of the interior of the machine. The attorney's wife immediately recognised her husband in the person of one of them, and shrieking her delight, held out her stout arms as he prepared to descend. Daniel D'Arcy looked hard at the second passenger, his limbs slightly trembling, and his colour coming and going. This person was closely wrapped in an ample foreign cloak, which intruded on his face, so that the young man could not at once see any features. As attorney Doolly moved to meet his wife, Daniel was farther put out, by observing that the object of his curiosity, turning still more away from him, shook hands with his fellow-traveller at parting. "It can't be he," thought Dan, "he would never do *that* ; but I'll soon know, now he comes out." Another interruption took place, however. The stranger's light sword became entangled with the lawyer's legs, just as he was about to leave the Diligence, and both gentlemen laughed good-humouredly while the accident was remedied.—"No, no," continued Daniel, "Marks it can never be ! The sword and all tells against it. My brother is wrecked crossing

the sea ! or they have stopped him on his way to us since he made the land."

Tears rushed down the lad's cheek ; he turned his head an instant to conceal them ; immediately the stranger, laughing at Mr. Hutchinson's proffered ladder, jumped buoyantly upon the stones of the street, and almost at the same instant Daniel D'Arcy was smote by an open hand upon the shoulder, and chokingly pronouncing each other's names, the brothers embraced.

"Come, Dan, let us elude these curious people, and get home to my mother at once," said Marks, soon embarrassed by the gaping and intruding crowd of innkeepers, helpers, driver, passengers, their friends, the little ragged boys, and the simpleton.

"Come," assented Daniel.

"Are not our horses at hand?" asked Marks.

Daniel smiled gloomily, as he answered, "Horses, Marks? you forget, we must *walk* home, or else ride to our mother's door upon the backs of two garrons, worth, at a fair valuation by Micky Doolly, five shillings a-piece, and no more, according to the statute, my lad."

"Oh, I did indeed forget, Dan ; seven years in Spain, where the fools could not unsaddle me off my pair of jennets, ay, and off another pair, if I needed them, had put all this laughing-matter out of my head. Let us trudge then, a' God's name, since the statute says—so be it." The brothers walked, arm-in-arm, towards the country, Marks having giving directions about his luggage. "But tell me, Dan, my dear, what, under the sky, can little Micky Doolly have to do with valuing horses, or cats, or dogs, or any other thing, according to the same blessed enactment?"

"I'm glad you ask me," said Daniel.

"And why so?"

"Because, by-the-way, you speak of the hound, I see you didn't know your fellow-traveller."

"What, Dan, my dear boy! was that Micky?"

"It was ; the very Micky our father had kicked out of his scullionship in our kitchen, in his thirteenth year, for stealing silver spoons, and that you and I, then mere children, helped to set the kennel after down the avenue."

"Holy mother ! I never knew a feature of his face, nor a tone of his voice, all the way from Dublin ; and, moreover, found him a facetious travelling-companion, and, I thought, a man of some gentility of manners and appearance—nay, of

mind, too. In the name of the fiend—that is, of necromancy—how could little Micky turn into *this*?—what, who is he *now*?”

Daniel described the attorney's rank and character.

“And, under the same conjuration, by what road has he arrived at it?”

“Why, Marks, after being kicked out of our kitchen, he was sent to one of the new charter-schools in the next county, by a charitable Protestant gentleman; in a few years, put as writing clerk out of *it*—(the base-born whelp *can* write)—to old Scholes, the 'torney, in this town. Under him, learned his present trade; seduced, and then married, his daughter, with whom he got old Scholes's business after the old curmudgeon died; buried her; improved in the craft of robbing and cheating all honest men; and has lately married a second wife—Judy Rafferty, much older than he, who made powers of money of her huckster's shop, at the corner of Back-lane, yonder—first taking Jude to the church with him, to read her recantation, as himself had done (so he says, at least, but there's some talk about her not conforming in the right way, after all), because, you see, Marks, there is another law to make every attorney have a Protestant wife, and no less.”

“Another law, is there, to such an effect? God bless us, Daniel, my boy, you grow quite learned in statute knowledge.”

“Do I, Marks? But no matter, I won't think that you come home from ten years' pleasure in Spain, and seeing the world, and making your fortune—(though I wish it had been any other way than by buying and selling, and trucking)—and studying out all kinds of learned books in a Spanish college, to gibe the poor younger brother who, rather than leave our mother at home all alone by herself, stayed behind you in this accursed country, where he could neither grow wise, nor rich, nor—” (Dan's voice broke)—“happy, no matter how poor or ignorant, but only try to make up his mind to see such common wretches as Micky Doolly rise in the world, just as fast as he fell lower and lower in it.”

During the latter part of this address, Marks had stood still, and looked into his brother's face, not reproachfully, but at first steadfastly, and afterward tenderly. When Dan ended, he said,

“Gibe you, Dan? I? I, Marks D'Arcy, the brother that, to his fourteenth year, loved you as well as you loved him—and *that* was as well, or better than any other two brothers ever loved, before or since? I, your old and almost only play-

fellow, boxing-mate, companion, bed-partner, to the hour I left you for a foreign land? I—I returned home this evening to—Come, come, Dan, you didn't mean it." And Marks, his tears flowing, seized Daniel's hands, and grasped them fervently; and Daniel, giving way to a rough burst, returned the pressure as, averting his head, he cried, "No, Marks, no—indeed I did not."

"Something lies on the boy's heart," thought Marks; but suppressing his thought, he proceeded aloud, in a rallying tone:—"Tut, I knew so. man alive; you were only afraid I did not come back to Ireland with the freight of brother's love I took out to Spain from it. But wait; although they won't let us make money here, they can't help our getting it from Spain of our own free earning, so long as the ports are left open: or even after that, they can't come up to our mother's house, and break the lid of her strong box. And so, Dan, our mother, and you, and I shall go in finer colours, though we but *walk* out among 'em, than e'er a Micky Doolly of the town or neighbourhood, and——"

"Don't speak the base upstart's name to me—don't, Marks," interrupted Daniel.

"Well, and I won't; and yet Dan, you *are* a little bit hard on the attorney, since so we must now call him. Trust me, living more at large in the world would teach you some admiration of the talents, at least the industry, and the respectable ambition, which have got him on from what he was to what he is. I have told you before, how pleasant I found his company in that tedious Diligence; and as to the early mischance about the articles of plate in our father's house, Dan, why, we can only say that a silver spoon came ready to his hand, inasmuch as he seems to have been the very man born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"He never let you know who he was along the road, Marks?" asked Dan.

"No; though I once appeared willing to know."

"Ay; and *you* were not so close with *him*?"

"I certainly made no silly mystery of who and what I was."

"Ay!" repeated Dan, expressively.

"And," continued Marks, "for that same reason, I now think higher of him than ever I did; because, after ascertaining my name, the man, as I recollect, was even more pleasing and attentive than he had been before."

"And what does that prove for him?"

"That he forgets and forgives, my dear Dan, to us and

ours, the sorry treatment (sorry enough, however merited) which he received at our hands, once upon a time."

"That 's true, Marks. I'll try to think better of 'torney Doolly, and for your asking, if for no other reason; and, as you say, keeping here at home so much has spoiled me for looking at these turns of the world, as you look at them. Well, I can't help that—'tis home, at any rate.—Stop a bit here, Marks; would you know where you are this evening?" motioning with his hand to different sides.

The brothers had walked about a mile past the town, and now paused at Daniel's desire upon the steps of a stile which led, by a short cut, to their mother's house; for such it was still called, even by Marks, although, as the heir of the real estate of his deceased father, and of legal years to assert his claim, he had never yet dreamed of elbowing his mother from her accustomed sway over acres and mansion.

"Should I know where I am, Dan?" said Marks, as looking around he repeated his brother's words, only venturing to correct one mistake in them, which, we fear, neither the Union, nor Emancipation itself, will ever be able wholly to beguile from the speech of native Irishmen—(observe, critic—ourselves among the number.)

To the point at which they now stopped short, their road had been gradually ascending; and, as they turned to look obliquely backward, green height after green height fell from its unfenced edge, until over the last and lowest half appeared their little native town, with its spire, its superior and well-known houses, its lime-tree in the suburbs, its flour-mill, and its bolting-mill, upon the banks of the suburb stream, and its evening smoke curling up into a sky, once more clear and frosty. Beyond it stretched the well-remembered meadows, each bearing its own quaint name, and still intersected with the old familiar frame-work, upon which blankets from the bolting-mill were stretched to dry and bleach; and farther still, arose such a hill, and such a hill, crowned with this house and that house the whole overtopped by the vividly-remembered mountain, with two peaks, between the connecting curve of which was caught a glimpse of the seemingly motionless sea.

Half tears and half laughter contended on Marks's face, as he looked; and Dan watched him, and not the landscape, smiling too. After a moment's silence, the elder brother, not changing his regards from the scene, put out his hand from his side, and caught that of the younger, and then resumed.

"Yes, the old, old place; every thing the very, very same,

although looking, I know not why, small and shrunk, and peculiar to me. See, Dan, old Phil Homes, the miller, comes out of his little low door, at the back of the flour-mill, just as he used to do ten years ago, followed by his brown dog, or one very like it, his hands in his pockets, and his coat and hat as white as ever. I'd swear 'tis he, though I can't see a feature of his face; and now he sets on the dog to beat about for a rat among the dock-leaves and rushes at the edge of the mill-stream.—Dan, do you remember how often it was the very joy of our hearts to help to start a rat by his side, with the two terriers, Snap and Pincher; poor Snap and Pincher! are they alive yet, Dan?"

"They are, Marks, though crippled with old age; and I remember what you speak of, well."

"To be sure you do. Why, man-alive, there's not an acre of land within sight, not a tree or bush, not a stock or stone, that we have not learned the name of, side by side, together."

"Not one, I believe, Marks."

"Ha! ha! Well, I do believe, Dan, in my turn, never were two such inseparables of brothers known or heard of—ay, or ever shall be, my boy, speaking of the future—what say you?"

"I say, Marks," replied Dan, returning the hearty shake of the hand he now got, "that no earthly thing ever can—not even my own troubles—I mean my own wayward humour—ever can come between me and my love for you."

Daniel D'Arcy erred widely in his augury.

"Your troubles, my dear fellow? What troubles that I do not know of," demanded his brother.

"I took myself up in that word, Marks, and said, my humour; and you heard me."

"Nay, but come now, Dan, there *is* a trouble in your mind."

"No, nothing," answered Dan, glancing off.

"There is, there is! and by the light of day, Dan, you must tell me what!—ay, for the sake of old times, and these old places we again look on together!—Eh, Dan? do you keep your mind from me?"

"I have nothing in it to give you, Marks—that is, nothing worth giving—I—" his lip moved—"I have only been—a fool to myself."

"Listen to me, brother. Our interests in this bad world are, and always must be, one. I am a winner so far, for you as much as for myself. Fortune, home, lot, as well as hand,

heart, and soul, are yours. Come, Dan, my dear, don't treat me as a stranger. If you have a want, it shall be supplied—a wrong to revenge, it shall be revenged. Nay, listen again, and do not be hurt with me, although it is a tender point—I know that you long for the cultivation of mind these cruel as well as silly laws would not let you acquire at home—I can assist you in that way too. Surely, they can't fine, banish, or hang one brother for opening a book by the side of another brother. Dan, I say! why, my dear boy, what's this?—out with it at once, whatever it is!—Come."

Dan had stood, drawing in, and biting almost till it bled, his under lip, his head still turned away; while Marks spoke on, plentiful tears came from his eyes; he trembled from extreme and suppressed emotion; and in answer to his brother's last appeal, he now suddenly fell on Marks's neck, kissing his cheek, and roughly embracing him. Yet still the only avowal he would make in words was, "Thank you, Marks—thank you, brother; but 'tis now no use, and indeed you can hear nothing from me; only, and I said it before, I have been a fool—a cursed, miserable fool—that's all! So come up to the house; our mother is waiting."

He left his brother's arms, and led the way in determined silence; and they gained the threshold of the house of their birth without any farther explanation. But the reader shall not be kept waiting the humour of Daniel D'Arcy, for in some of the chapters immediately following, it is proposed to anticipate the young man's confession of the cause of that grief which he locked up so closely in his heart; only, that for this purpose, his historians must be allowed to go back a little.

CHAPTER III.

THE father of Daniel and Marks, Hugh D'Arcy, was a poor man in his early days, with little to give him place in the world, excepting his near relationship to a wealthy and ancient family. The youngest of many brothers, he shared little of the estate which descended in course to the eldest, and was about to try his fortune as a volunteer in the service of some foreign prince—the common resource of Roman Catholic younger brothers in those days, after the laws had passed which totally

excluded them from a military commission at home—when fortune dropped a most unexpected favour on his head.

His mother's only brother had embraced the established religion, as much, it was hoped, through sincere conviction, as from a wish to elude the dawning perils of William's statute-book, and to keep whole and entire the considerable real estate derived from a long line of ancestors. Soon after, the conformist married, but his bed was not blessed with children; and although his change of creed had much impaired the early, affectionate intercourse between him and his still Catholic sister, he wrote to her towards the close of his life, requesting a visit from one or more of her younger sons. Two were sent, Hugh D'Arcy and another; but neither seemed to succeed in fixing their uncle's good opinion; and upon a fierce dispute arising between them and their aunt-in-law, who it was thought had good sway in her own house, the youths received an intimation to end their visit. Years elapsed after this, and the old gentleman made no advance in favour of his sister's family; but just as Hugh D'Arcy was about to take the step already mentioned, his uncle died, and to Hugh's inexpressible surprise, some weeks subsequently, a will was discovered, putting him in possession of a great sum of money, accumulated during the life-time of the late Jervis Manning, Esquire, by the old process of "levying fines and suffering recoveries" upon his estate—a sum almost sufficient, indeed, to purchase for Hugh a new property nearly equal to what his relation's had been.

This happened in the year 1703, immediately before the Act of Anne, rendering persons of Hugh's religion incapable of purchasing any manors, tenements, or hereditaments; so that it was fortunate for him that he lost no time in converting his personal property into real. Perhaps it was in some vague apprehension of the future, indeed, that his measures were taken; for only a few months had elapsed, when the pennyless younger brother, no longer dreaming of fighting his way to immortal laurels under the auspices of the French King, or of the Emperor, became the proprietor of a fertile tract of land, divided into farms well-let, and highly profitable, and accommodating him with a respectable, substantial mansion. Hugh D'Arcy was handsome, and but another short interval elapsed, until he successfully wooed the portionless youngest daughter of a Protestant neighbour, whose person, mind, and manners, more than reconciled him to her want of fortune; who sincerely loved him, and who obtained parental permission to

become his wife, only because she was poor and he was rich ; her zealous father and mother fully conscious that the Roman Catholic lover—all romance of true love apart—ought to consider himself the obliged and honoured party in the negotiation. Before quitting this part of the narration, the reader is requested to bear in mind the circumstances under which Hugh D'Arcy became possessed of the means of realizing all this happiness.

Whatever might have been her parent's sentiments towards her husband's religion, Mrs. D'Arcy displayed none on that tender subject, materially calculated to embitter her household hearth. Firm in her own creed, she respected what she was bound to consider the errors and prejudices of the man she loved. A usual calculation of future contingencies took place between him and her. The girls who, it was hoped, would spring from their union, were to be Protestants ; the boys, Catholics. And now arose matter really to call up her religious fervour, if it had been very excessive. No girls at all appeared, but in their stead, two boys successively ; and yet Mrs. D'Arcy evinced no regret at her arrangement with her husband, nor any wish to have him reconsider it. Perhaps the pride which young mothers generally feel in displaying male-children as the results of their first accouchements, assisted her philosophy on these occasions.

But Mrs. D'Arcy soon had reason to regret that her boasted offspring were not girls. In 1709, when Marks was six years old, and Daniel four, and that their father and herself began to look about them for a fitting Catholic tutor, to lead the boys' minds out of the nursery lessons half-learned at home, it became the law of the land, that no Catholic could teach school publicly, or in a private house, or as usher to a Protestant. In this dilemma, Mrs. D'Arcy delicately hinted to her spouse the propriety of engaging a tutor of her own persuasion ; but at first she met a decided refusal from Hugh, whose deeply-rooted prejudices, and, above all, fears of proselytism, took fire at the hint ; and when, allowing him time to reflect, his wife induced him rationally to entertain the subject ; when she pointed out the immeasurable injury threatened to their children from a want of education, and pledged her word that she herself would shield them against any supposed religious interference on the part of a Protestant tutor ; when the fond father, and deeply-trusting husband, had thus been allowed his second thoughts, and finally assented to Mrs. D'Arcy's plan, another serious inconvenience arose.—No Protestant tutor—such was

the spirit of the times—could be tempted to take up his abode under the roof of a Catholic squire for the purpose of educating his Catholic children.

The anxious parents were now compelled to depend upon their own fireside resources exclusively. Mrs. D'Arcy resolved to add, day by day, to the already (for the time) respectable education she had received, and day by day impart her acquirements to her boys. Hugh also promised to do the like on his part; but his task was the harder. An Irish younger son, one hundred and twenty years ago, particularly if he showed no extraordinary natural ambition for learning, did not often benefit much by his schoolmaster. The time of civil turmoil in which Hugh D'Arcy had spent his youth and boyhood farther helped to leave him almost illiterate; he could indeed, after some study, pen a short epistle, very plainly written, though not as well spelt, on a solemn matter of business; and he had a vague recollection of Latin grammar, and occasionally would spout with boyish vanity, and a doubt of his own acceptation of their meaning, some of the examples of the first rules of Syntax, such as—“*Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est*”—and, “*Vir nulla fide—Ingenui vultus puer,*”—saying nothing of his attempting now and then to cheat his humble tenantry, as he met them at work in the fields, into a notion that he was a great scholar, by thundering out among them a language of his own invention, not unlike the—“*boskos thromuldo boskos,*” previously used to frighten the lying Parrolles; but, notwithstanding all this, it may, in truth, be asserted, that Hugh D'Arcy had never arrived at perfection in even the rudiments of learning. And, as has been premised, hence was the self-imposed task of cultivating his mind for his children's sake, at this advanced period of his life, a heavier responsibility than that incurred by his wife, from the same motive. Let it at once be added, that he never carried his affectionate resolve into effect. Business, he fondly flattered himself, kept his days occupied, and the evenings were therefore devoted to study; but, with the evening, came the love of ease, entailed upon easy-going men like him, by the happy digestion of dinner, an arm-chair, and a flask of old wine; and, in a word, Mrs. D'Arcy soon found herself left alone in her noble endeavours to rescue her two boys from the consequences of a law, which, especially to the mother's feelings, deserved to be called as cruel as it was odious.

While the reader's best wishes attend her efforts, he will not expect a great deal from them. At the first view, it will

appear that Marks and Daniel could only learn from their mother's instructions what an ordinary English grammar-school would have taught them ; and that, supposing them ever so amenable and industrious, they had little chance of becoming acquainted with eminent literature, scientific studies, or manly accomplishments. And of one of them, Daniel D'Arcy, we must not hope the docility and perseverance which was required fully to take advantage even of the tuition of his gentle mistress. Neither stupid nor refractory, neither disliking his book, nor deficient in love for her who put it into his hand, still the boy allowed a headlong relish for out-of-door sports to consume the hours he might better have occupied within the house. One tenant's son, some years his senior, was an enthusiastic angler, and Dan would steal out, at all risks, to follow him along the edges of the neighbouring brooks : another made kites of extraordinary stature and beauty ; a third, as Daniel grew up, was an adept in snaring rabbits ; and the wood-ranger's son proved an individual of surpassing fascinations ; so much so, that to spend a whole day out with him, nutting, or bird nest hunting, or lying stretched in the partial sunlight upon a green patch embowered in the woods, listening to his marvellous stories of fairy love, or of the feats of Finnmaccoul, or perhaps of the sufferings of the natives of the district from statute law, and its local executioners, was enjoyment which Daniel could not bring himself to forego, in deference to his allotted hours of "book-task," or even to his mother's entreaties and remonstrances. It is true, he never felt perfectly happy in his stolen indulgences ; a thought of his mother's frown, or worse, of her regretful tears, always brought a pang to his heart in the very plenitude of his truancy ; nor was he callous to a conviction of acting unworthy of his rank in neglecting the opportunities for growing wiser ; and many a time, when upon returning in the twilight to his father's house, he found himself deservedly punished by coldness at the fireside, or by imprisonment in a solitary room, while his more considerate and industrious brother sat happy in his mother's smiles, and in his father's exaggerated praises, Daniel has virtuously resolved to mend his ways, and conquer his desultory propensities ; but a bright morning, and the reflux of animal vivacity, acting upon habit, almost as invariably seduced him out again into the open air by a back-door, or under an insufficient pretence ; and, in short, he bid fair to take a place in literary acquirement even humbler than that filled by his father, who, by the way, half-inflamed by a love of ease, half

by an ill-defined consciousness that he ought not to interfere in punishing a truant, whom, notwithstanding solemn promises, he had taken no pains to reclaim, scarcely ever exerted parental authority over Daniel's courses, or when he did, it was in a manner so furious and severe as to promise little good effect ; at the same time that Mrs. D'Arcy felt it to be injudicious, and never wished its recurrence.

Of the different conduct of the brothers in the discharge of their duties, two things are remarkable. Although Marks was the more sedulous and biddable boy, he was the more lively,—the more laughing and hilarious ; and upon all lawful occasions of sharing Daniel's sports in the fields and woods, showed a heart-and-soul relish for them, and a bounding, elastic spirit of enjoyment much beyond any thing evinced by the now professed truant himself. Next, it is to be noticed, that no sense of jealousy of the dutiful and successful Marks ; no envy of the favour in which he stood at home—and, above all, no ungenerous dislike of him, because he was mentally superior, ever stirred in Daniel's bosom to shake the brotherly love of these two boys, which, as they have been heard mutually to avow, had never been surpassed by the love of any other two. And here was visible the chasm in Daniel's character between waywardness and viciousness—between positive good and positive evil. He could not hate his brother for excelling in what he had not the virtue to attempt himself: although many of the hatreds of this world may be found to spring from a facility the contrary way.

It may even be said, that Daniel's generous feeling of inferiority to Marks increased his love for his brother—at least, exalted it in quality. Candidly admitting to his own heart, in the midst of all his infatuating idleness, that he did wrong, he was also able to admit that Marks did right ; and he esteemed his consistent fellow-student with the species of esteem he would have felt *for* himself, had he equally merited it *from* himself.

His brother's bearing towards him, personally, and upon all occasions, in his regard, through good report and evil report, farther kept alive poor Daniel's warmest affection. The truant's transgressions were ever palliated, if not vindicated by Marks : the same smiling face ever ready to welcome him home from his wanderings ; the same brotherly embrace was proffered before they fell asleep, or when they awoke, each night and morning, in the little bed common to both during the years of their earlier boyhood ; in Daniel's occasional lapses

into industry, Marks would put aside his own book to speed him triumphantly on with his task ; and sometimes,—indeed it may be said, often—when Daniel ran home from a remote haunt, after having got worsted in an imprudent contest with a host of pugnacious foes, and whispered the event to his brother, the sedulous student would fling away his book altogether, and, in more spirited resistance of parental authority than the “ mitcher ” had ever ventured to display, hurry off by his side to the ground of contest, burning to renew the battle for Daniel’s honour and glory. In fact, the unusual attachment of the boys, notwithstanding their obviously different characters, was commented upon by all who knew them. And some peculiar proofs of this attachment even administered to the jeer of the less sensitive or more unfeeling. For instance, upon a holiday, both being free, they could not bear to lose sight of each other ; and if accidentally they did become separated, Daniel and Marks were to be encountered along the road from their house, or else in the streets of the contiguous town, each proposing to every person he met the one monotonous question of—“ Did you see Marks ? ” or “ Did you see Dan ? ” and never ceasing the interrogatory until they had again fallen into company.

Thus, with little variety, their lives passed on, and Marks approached his fourteenth year, and Daniel his thirteenth. Then occurred something which really proposed a separation between them. One of their father’s elder brothers, an adventurer in early life, as he had been, was known to have found his way to Spain, and there under the protection of a cousin, previously settled in the country, to have arrived at great commercial wealth. Between this individual and Hugh D’Arcy short letters of greeting, at long intervals, had passed, since the emigration of the former ; and at last the affluent merchant wrote to Ireland, requesting his brother to send out one of his sons to his care, chiefly for the purpose of having the boy liberally educated in a land which allowed that privilege to persons of his creed ; but also in the view of enlarging his knowledge of the world, and of enabling him to add to his means of independence by honourable speculations in traffic.

At the first glance at the case, Hugh D’Arcy and his wife at once destined their truant Daniel to the good fortune proposed by his uncle. But in a future consultation, they felt that he was not fitted for the venture either in the humblest literary acquirements, or in habits, and perhaps temper and character : and they naturally disliked sending out a son of

theirs who seemed unlikely to do them credit, to please his uncle, or to succeed in the scheme proposed for the advantage of the whole family. In turning their eyes and hopes upon Marks, another demur temporarily arose. He was his father's heir, and the world might presume, not necessitated to leave his father's house for the attainment of money. But, let the loosely-judging world say what it might, the worthy couple knew to the contrary. Hugh D'Arcy was an extravagant man, though not brilliant or showy in the style of his expenditure ; he loved an open house and table, and almost every day in the year had his liking gratified ; and this, working along with easy and indolent habits, as to the real state of his rent-toll, promised to lessen the extent of his recently-purchased acres. New statutes, of surpassing wisdom, had also been enacted of late, by virtue of which his most profitable farms materially decreased in value to him, as well as to their leasehold proprietors ; and, in fact, the eldest son and heir of Hugh D'Arcy appeared, from these reasons, to stand as much in need of a timely supply of substantial money, as did the humble cadet of the family ; upon which conclusion he was sent to Spain,—a university education in that country being put forward as the sole cause of his temporary expatriation, and in his mother's breast, certainly not rating as the least motive for it.

Daniel could not remain insensible to the fact of his having lost a good chance of making his fortune, on account of his want of common education—of having lost it, in truth, by his own fault ; and yet he did not regard his brother's triumph with any invidious feelings. He appeared reflective and saddened, indeed, for days previous to Marks' departure ; but it was grief at separating from the brother of his soul which overcast him ; or, if his thoughts did revert to their relative merits, and to the advantage he had thrown away, and Marks appropriated, poor Daniel only blamed himself, and tugged at his heart to arouse it into good dispositions for the future.

Never, since the hour he could enjoy sports and exercises under the open sky, had Daniel stayed so long at a time within doors, as during the days spent by his mother and Marks in preparing for the land-journey and voyage of the latter. Speaking little, and eating little, he was contented to stand in a corner of the room, remote from their bustle, his large, powerful blue eyes watching every movement of the two beings most dear to him ; or when they went into another room, he would sadly follow after ; and if mother or brother, turning quickly, surprised him in silent tears, the moody Daniel smiled

and walked away. The night before the eventful morning of Marks' departure, their mother stole into the boys' room at an early hour, to note how they slept ;—they were awake, crying in each other's arms. She kissed them in her own not unhappy tears, and bidding them take repose, left them ; returned from her own chamber towards morning, and then found Marks in a deep and exhausted slumber, while Daniel still lay broad awake, and still weeping, with his arm round his brother's neck, but doing his utmost to smother his sobs, that he might not disturb the sleeper.

Hugh D'Arcy was to accompany his eldest son to Dublin ; there, a friend had engaged to introduce him to the captain of a vessel prepared to sail for a Spanish port. It had not been arranged that Daniel should also see Marks as far as Dublin, and he put in no claim for the indulgence. The hired carriage and horses stood at the door. Marks, greatly agitated, knelt for his mother's blessing. He received it in a fervid embrace, and, still half-kneeling, turned with out-stretched arms to Daniel ; and Daniel flew to him, but it was not to bid him farewell. "No, Marks, no ! no !" he cried, in a startling burst of grief, as he dragged him off his knees ;—"no ! no !" —stamping impatiently and furiously, "time enough in Dublin ! —time enough in Dublin !" Father and mother remonstrated, and the former hurried Marks along to the carriage : but the now thoroughly-aroused Daniel would carry his point. Darting forward, he clung to the wheels of the vehicle with a desperation and a despotic clamour that nothing but cruel force could overcome ; and finally, the young tyrant, all unprovided and unclad for a journey, sat in the carriage by his brother, holding him tight, on their way to Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE last words which Marks D'Arcy addressed to his brother, as they parted at the water's edge, were,—“Daniel, mind your book now for our mother ; she will have only you to teach ;” and the sorrowing and remorseful Daniel returned home with his father, determined to do wonders in furtherance of the advice. And for a long time he was indeed a persevering student ; but he had now to contend not only with old

predilections for fields, and streams, and woods, and idle liberty, but with an inaptness to commit to memory, to comprehend, and, above all, to like his tasks, which contrary habits of mind had begun to fix in him. His mother perceived this, and at first redoubled her zeal to regenerate his mental powers; but finally confessed to herself, with a sigh, how hopeless was her endeavour.

The pupil, always shrewd and observant, but most so upon subjects in which his heart was concerned, suspected her forebodings, and felt accordingly discouraged. A gloom came over his spirit, cast forth by his conscientious self-reproach of his former misdoings, and by a despair of ever being able to remedy their bad effects upon his capabilities for learning; and he felt the beginning of the greatest curse entailed by "idlesse" and abuse of opportunity at any age,—namely, the dark and wrongheaded conviction, that he was doomed to failure in all pursuits of excellence—doomed to it even in his own want of will to act upon his own abundant power.

Still for more than a year, poor Daniel sat docilely at his mother's side, or fixed in the seat she had pointed out as his place of study, until her return to hear him say his task; never weeping over the disheartening prepossessions of his mind in her presence; humble under her rebuke; galled to the soul's quick that he should still merit it; and all for love of her and of his brother Marks. He would have given worlds to recall the past, or to make the present and the future profitable for their dear, dear sakes, and that he might be worthy of being their son and their brother, and of being loved by them as they were loved by him. Sometimes, when he did momentarily succeed in pleasing his mother and himself, and when, although her manner was never chilling or too severe, she gave him unusual praise, Daniel would move his seat closer to her's, put out his left hand to receive her hand, and with his right holding down the book, hang his head to hide the crimsoning joy of his face, and the bursting tears, until, despite his precautions, the mother saw them dropping on his fingers, and then her quick embrace and kiss, and her murmured blessing of love and pity—and above all, her hasty retreat from the room—left him a very happy creature.

The poor boy deserved greater success than he attained, for his brave efforts to curb a wayward nature and keep down habitual longings, at this period of his life. The sun of spring or of summer, quivering into the window of his little study through broken screens, of green leaves, and smiling him out

to well-known haunts, and to the sports which made them memorable ; the brisk twitter of small birds, near the casement, or the steady flight of greater ones, caught passing across the square bit of blue sky framed by its dimensions ; the bubble of the brook, heard afar off ; the cooing of the wood-pigeons in the recesses of their leafy home ; the too-familiar whoop and shout of his old fellow-truant, the wood-ranger's son, set up as much to wile him abroad, as for any legitimate purpose of his calling ; all these were sore temptations to Daniel ; yet, for a season he overcame them ; and (although sometimes with a froward fit of tears) turned his back upon the window, stopped his ears with his thumbs, and fixed his eyes on the page over which his spirit had no mastery.

But Daniel D'Arcy gained his fifteenth year, and could not yet read distinctly, and in the art of writing was still excelled by his father. Upon one occasion he made a great, though ultimately, a vague and vain effort, to wield his pen. Marks wrote him a long letter from Spain. It was read to him by his mother, and then given into his possession. For many succeeding days he did not go out during his allotted hours of play, but locked himself into his sleeping chamber ; and when Mrs. D'Arcy was able to solve the mystery of his conduct, she found that he had employed himself in trying to copy his brother's epistle, imitating elaborately every turn of every letter, but so clumsily withal, that at a glance it was evident that mind had not presided over the task.

In the course of the next year his tutoress became ill, and his regular lessons, such as they had been, were interrupted in consequence. When she could leave her bed and sit up, she was still too languid to call him to her side. Hopelessness of his success also helped to wean her former energy and zeal from its object ; and this Daniel still saw, and still without reproach of any one but himself. The only increased bad result to his mind and heart was a deepening over them of the shadow of self-distrust, self-disrespect, and a belief of foredoomed infelicity. And now, when fears for his mother's life had subsided, he gradually fell into all his old habits, under new modifications. His sports abroad took a manly character, so far as the law permitted him to indulge in them ; for it will be noticed, that no person of Daniel's creed could at this time keep a horse fit for the hunting field, or carry fire-arms to bring down a bird. The wood-ranger's son became re-chosen as his trusty companion—and here Daniel must not be accused of he mean propensity which would lead him to select an inferior

crony, when he might have adopted or induced the friendship of an equal ; for, in truth, no lads of his own rank were sufficiently near in his neighbourhood to permit of a choice ; and, as his father could not keep a carriage, for the same reason that he could not go hunting and fowling, remote visiting was out of the question.

The youth so often spoken of, the wood-ranger's son, may be suspected of disingenuous views in devoting himself to Daniel. Mrs. D'Arcy often was at a loss to account for the sudden waste of her son's pocket-money ; and though Dan would confess nothing, she believed the individual alluded to could give her full information on the subject. She made inquiries into the character of Dinny, the lad's name, and found it of a doubtful kind. He was fast rising in fame at fairs and patterns, as also at the "*sheebeen*-house," or ale-house, at the roadside ; and a confidential scout once hinted to her that Dan D'Arcy had been seen entering the latter mentioned haunt by his side, in the dark of the evening.

This roused all the fears of the mother and the lady ; and the next evening upon which Daniel absented himself from home, she took her husband's arm, and walked in the direction of the place of ill-resort, determined to confront and confound her unhappy son, should she see him issue forth across its threshold. Such a demonstration of his misdoings was not, however, preparing for her ; although she stumbled on another scarce less grievous.

The husband and she had not walked many steps from their house, when her toe touched something on the ground ; she stooped, and picked up a parcel, having for its cover certain written paper which she knew to have been in Daniel's possession. She opened it, and found huddled together, rolls of gay ribands, a flaming silk neck-handkerchief, of the kind then worn by young females, and some paltry trinkets.

"These, Mr. D'Arcy," said the penetrating lady to her spouse, "are loose love-gifts, purchased by Daniel at the last fair, for some low creature—some designing low creature—brought under the wretched boy's notice by that still more designing knave, Dennis Haggerty : and, believe me, he left the house this evening to present them to her, though here he has dropped them, in his guilty hurry."

"What, Madam D'Arcy !" answered her husband, jollily, "our Daniel a love-maker so soon ? The young jackanapes ! 'tis an early notion."

"For shame, Hugh," resumed the lady, "to treat so lightly what may be the boy's first step to degradation and ruin."

"Degradation! tilly-vally, dame: the boy is a boy, you know, not a sheep-faced girl; look at me, his father, that now hold an honoured place at your virtuous side; am I degraded? am I ruined? and yet, my dear, at his age—ay, even at his age, if not before it—for human creatures are human creatures, you see, and truth may out at last—"

"Your pardon, husband, there is no necessity that it should. —Oh, the poor, lost Daniel! Would to Heaven our dear Marks were at home to advise and guide him from such courses."

"Ay, my dear, all would be right then; no fear of your Miss Molly ever vexing us this way, I warrant you."

The conversation was turned by Mrs. D'Arcy proposing to pursue the path through the outskirts of a near wood, in order to get within prudent view of the public-house, and watch, unseen, the expected entrance or exit of Daniel into, or out of, a place so ill-suited to his years and rank in the world. Hugh D'Arcy assented with "heartly good-will," declaring himself fully willing to flog his son home from the door-stone, in case an opportunity should occur; for this, indeed, supposed an offence which came within his comprehension; particularly as—to use his own words—"the young disgrace of his family had no need to darken the door of a sheebeen-house, when it was only ask and have, in a genteel, snug way, with his own father, at his own fireside."

The anxious couple accordingly walked along the path which wound through the borders of the wood. It was a fine May evening—the evening, indeed, of the first day of May, upon which, from morning to night, syllabub, of a peculiar Irish admixture, was, and (though not so generally) still is, quaffed in the open air, upon a hill-side, or in a fair sequestered meadow, or in a grove, wood, or plantation, throughout Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy had not proceeded far between the stems of the trees, which budded freshly and tenderly over their heads, when from some near retreat, a little farther into the seclusions of the wood, they heard young voices, male and female, in joyous conversation and loud laughter; and it struck upon the lady's heart that the cadences of one of the party were those of Daniel. Communicating her suspicions to her spouse, he agreed, with a gleeish smile very far from his wife's feelings or purpose, to tread cautiously in the direction of the

voices, and, if possible, note unperceived the individuals who sent them forth.

Before gaining any point from which an observation could be made, both became assured that their son was one of the yet hidden rioters ; his tones seemed raised in rather boisterous, though merry expostulation, with an affectedly coy female companion ; and one might suppose, while he insisted, and jeered, and remonstrated, and petitioned, and while she repulsed, and laughed, and mocked at him in her turn, that the young pair did not sit far asunder, or sit very quietly either. Meantime, they could not be quite *tête-à-tête*, for two other voices, at the least, were heard similarly intoned and occupied, and both clamours came from the same spot.

The worthy couple had stopped unconsciously though somewhat invidiously, to listen, when—"D'you hear that, Madam D'Arcy?" demanded Hugh, in a whisper, laying his hand on his wife's arm, and looking with mock alarm into her eyes.

"What?" asked Mrs. D'Arcy, though she did not require to ask.

"Something as like the sound—(or it used to be when I went to school)—of four lips, and right young ones too, meeting and parting of a sudden, as ever I heard in my life," answered Hugh.

"Poh, my dear, let us avoid these young people, however they may be employed," resumed the good lady, now understanding her husband's untimely and, she felt, unworthy humour, just as a loud peal of laughter, succeeded to a previous break, only interrupted by the sound spoken of by his father, in Daniel's very unusual volubility, and still more unusual hilarity. And as she stepped on to leave the wood without farther scrutiny—for now she felt the delicate disinclination of a parent and a lady to overwhelm her child with a consciousness of her knowledge of his indiscretion—an unexpected gap in the brushwood allowed her, unnoticed by the young truants, to assure her eyes that "the scapegrace," as his father called him, was indeed enjoying himself by the side of a pretty sunburnt girl, (almost a child, indeed,) known to Mrs. D'Arcy as the sister of Dinny Haggerty ; while Dinny himself sat at a little distance on the matted grass, equally attentive to a young female of more advanced years than Daniel's holiday divinity. And at a second hasty glance, the afflicted mother could easily account for the remarkable vivacity and boisterousness of her characteristically sombre Daniel ;—noggins, half full of syl-

labub, lay at the feet of the May-day revellers, and under the spell of the potent beverage, he was half-intoxicated.

"This, indeed, must be looked after," said Mrs. D'Arcy, as she and her spouse now shaped their course back again to the house.

"Buzz, darling! let the poor mump of a boy alone," counselled Hugh. "God knows, and we know, it's seldom he has such a play-hour; and it will do him good, madam D'Arcy, instead of harm. Wait till you see how sweet-tempered he'll begin to look, from to-morrow morning, out."

"My dear husband," insisted Mrs. D'Arcy, "to say nothing of my right, as a lady, to regard this matter differently from you, let me inform you why both of us should consider it seriously. Here is a new fold of the budding of Daniel's nature displaying itself stealthily, away from our observation, out of the climate and atmosphere of home, and carrying a show, as if it shrank from the notice, not to say the approval, of our eyes; which, on the contrary, had the boy's heart and habits been sound, ought not, and doubtless, in proper season and circumstances, would not have made him feel a fear of being observed."

"And that's true," concurred her spouse, who never differed long from his lady, when once she set her mind against his, and expressed it in the kind of exalted language usual with her, and of which her last speech is an instance.

"Wherefore," she continued, "admitting for shortness's sake, (though my heart does not and never can really admit it.) your notion of the present harmlessness of Daniel's pastime"—(Hugh smiled at the word)—"indiscretion," pursued his lady, taking herself up, "we must guard, nevertheless, Mr. D'Arcy, against its future chances, when momentary folly may become habitual liking, and the honour and dignity of two ancient families be sacrificed thereto.—You agree, my dear?"

"By all means, darling of the world; only, how are we to guard against all that misfortune you have described in such beautiful speech? I don't think a book will do it, now, at least, by reason it never did it before—barring a book that he can stick a pin into, between the leaves, with his shut up, and cry, 'one, two, or three, and a purty picture!'"

"My love," pursued Mrs. D'Arcy, "I grant, in my turn, that something like the interest which now takes the poor boy out of doors, must meet him within doors, sanctioned by paternal tolerance and approval."

"What, Madam D'Arcy? would you hire little Jinny Haggerty as one of the house-women!"

“Hugh, Hugh!” remonstrated the lady, in a half-offended tone, “when will you keep your thoughts running within bounds? I pray you, note me well. The lad shall meet female companions at home, but female companions of his own rank and quality.”

“Beautiful, my dear!—elegant!—the right, motherly, Christian thing;—and where will you come by them, the little pets? I never heard any thing of the kind in our neighbourhood.”

“Mr. Donovan, your new neighbour, my dear, a gentleman of your own persuasion, who came a visiting to us yesterday——”

“Yes, dear; and who left the black North, because people of another persuasion made it too hot to hold him,” interrupted her husband.

“No matter,” resumed Mrs. D’Arcy; “he has two daughters; I saw them when you allowed me to go alone to welcome Mr. Donovan to our neighbourhood, and they shall come over to the house, with your consent; and I know a reason why they may be tempted to come often.”

Hugh D’Arcy fully consented, and his wife took her resolution,—one fraught with disasters and sufferings to her family.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. D’Arcy was right in believing that Daniel made too free with the syllabub before she and her husband came upon his revel-hall in the wood; and it must be confessed that, after her unobserved retreat homeward, he quaffed still another noggin-full. In fact, it was rather late at night when his mother heard his irregular and cowardly knock at a back-door; and then, stepping between the servants and their duty, she let him in with her own hand, confronted him silently, and not severely, inside the threshold, where, with a wretchedly pale face, rolling eyes, swimming head, and wavering limbs, he stood gazing at her; lighted him up to his bed-chamber, occasionally assisting him as he reeled from side to side; and after he had sunk in a chair, presented him with his lost-and-found bundle of love-gifts, merely saying—

“I am glad I stumbled on them, Daniel, for the sake of

whatever worthy object you intended should win and wear them—Good-night, my son, and God bless you!” and left him.

In a few seconds she stole back softly to his door to note the effect of her treatment upon him. So far as she could judge, it was as she had anticipated. All the while she had been in his presence, he did not attempt to utter a word, or even to meet her eye, after their first mute encounter at the back-door. Now, giving vent to some startling imprecations against the parcel she had handed him, against Jenny Haggerty, and against himself, she heard him dash the tale-telling love-tokens against the floor, start up, stamp over them again and again, and finally tear them to pieces with—his mother believed—his teeth as well as his hands. Then he sank once more in his chair; grew silent; and after a long interval, burst into loud sobs, after pronouncing her name tenderly, and self-reproachingly. His mind changing, he suddenly flung himself on his knees, but muttering—“No, no—not yet—I’m not fit yet—” slowly arose; walked to his dressing-table, as steadily as was possible; bathed his face; strode back to the end of his bed; knelt a second time, and began to pray in a loud tone, accusing himself, and promising largely for the future; and it was evident that he now thought himself quite sober enough to go through his devotions, although his mother concluded very differently from his whole mode of engaging in them. Finally he got up, and prepared for bed, taking a long time to perform the task of undressing; and when Mrs. D’Arcy stepped into the chamber to see that all was safe, as soon as he gave proofs of being sound asleep, she found that each article of his dress had been carefully and methodically put away, for the first time in his life, doubtless to prepare conviction for himself against morning, that he had not been so very much overcome; although at the same time he had forgotten to extinguish his candle, or even to place it out of imminent danger of setting the house on fire.

Daniel awoke at an unusually late hour next morning. The position of the matured sunshine on the wall of the room told him that he had over-slept himself. The next moment, his mind rolled back upon him a sickening, appalling tide of recollections, and the still unsubdued syllabub added its physical commotion of head and stomach. Daniel D’Arcy was already punished as he deserved.

Within the next hour he was descending to the parlour, with a slow and conscious step, having first gathered up every scrap

of the fragments of Jinny Haggerty's intercepted present, and hid them in his breast, until a convenient moment should occur to consign them to destruction. Entering the apartment, after a pause of hesitation, which to his proud spirit was anguish, he found himself alone. Breakfast for one person was set out on a side-table. He summoned a servant, and inquired after his father and mother. His father was walking about the pleasure-ground; his mother had gone out, many hours ago, after the usual time of breakfast.

"Many hours ago!—" groaned Daniel, sitting down to his solitary meal. Upon what business was his mother absent?—he again asked. The servant did not know. Had she gone towards the town?—No—but in what other direction could not be stated to him.

The servant retired, and Daniel looked at the cold meat, the remains of a party, and the flagon of ale destined for his breakfast, but stood up, overcome by nausea, and unable to eat a mouthful: and he felt what an unnatural, what a disgusting thing it was, to see a young healthy lad, like him, turning from his usual and necessary meal, at a late hour, upon that sparkling May morning.

He walked to an open window. His father crossed it; recognised him; stopt; and putting in his head, spoke as follows:—"So, you scapegrace; you come home disguised in syllabub, last night: mark what I tell you; if ever I find you doing so again—if ever you forget yourself so far as to drink liquor of any kind with low people, *out* of your own house, when you can drink the best, and plenty of it, every night of your life, with your equals, at *home* in your own house—by the hand of my body! I'll disown you for your father's and mother's son, and turn you out to herd with the company you like best—" and, after flourishing his stick, the incensed parent walked away.

This little disturbed Daniel; nay, it partially relieved him, for he knew that, so far as his father's wrath was to be feared, it had now passed off. But he had slight awe of wrath of such a kind at any time, and at present it weighed nought. It was his mother he dreaded to meet. Her dignified resentment for an outrage committed against her love, her cares, her tastes, arose, in prospect, with a power to which he quailed: and yet his own love for her had most to do in the feeling. Again and again he asked himself whither had she gone? and, each time, with a vague foreboding that her abrupt and unaccountable absence would prove connected with her anger to-

wards him, and with some terrible though fitting punishment for his unendurable offence.

Unconsciously prompted to dispose himself decorously and humbly for her return, whatever it might produce, he stole back to his bed-chamber, and allowing Mrs. D'Arcy's confidential maid to see him retire, loaded with books, there sat down, and very vainly laboured to fix his mind in study. Dinner-hour drew on, and he heard his mother enter the house, talking cheerily with some strangers who accompanied her. Curiosity now began to relieve the monotony of his fears and remorse. An unusual bustle arose in the house, as if of preparations for hospitably entertaining the unknown visitors. His interest increased: he set his door ajar, and listened. Presently a peal of merry laughter reached him from the drawing-room,—the laughter of young, female voices. He stepped out of his chamber, impulsively hurrying to present himself to the company; but the sincere consciousness of not meriting to join his mother and her friends, until he should have previously knelt at her feet, and received her pardon, checked him, and he re-entered his solitary room.

Some time after, a slow step approached his door. He settled himself studiously in his chair, rested his temples on his clenched hands, and assumed all the outward symptoms of deep attention to his book. The door was slowly pushed open; he prepared himself for the worst; it was only his mother's maid bearing him his dinner, and the girl's cautious movements had been the result of her care of the load she carried in her hands.

"I am not to dine below then, Nancy?" he demanded, in a subdued tone.

Nancy supposed not, inasmuch as his mother had ordered his dinner to be prepared, and taken up to him, that the servants might be left free to attend to the getting ready "the raal dinner for Mr. Donovan and his two lilly-fair daughters, the handsomest pair of young quality" Nancy had ever set an eye upon.

"Very well," Daniel said, stung to the quick—the punishment was growing too much for his nature,—“and now, Nancy, take yourself down stairs again,” he muttered, in a sulky tone, “and that hodge-podge along with you—I want no dinner to-day.”

“Masther Dan, a-vourneen, think of what you're bidding me do,” expostulated Nancy. “You know this is not the way to come over the mother, and the mother that loves you

too, for all she puts on, to make you sorry for last night's doings."

"I am sorry already," answered Dan, a little touched, and convinced.

"I'll go bail you are, Masther Dan; for its not in your heart to be any thing else—only you have a right to the sorrow for a start, your mother thinks, and so I think too, that ever and always was your friend, and had the good word for you, agin the whole house, now and then; not in regard o' the sup o' syllabub, that the best of us might happen to take of an odd time, barring that you're hardly enough of a man yet to be getting that a-way, as men do; but och, Masther Dan, honey, it's that young *sthrack*, Jinny Haggerty, that's the worst o' the business! a creature of her poor way o' life, and your infarior twenty thousand times over, and no more nor a little minx of a child into the bargain. Fie, for shame, Masther Dan!" continued Nancy, who was a well-favoured girl of twenty, and who perhaps had a vague notion that it would have been a much more decorous thing if her young master had tried his incipient gallantry upon a comely maid-servant of about that age.

"Well, Nancy, and sure 'twas less harm in a little boy, like me, to play push-pin for kisses, with a little girl like Jinny, than, as you say, to be setting myself up for a man before my time, by the side of a great big woman?"

"Great big woman, Masther Dan! who talks of a great big woman? isn't there a madium in all things? And I tell you once again, there wouldn't be half as much scandle, so there wouldn't, if your early notions fixed themselves on a 'sponsible colleen, of years to put you right when you'd be for going astray, and taching you how to behave yourself in time."

"Wouldn't there, Nancy?" asked Daniel, rising,—his sulky humour now wiled away.

"No, and in troth there wouldn't. Aisy now, sir, I bid you!" as Dan made a chivalrous jump to her neck. "Musha, may I never die in sin, but if you go for to go on with any of your Jinny Haggerty ways with me, I'll ——." Nancy's speech was for an instant interrupted—"Well, now," she continued, standing in feigned amazement and anger, while he retired to his seat, smiling gloomily—"Holy death to me, Masther Dan, but you're the bouldest bit of a *garçon* ever came to your years, any how; and it's in my mind to tell your mother as much this blessed day, if you don't mind your manners, instead

of my going to heap story on story, to make her believe, poor lady, that you're such a great penitent in your room here."

"You wouldn't do me so bad a turn as that, I'm sure, Nancy."

"Don't be too sure, sir ; but will you ate your good dinner now, and not be wasting yourself to a notamy, jest for spite agin us all ? To say nothing o' vexing the mistress entirely, by bidding me take it down stairs.—Come, Masther Dan, ate ; sure, its the first morsel 'ill enter your mouth to-day, poor garçoon."

"Well, and I will, Nancy, only you must do one thing for me."

"And what 'ud that be, Masther Dan ?" stepping back in affected precaution. But Dan was not now thinking of her.

"Say another good word for me to my mother, Nance, and tell her I am sorry to death, and send my petition to see her ; because I wont go down till she forgives me—not out of spite, Nancy, but out of duty to her."

"To be sure I will, sir, and glad to say or do any thing for your sake,—for my mistress's I mane, and your's along with it."

"Thank'ee, Nance ; and so, Mr. Donovan has two such handsome daughters, you tell me ?"

"Am I to say that to your mother, into the bargain, Masther Dan ?"

"Not for the world wide, Nance ; and I guess what you're beginning to laugh at me for ; but, indeed, Nance, I long to make friends with my mother, as much as to go down and see her new beauties."

"Make haste with your dinner then, and I'll do what I can for you ; and stay quiet in your chair now, Masther Dan, and let me go peaceably out o'the room."

Again Daniel entertained no notions derogatory to the assumed prudery of Nance, but her superfluous exhortations hinted to him a repetition of a former offence, and ere she could or would gain the door, his arms were a second time round her neck, and a preliminary little struggle engaged in, when the door opened, and Mrs. D'Arcy stood on its threshold.

With a self-exorcising shriek, Nancy flew down stairs.—Daniel remained motionless, overwhelmed with confusion, and somewhat dogged, as was the way of his nature when confronted in even what he knew to be a heinous fault.

"So, Daniel," began his mother, after a severe pause, during which her eyes dwelt on him ; "great as was the cause of my

anger against you, last night, you see me here, anticipating my own resolutions, in the hope of finding you fitly prepared to accept my forgiveness—and is it thus I find you, after all?—Not content with your shameful pastimes in the wood, yestern evening, and still in disgrace on their account, you begin, sir, do you, to wanton away the time of the most discreet serving-maiden under your mother's roof?"

Daniel muttered something, of which "very sorry"—"unfortunate boy"—(meaning himself)—were the only audible phrases.

"Unfortunate boy, indeed!" repeated Mrs D'Arcy, turning off.

"Mother, mother," cried Dan, "and won't you let me kneel down, now, and say you forgive me, as you meant to say, when you came up stairs?"

"This new offence cannot be so soon overlooked, sir," she answered, still retiring.

"D——n then!" exclaimed Daniel pushing his chair about the room, "and the curse that is on me stick to me, since I am so hardly treated!—not to be let to be sorry, when I *am* sorry! and kept in this room from the first visitors of my own age, and my equals, that ever came to the moping old house! —D——n, I say!"—and again he pushed his chair about.

His mother walked back into the chamber, shocked at the most violent proof he had ever given of a temper which, however, according to common phraseology, she knew to be "very near him." Her absolute presence checked Dan's fury; indeed, he would not have given way to it had she been previously in the room, nor yet, so wayward is the human bosom, had she been quite out of hearing: and now he stood leaning his forehead to the wall, and sobbed passionately.

"Look at me, Daniel," said Mrs. D'Arcy; and when he had obeyed her command, he saw tears burst from her eyes, "least of all can you conquer me by these unworthy fits."

"They are unworthy, dear mother—they are!—they are!" he interrupted her, falling on his knees.

Now occurred an instance of the only way in which Mrs. D'Arcy wanted judgment in managing her moody son. Such a mind as Daniel's had certainly required to be mastered, on this occasion, with firmness and an alienation of confidence, and, so far, the lady acted well. But his heart also demanded an instantaneous return of tenderness, in acknowledgment of the present good feeling it evinced; and this she refused him, and thereby erred. The impulse of the mother's love sent, in-

deed, words to her lips for utterance, and half-moved her arms to encircle his neck ; but her lofty notions of propriety, her faith in methodical instruction, and, above all, at this moment, perhaps, her rigid pursuance of a plan, to the forming of which she had dedicated her thoughts of the previous night, and her actions, the whole day, sealed up her lips ere the words could assume a shape, and caused her to fold her arms under her bosom, instead of extending them to raise and caress the humbled offender.

At the same time, her answer to his appeal was, " I rejoice to see you in that attitude, Daniel ; it will do you good ; and when I think you are truly the better of it, reckon upon my again visiting you here : meantime, I must endeavour to entertain, alone, the young friends who have come to see us : " and she finally withdrew.

The black clouds of his character rolled over the fresh burst, the showery sunshine, which it had so recently made. Remorse, neglected and thrown back upon him, began to change into hardened carelessness ; tender yearnings, into indifference ; for the first time in his life, Daniel began to question his mother's amiability ; and in proportion as the object of his love was in danger of seeming less lovely to him, he was of course in danger of loving his mother the less. And from this little moment may be dated much of the misery which he brought down on his mother's head, although, in truth, his heart never closed against her.

After Mrs. D'Arcy's departure, he remained some time motionless on his knees, his tears dried up, and his sobs repressed, and when he arose, it was but to cast himself doggedly on his bed, where he tossed for hours, revolving nothing, and arriving at no fixed feeling. Suddenly he jumped up, in a mere impulse, left the house unobserved, and, without proposing to do so, made his way to the favourite spot in the wood, the scene of his misdoings of the previous evening. There, flinging himself on his breast, and supporting his head with one of his hands, he relapsed into his recent apathy.

By degrees, the objects, the sounds, and the perfumes of the little solitude around him, worked the boy's soul into good.—Poor Daniel undervalued himself in supposing that his spirit was naturally of a dull and unapprehensive kind. In fact, its want of zest for literary instruction, should be ascribed to a want of the influence upon it of the opportunity and method best suited to its developement ; and, unknown to himself, Daniel learned much from another source—Nature. Beauty,

grace, harmony, in the forms of objects, in their colours, and in their scents, in the unclouded or in the clouded heavens, and in the voices of living and of inanimate things—all found a way deeply into him, and cultivated by appealing to his mind and heart, until he could feel them all *in* himself; and sudden tears and smiles would testify this consciousness as he sauntered or reclined abroad, completely alone. And such effects were now wrought upon him, by the virgin green of the half-unfolded leaves, by the gentle curving of some trees, and the stately shooting up of others; by the motion of leaf and bough in the wavy undulating air; by the patches of blue sky, and of yellow clouds caught overhead; by the bunches of primroses and daisies around him; by their odour; and by the blended music of the wood, the chirping of grasshoppers, the pipy hum of millions of other insects, the chorus of birds great and small, and the chafing of the unseen brook, and the rustle of the light foliage, sounds not unlike each other. He looked and listened, and breathed the pure and pleasant breeze in and out again, with lengthened heavings and sinkings of his breast. He began to revive and glow, in happy feelings. His mother recurred to his mind's eye, as a being of perfect love for him, and of perfect loveliness, to be loved with his earliest and best return of affection; and his own errors became naked to his interior glance, and never before had he taken such resolutions to make himself worthy of his adored parent. From this delightful mood he was startled by a well-known voice, near to him, in the wood, though as yet he saw no one. It was his May-day bacchante, calling upon a pet bird which had strayed from her. Daniel leaped up to avoid one, whom, in his present frame of mind, he felt to be an unfitting, if not a degrading associate, and whom he regretted he had ever condescended to make free with. Before he could plunge into the thickets at the other side of the little open space, Jinny was at his elbow. The girl, though perhaps younger than Daniel, approached to an expression of form, which, along with a precosity of consciousness, derived from gay companions of riper years, to whose influence her mother's early death exposed her, caused Miss Jinny to invest herself with womanly claims upon attention, long before her time. She was not handsome; yet a certain saucy archness and self-command gave her some means of enforcing her pretensions. And whether it resulted from mere unfixed giddiness, or that she and her brother, a shrewd youth, had brought it into something like a plan, Daniel D'Arcy had lately been the object of all her fascinations.

"Tare-an-ages!" cried Jinny, as she appeared, "an' is it you, Masther Dan, come back to the ould place? a body would think you'd be comin' to look for somebody."

"Why, then, a body would think mighty wrong, Jinny Haggerty," answered Dan, solemnly.

"Would they, sir? oh, very well; but it isn't for nothing I come here anyhow—there's that born thief, Jemmy, my stair, (starling,) an' he hopped off again an hour ago, and won't come to my shoulder for all I can say or bawl to him, whenever he's after hiding himself—didn't you hear me coaxin' him?" continued Jinny, resolved to prove the special reason of her sudden appearance: and Dan admitted the fact required.

"Maybe he showed himself to you, Masther Dan?"

"No, though he might have been here, for what I know, Jinny; I was not thinking o' such things."

"Weren't you, sir? To be sure, not; why should you, I mean." The girl eyed Dan shrewdly, as he half turned his back upon her. "Well, sir, the good evenin' to you, kindly—I must go look for Jemmy all through the wood—stop—hould! isn't that the rap o' the world, makin' game o' me on the top o' that tree? musha, I'd like to be a boy to climb up to him!"

"That is not your bird, Jinny," said Daniel, after he had advanced a step towards the tree; "there, he flies off, and 'tis a black-bird."

"An' so it is, an' many thanks, sir. You wouldn't have time to cross over to the other side o' the place, sir, to try an' hunt him out for me, would you? Dinny is gone a-fishing with my ould daddy, or I'd never ax you the word; an' sure you'll come," she continued, playing some dancing pranks at his side; "if you have half as much time to spare as you had the last evenin'. Musha, but that was a pleasant evening, wasn't it?"

"No, Jinny; it has turned out any thing but pleasant to me; and it wasn't a well-spent evening, either; and it's come into my mind to spend no more such evenings, or mornings, or days, with you, Jinny, or with any body else."

"Arrah, ay, masther Dan? an' what 'll we all do, now, I wonder?" She laughed gayly, but her heart was stung. "Well, a bright evenin' to you, sir; there's new-comers at the house, we hear, that bates all afore 'em for the beauty, isn't there? and so, poor people must keep their distance, by coorse.—"

Jemmy! Jemmy!" screaming to her bird, "I'll have you, Jemmy, any how, or die by it!"

So saying, she scrambled through the brushwood, and Daniel was again alone. Congratulating himself upon his heroic conduct to the young temptress, he paid his personal merits the compliment of believing that Jinny's story about her pet-bird was all pure invention. In this, however, he wronged her, as succeeding events proved.

She had departed out of sight and hearing but a short time, when, from a different part of the wood, he heard other female accents, seemingly those of coaxing and condolence, addressed to some suffering object of interest. They drew near; and presently a girl of about Jinny's age, but obviously of gentle rank, and very beautiful withal, emerged into the open space; she held a starling to her bosom; Jinny Haggerty's truant. The bird drooped one of his wings, from beneath which blood trickled upon the ruff of his protectress, whose soft and musical tones still comforted his sufferings, and assured him of attention.

After advancing some steps, the young lady raised up her head, looked round in some alarm, and muttered, "Goodness! there is no one here!" The same instant, however, she saw Daniel, and drew back from him, still more frightened, as her changing colour proved.

Daniel grew red, instead of pale, and bowing very clumsily, did not quit his place, nor speak, but only fixed his large, startled, dancing blue eyes upon the beautiful intruder. The girl was not re-assured by his manner; and his appearance, comprehended at a second glance, told less in Daniel's favour. He had never been tasty in his attire; and his every-day suit, for roaming about in with Dinny Haggerty, was of a half-peasant fashion, and upon this occasion, happened to be even unusually neglected and graceless, owing to the events of the previous night, and of the passing day. Moreover, as has been remarked of his exterior, at more advanced years, Daniel's figure was rather of the square and burly cast, which gentlemen do not prefer to inherit; so that, altogether, the unprotected young lady felt little confidence in his presence.

"Your servant, Mistress," at last said Dan, in his best way; he advanced, and she shrieked.

"Surely, there is nothing to fear from me," he continued; "I am standing still;" and now he took courage, because he was half-offended; "but maybe I can do you some service."

"I have missed my friends," she replied, somewhat quieted.

"running after this poor bird, which fluttered down with a broken wing from a tree near to where we all sat, and I thought I was returning to them, after picking it up, but find this is not the way; and what shall I do to join them?"

"Doubtless I can conduct you to them, Mistress," replied Daniel; "I know all the passes and paths of the wood, and can even guess, maybe, the spot where you have come from."

"I pray you, rather let me rest here, till you discover them, then; I am tired with hurrying after the poor starling;" and once more the young lady slightly drew back from his offered approach. Without another word, Daniel bounded away, his brow reddening, "Poor bird, poor bird, how hurt you are!" said the young stranger, speaking loudly, to stifle her fears at being left alone.

"Poor Jem! poor Jem!" screamed the starling.

"Ay, indeed! a pet?" she resumed: "and whose, pretty one?"

"Jinny! Jinny!" the bird seemed to reply; and, as if answering his call, Jinny abruptly appeared, her face flushed with passion. She had been returning to fall in again with Daniel D'Arcy, followed by her brother; who, notwithstanding her assertion, had not gone a-fishing, and to whom she had detailed her lover's slight; approaching the sequestered spot in a new direction, she had seen him eagerly spring off to seek the young lady's friends; had then peeped through the trees, and caught a glimpse of, as she readily concluded, a rival, for whom Daniel so lately repulsed her; in that rival's hands beheld her stair, wounded and bleeding; and thus a mixture of violent feelings gave to her face the wrathful expression mentioned.

"Jinny! Jinny!" screamed the bird.

"Jinny's pet? and who is Jinny?"

"Look here an' you'll know, Miss, whoever *you* are!" exclaimed the young virago; "gi' me my bird, gi' me my bird!" she continued, closing on her new acquaintance; "give him to me if you're after leaving the life in him! Oh, murther, murther, see how he's bleeding!"

"I am ready to give up the poor bird to his owner," answered the stranger, "as free of injury as it came into my hands, for it was hurt before I caught it; but I must first be sure who *is* its owner."

"Tare-an'-ages! duv you hear that, Dinny?" resumed the girl, turning to her brother, who now stood at her back; "she stales my stair, at the first going off, and then wants to make

a story-teller of me to my face, saying he is *not* mine? Give, I bid you!" and Jinny seized her supposed rival by the arm, who screamed aloud: the saucy girl's language had shocked her, and now she was frightened. She did not, however, let the startle escape from the soft pressure of the hand which held him to her bosom, and her enemy continued to drag her by the disengaged arm, when Daniel D'Arcy hastily reappeared upon the scene, and seizing Jinny round the waist, flung her with some force several paces distant.

"Give the bold hussey her stair, Miss Dora," he at the same time said, "and fear nothing farther from her. I have seen your friends and mine, and they will be here in a moment." The young lady allowed him to take the bird from her, and he set it on the ground, over which it speedily hopped its way to Jinny.

"Oh, poor fellow, poor fellow, an' is this the way we're treated!" cried his mistress, as she picked him up in a fury; "your poor wing broke, an' the blood comin' from your heart, and my arm amost smashed across, only for saying you *wor* my own!"

"You had better leave this place, and go home to your father, Jinny," said Daniel; "you, sir," turning to Dinny, "take her away."

"I won't then, *you, sir*," answered Dinny, instantly retorting the term of contempt. He had hitherto shared all his sister's feelings of jealousy towards Miss Dora Donavan, and of spite towards his young master, and Dan's violent treatment of Jinny, aided by a vulgar assumption of equality with his companion of the wood and of the field, now threw Dennis Haggerty off the guard of his usual prudence and self-command.

"Take her away this moment!" resumed Daniel, advancing to her bold defendant.

"And what 'll your grandeeship say if I don't?" questioned Dinny, also advancing, as he clenched his fists at his sides, and squared his elbows.

"What 'll I *do*, you mean!" cried Daniel.

"Well, and what 's that, sir?"

"Knock your saucy teeth down your throat!"

"Are you the boy that 's able to do as much?" demanded the gamekeeper's son, coming still closer, until their noses almost touched.

"It never was in him!" said the incendiary, Jinny.

"Try!" exclaimed Dan; and the word was scarce spoken

when his antagonist underwent the experiment to his cost. But he was about two years older than Daniel D'Arcy, and therefore as able as willing to retaliate, so that a deadly conflict ensued between them; Jinny exalting her shrill voice to encourage her brother, after every blow, and Miss Dora Donovan screaming in terror, and ready to drop down from faintness. But the battle proved a short one, for Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy, and Mr. Donovan and his elder daughter, Helen, quickly appeared to bid it end. So far as it went, however, Daniel was the victor; for Dinis Haggerty lay at his feet when his father, flourishing his stick, led him apart; and although the marks and effects of many hard blows were visible on his forehead and face, the insolent "follower of the family" showed in a still worse plight, and moreover was weakened and exhausted.

And this proof of Daniel's prowess, over a lad his superior in years as well as in pugnacious experience, made Mr. D'Arcy's heart glad and proud, and at once restored our hero to the full favour he had temporarily forfeited by his late misdoings. Hugh clapped him on the back, and now dragging in an embarrassing allusion, paternally recommended him to "do the same, the longest day he lived, against high and low, rich and poor, for the sake of a fair lady," (and here the fair lady glanced at, clung closer to the arms of her father and of her elder sister, as she and they stood at the utmost distance allowed by the open space in which the scene was enacted.)

Even Mrs. D'Arcy, the stately and fastidious as well as amiable and high-minded Mrs. D'Arcy, was surprised out of all her methodical displeasure against poor Daniel, as she flew to his side, and, only alive to the mother's anxiety, applied her handkerchief to the wounds on his face, and peered at them to ascertain if any were dangerous. She did not fail, indeed, to cry out shame upon such an encounter between a young gentleman of condition, and one of the menials of his father's service; but when her husband insisted on the necessity of the case, and Mr. Donovan mildly abetted him, and even Miss Dora contributed a word which was more spiritedly re-echoed by her more spirited sister, the punctilious lady quite softened her speech towards the bleeding champion of beauty, and affectionately took his rough hands in her's, and kissed his swollen and bruised lips. And Daniel then fell in simple earnestness upon his knees, for the second time that day, and was utterly forgiven the packet of love-gifts, the syllabub, Nancy, and all.

Meantime, Mr. D'Arcy proceeded to deal upon Dennis Haggerty: (as to Jinny, she had vanished into her native woods the moment the awful party caught her eye.)

The discomfited son of the gamekeeper, regaining his feet, was skulking away: Hugh D'Arcy ran after him; caught him by both ears, and, holding his grip, faced him round to the company. Then followed a torrent of abuse against Dennis, as well for previously attempting to lead Daniel D'Arcy into evil ways, as for his present offence; and against Jinny, as his abettor and auxiliary seducer; and against their father for—(if nothing else)—for *being* the father of such a graceless son and such a saucy daughter; and the lecture ended by Hugh commissioning Dennis to convey to his innocent parent peremptory orders to remove from his employment and his grounds, early the next morning. The lad listened in sulkily silence, not even wincing under the severe pinches occasionally inflicted upon his ears, and, without a word, a look, or salutation, withdrew into the thickets.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. D'ARCY, leaning upon Daniel's arm, after having vainly requested him to lean upon hers, led the way homeward, her thoughts now chiefly occupied with arranging, in anticipation, the various emolients and plasters which were to be forthwith applied to his face. She could not resist, meantime, certain recurrences to the alarming scene which she had just partly witnessed. Endeavouring to forget her scruples upon the score of Daniel not having had a more worthy foe, or done battle with more becoming weapons than his naked fists, and also trying to compound with her notions of order for having been compelled, as it were, to forgive him his late offences full twelve hours before the allotted time, the good lady still drew comfort from the whole occurrence. It had begun in a deadly quarrel between Daniel and Dinny Haggerty and his sister, and ended in, she trusted, the eternal separation of the hitherto bosom friends. That was a happy chance for her wayward and vagrant son. It had also involved his first meeting with a young lady whom Mrs. D'Arcy hoped might particularly interest him, and under circumstances which, considering the

years of the parties, bid fair to speed her hopes; ay, even more effectually (although this was regretfully admitted) than the first meeting she had herself arranged for them could have done. But here arose new caution and new calculations in Mrs. D'Arcy's breast; she would have to take care lest the incidents of this self-same propitious rencounter between the young people did not too quickly mature the very mutual interest which, ultimately, it was her object to allow both to indulge towards each other, but which, on Daniel's part, at least, must, according to her plan, be recognised and countenanced only as the reward of years of good conduct and merit, in different ways. And full of these thoughts, and determined to begin to act immediately upon them, Mrs. D'Arcy arrived at home with her party.

Somewhat to the derangement of her now fully-restored equanimity, Daniel, with a smiling and bluff indifference of manner, declined his mother's plasters and attentions, and bounded up stairs to his bed-chamber, leaving her gazing after his flight in a reprehensive silence. But smoothing her brow, Mrs. D'Arcy turned with her guests into the dining-room, where supper was laid out, and continued the working of plans more important than that of curing a few scratches upon her boy's face.

No sooner had the lady seated herself at the head of her table, than she ingeniously led to a conversation which was necessary for her purposes, and contrived so to time and apportion it, that, at the moment Daniel entered the room, it proceeded onward from the very point upon which his mother wished to fix him. Some little interruption first took place, however, as follows.

"Why, Daniel, my dear boy," said Mrs. D'Arcy, "I declare, now that you have doctored yourself, I *was* frightened more than I need to have been about you."

"I told you so, mother dear," answered Daniel; in fact, a basin and towel had helped to remove from his face all serious appearances of hurt; a few little knobs on his forehead, and a swelling of his under-lip, into a pout rather becoming than otherwise, being the only symptoms of his late combat; and while we are mentioning these facts, he is stooping down at his mother's side to receive and return her proffered embrace.

"And, on my word," continued Mrs. D'Arcy, "it has done you good, altogether, to absent yourself from us, this little while: stand out there, Dan, till your father sees you:" and Dan, blushing until the partial suffusions caused by Dinny

Haggerty's knuckles were lost in the pervading crimson, exhibited to the company his light-brown hair carefully divided upon his forehead, and flowing in some order down to his shoulders, his fresh neck-cloth neatly tied, and an entire Sunday suit of clothes disposed with unusual skill. His father, leaning forward upon his cane, eyed him jeeringly, now and then changing his regards to Miss and Miss Dora Donovan; and the latter-mentioned of these young ladies looked down into her sister's lap, where she held her sister's hand in her own, her features all serious, and her cheeks redder, if possible, than Daniel D'Arcy's; while the former enjoyed our poor hero's little dilemma with a sly vivacity of glance, and an archness of smile respondent to her host's broad and merciless raillery."

"Yes, he's well enough, this evening," said Hugh D'Arcy, coughing.

"And I am obliged to him for remembering how he had to spend the evening," resumed the mother.

"Upon my word, mother," said Dan, half rallying, but still not at his ease, though he spoke with great simplicity, "Nance did more of it than I."

"Um," continued his father; "Nance; go along and sit down there, you big booby, you," nodding to a vacant seat beside Miss Dora, while he touched Daniel with the ferrule of his cane in the side. But instead of immediately obeying his parent's command, Dan looked wistfully round the table, as if for another seat, and many little awkwardnesses occurred before he finally took the place allotted to him.

And now supper commenced, and Mrs. D'Arcy renewed her topic.

"Truly, Mr. Donovan, your permission that I should so far endeavour to lighten their late loss to your dear girls, gives me very great pleasure, at the same time that I avow it, the highest honour ever conferred upon me."

Daniel was all attention.

"The pleasure and the honour both ought to be felt by them and me to the greatest extent, Madam D'Arcy," said the grave Mr. Donovan, his voice, look, and manner, regulated by, perhaps, an extreme of the old politeness, while that again was subdued by a succession of many sorrows.

"And," he continued, "my poor girls and I *do* feel your kindness, as it ought to be felt, be assured, Madam;—what, my loves?" he turned towards them, his eyes moist, and his lip in motion. Dora's tears fell fast into her lap, upon her

sister's hand, while her looks were still cast down; and even the sprightly Helen showed that she keenly felt the appeal, although she employed herself in passing an arm round Dora's neck, and gazing steadfastly upon her face, as if to divert or soothe her younger sister; "and yet," added Mr. Donovan, "allow me, without any ungrateful reservations, to say, that we never could suffer ourselves to become so deeply your debtors, did not these foolish laws make our compliance necessary, by forbidding to the youthful of our religion, the opportunities for public, or even private tuition, at the hands of strangers, and throwing our boys and girls upon such help as their fathers and mothers alone can afford; or, in the absence of father or mother, as a compassionate and honourable friend may be disposed to lend."

"Though I am not of your communion, sir," resumed Mrs. D'Arcy, "yet I can fully enter into your case, for indeed I have had experience of it, my children being brought up according to their father's wishes."

"According to agreement," interrupted Hugh; "come, Madam D'Arcy, speak fair."

"Well, and by agreement, as you say, Mr. D'Arcy; nor did I wish to forget as much: but, to continue, Mr. Donovan; Marks, my elder son, is now in a fair way, I hope, of escaping the doom of ignorance passed upon him, at home; but there sits my poor Daniel, my own dear boy, who hitherto has had no more than the scanty tuition his mother was enabled to impart."

"Little more," interrupted Hugh, again; "for I do not pretend to aver that I gave much positive help, having had so many other important matters to occupy me; if, in truth, a great attention to his hours of task-study counts nothing."

"And," continued Mrs. D'Arcy, "it is plain that, although a lady may be competent to assist in the education of ladies, she can hope to contribute but little to the forming of the mind of a gentleman."

"Indeed, mother dear," said Daniel, whose eyes were fixed on Mrs. D'Arcy, since she uttered the first affectionate phrase in reference to him, and whose face now glowed with generous pleasure and conscientious disinterestedness, "indeed, and indeed, you were, and are able to teach me a great deal more than I ever yet would learn from you, as I ought:" and his mother fully understood the future promise meant in the emphasis he bestowed upon the word "yet."

"Have you got beyond embroidery-sitch, 'yet,' master

Daniel?" whispered Helen Donovan, bending across her sister.

Daniel half-started, and looked staringly into the young lady's eyes, at first believing that she meant to offend him; but the archness, which was struggling into only good-humoured laughter through her affectation of gravity, soon set him at his ease, and presently they broke into a merry peal together; the serious Dora, all the while that she reprovably pressed her sister's arm, also venturing to glance up into the face of her new acquaintance, and then to smile in such a sort as was meant to explain and excuse Helen's freedom.

Mrs. D'Arcy was beginning to take Daniel gently in hand for his loud laughter, which he now kept up alone; but Mr. Donovan's patronising smile towards the young group, and her husband's nods and authoritative signs, checked, for this time, a display of her sense of decorum. The following speech from Mr. Donovan also diverted her attention.

"It has been in my mind, madam, to lay before your judgment what I am now going to say, and your last words may give leave for the introducing of it. I admit that, however accomplished a lady may be, nay, although to the utmost which a lady *can* be"—(bowing to Mrs. D'Arcy, who graciously and gravely bowed in return)—"she is, nevertheless, somewhat unfitted to perfect the education of one of us of the rougher sex; but if I may speak of myself, mayhap I could passingly assist in the tuition of Master Daniel D'Arcy, while you, madam, occasionally pursue your generous intentions towards my girls, and while your good husband attends to his necessary duties;" now bowing to Hugh, who answered by a repetition of gladsome nods, which at once expressed his gratitude for the offered service, and for the little polite fiction that echoed his own recent explanation of the causes of his inaction as a pedagogue.

Mrs. D'Arcy, meantime, had, by this proposal, arrived at one important point of her anticipation, and her acknowledgments were eloquent both in words and manner.

"You hear, Daniel, my dear?" she continued, turning to her son.

Daniel was looking down when she addressed him, the tip of his fore-finger resting upon the edge of the table, and his features and air betokening a deep and pleasing abstraction of mind, and tears now trembled on his lids as he answered, "I do, mother, I do; I do hear, and understand too; thanks to

you, mother ; thanks to you for every thing, as well as for this ; and thanks to you, Mr. Donovan—many thanks, sir.”

“ Well ! but are not the poor childer to stand up in one class together ? ” asked Hugh D’Arcy.

His lady and his eldest guest looked inquiringly at each other for an arrangement of this little point, hitherto unconsidered ; Daniel at them both alternately, hoping a certain adjustment of it ; and Helen whispered Dora, to some effect that again caused her grave younger sister to smile, and press her arm in an appeal for silence and forbearance.

“ Sometimes, I *do* think,” was Mrs. D’Arcy’s answer at length to her husband’s question.

“ And I agree, madam,” said Mr. Donovan, again politely pausing for a detail of the lady’s views.

“ It strikes me, sir, that on some occasions these young ladies may be best benefited by attending to me alone ; on some occasions, my poor boy, by attending to you alone ; while, now and then, they and he may with profit receive your instruction in class, as Mr. D’Arcy has remarked—now and then, mine.”

Still Mr. Donovan agreed ; Dan looked happier and happier ; Miss Donovan again disturbed her sister’s softly, serious mood ; and Hugh said—

“ So far, so good ;—yes ; and at all times they will be the better of hearing one another in their tasks, to prepare for the time of standing up to say them.”

“ As often as possible,” concurred Mrs. D’Arcy ; and then the subject was farther discussed in its more minute branches. Pursuant to the general plan of divided tuition, occasionally, and occasionally of lessons in class, it appeared evident that, perhaps for a week at a time, the young ladies should visit Mrs. D’Arcy, accompanied by their father, and, afterward, Daniel might go home with his friends, and spend about as much time under Mr. Donovan’s roof, whither Mrs. D’Arcy would often repair. And, as good measures cannot too soon be engaged in, the very next day was appointed for a joint examination by the domestic schoolmaster and schoolmistress, of the state of forwardness, in different branches of acquirement, of the three pupils, with a view to their future progress together ; and Mr. Donovan accepted an invitation to assist in the investigation in the friendly house which at present sheltered him. In fine, the party broke up for the night, with a concluding caution—namely, to keep as a profound secret their knowledge

of Mr. Donovan's undertaking to play the pedagogue, particularly in behalf of Daniel D'Arcy, lest some invidious and ultra-loyal neighbour might seek to apply to the offence the letter of the statute then in strict force against all of that gentleman's creed, who should attempt the education of youth, publicly, or in a private family.

Before retiring to his sleeping-chamber, Daniel got a cordial hand-shake from his future tutor, an unusually violent one, followed by a very affectionate slap on the cheek from his father ; a kiss, which out-breathed a sigh of pleasure, upon his other cheek, from his mother ; a familiar nod, and a sparkling smile from Miss Helen, with a whisper—"be a good boy, and get up betimes, and mind your book, to-morrow morning ;" and from Miss Dora—but *their* parting for the night merits one word to itself.

"And you, Mistress Dora," said Dan, stepping close to her, and bowing gracelessly—"a good-night to you, too."

"A very good-night, Master Daniel," answered Dora, making a profound reverence.

"Thankee,—and I hope, Mistress Dora, your little fright in the wood won't—won't, I mean—" he stopped short.

"Disturb her gentle repose," supplied Helen.

"Yes,—thankee, Mistress Helen—yes, indeed," agreed Daniel, eagerly.

"Nor the hurt that fright got for you, sir, disturb—" began Dora, looking up at his nobby forehead and inflamed lip—which, however, was redder than the reddest rose, and therefore—(perhaps this has been intimated before) handsomer than usual.

"Nor the hurt that fright got you, sir, disturb it, either," again added Helen.

"Whose sleep?" asked Daniel.

"Yours, sir—fie, now, Helen," answered Dora.

"Oh, I see," laughed Dan, awkwardly—"you're just *full of fun on me*, this evening, Mistress Helen—and on your sister too—hurt? is it these little things hurt me?—poo!—not the least in life—and so, the good night over again to the both of ye, ladies ; and you're welcome to your jest, Mistress Helen—ha, ha!—good-night!—"

He was leaving the room with a very bad grace, when his father cried out to him to stop : advanced ; took his hand : led him back to his fair new acquaintances, and said, "Why, you sheepfaced disgrace of the family ! is that the way your father's son bids good-night to the two little beauties under his

roof? kneel down on one knee, this moment, or I'll—" raising his cane :—Daniel knelt, much amused, but not acting his part lightly or charmingly, except that, to some eyes, utter simplicity, shown even in inelegant embarrassment, may have a charm—" present hands, now, for a hand of each lady," continued his father. He did as he was commanded, and his mute supplication was answered—" Salute the darling little hands, now, one by one, I tell you!—stop! Miss Donovan's first—there—what are you doing, you rap!" roared Hugh D'Arcy as, with a slight scream Miss Donovan snatched her hand away.

" It will bite, sir!" answered the young lady. " Take care, Dora."

Daniel went through the imposed ceremony upon Dora's hand, however, without arousing her terrors, and while Mr. Donovan smiled only a barely tolerating smile on this scene of Hugh D'Arcy's getting-up, and while the lady of the mansion looked downright disapproval, our hero finally escaped in blended confusion and delight, embarrassment and glee, to bed.

Entering his sleeping chamber, he knelt, to offer up his nightly prayers, in a purer spirit and with a happier heart than he had commanded upon the same occasion about twenty-four hours previously. And in a short time he lay down on his little bed, in a frame of mind which we are glad to reveal to our readers by the help of a third person.

Ere the first cloud of slumber began to roll over Daniel's mental vision, a well-known soft footstep sounded on the landing-place outside his door; light streamed through the key-hole into his rayless apartment; and Mrs. D'Arcy cautiously and gently entered, a taper in her hand, and a sedate joy blandly glowing over her beautiful features.

" You need not take such heed; I'm not asleep yet, mother," said Daniel, as she advanced on tiptoe to his bedside.

" Then 'tis as well you are not, Dan," she replied, " for, in order to banish for ever out of my head our parting of last night, I have just come into your room that I might bid God bless you, as you slept; and now I bid it to you waking;" she stooped over him, and touched her lips to his.

" And God bless you, mother; and I am glad you do *not* find me asleep," said Daniel.

" This is a happier night to you than the last, my dear boy?" she resumed, sitting on a chair at his pillow, and taking his hand.

"Oh, mother, dear, 'tis the happiest I ever knew;" he earnestly returned her soft pressure; "for it shows me more than ever that you love me well—not meaning to say I once doubted you did—but still it shows it more than ever; and, for that same reason, my heart is better at peace with itself than ever I knew it to be; and my thoughts bent, in earnest, to try and give you the return I know you'll like to get from me."

"Then *you* like the prospect of being assisted by Mr. Donovan in your studies, Dan?"

"Oh, indeed and I do, mother; and—but I'll make no more promises; but wait, mother, and, with God's blessing, maybe you'll see I do; the blessing you prayed down upon poor Dan's head this night."

"Under it, my dear Dan, your good endeavours must come to good; and, tell me—you feel no dislike, neither, to try and improve yourself by the side of his daughters, now and then?"

"None in the world, mother dear; only this much I'll tell you, after all; I'm a little afeard of their being more bright at their book than I am or knowing more of it than I do."

Well, Dan,—suppose so—what then?"

"Why, mother, I'd be shy of letting them see how backward I am."

"Oh, my dear, do not give way to such a fancy: if those young ladies are really better, educated for their years than you are, which as yet I cannot answer for, of course they will readily make allowances for your want of opportunity."

"It's very good and loving of you to say that, mother, considering how I used the real opportunity I have had: but, supposing right reasons for their being of this mind, you think it will ever come across their thoughts?"

"No doubt; I am sure they are both good and considerate enough to allow of its occurring to them, Dan."

"There's one of them the sharpest creature I ever met, at her years," continued Dan, thoughtfully.

"Which do you mean?"

"Miss Donovan, the oulder of the two."

"Oh, you give too strong a word to the young lady's sprightliness, Dan, my dear; Miss Dora, however, is your favourite, it seems?"

"Now, I declare to you mother," he replied, speaking, rapidly and over-earnestly, while the mother's watchful eye saw his cheeks flame,—“I declare to you that it never once came into my head to say to myself which I liked, or which I didn't

like—there wasn't the time for it, you know—and besides, mother, would it become me to make so bould?"

"Well, Dan, I respect your modesty; and, as you say, there certainly was not time for you to form any opinion of one young lady or the other; besides, it grieves me to remind you that our amiable young visitors are, I believe, the very first ladies, in fact the first persons of your own age and rank, and of the other sex, with whom you have been made acquainted; hence, much of their mannner and conduct must needs appear particular in your eyes, and, until you grow more used to it, perhaps strange or embarrassing, now and then."

"And there you speak the truth, mother; and I felt what you say before, though I did not see it clearly: and, to tell you the truth, in return, I wasn't myself in the young gentlewomen's company, to-night—one of them, at least, I mean; I wasn't their equal, I thought, though I know I am; nor free to talk, and look, and say and do before them, the way I used to talk and look, and do and say, before others."

"All very natural, Dan, and to be expected: but it is just as much to be expected that you will soon alter your sentiments on this subject."

"And you think it will come round, mother?"

"And why should I not, my dear? you *know* you *are* their equal, you say,—at least in birth and station in the world: and the new course you determine upon pursuing, from to-morrow morning, forward, will speedily give you the feeling of perfect equality in every other respect."

"Will it make my behaviour better and freer—and—and more like a gentleman's, mother?"

"To be sure, my love: manners, above all other things, are learned from associates: and as you are to be more at home with us all in future, you know, you need have little fear on that score."

"Thanks to you, mother, many thanks," murmured Daniel. He felt in his heart the delicate allusion contained in the last words; and while he spurned, in remorse and self-accusation, his late low-lived friends of the woods, and their cronies, (whose vulgarity, by the way, had long been making inroads upon his manner, and even upon his phraseology and tones,) Daniel D'Arcy glowed with the noble ambition of future amendment—an ambition now unchilled by any of his former melancholy forebodings, because set in action by more than one of the most powerful motives which human nature can supply. His mother watched him close, and thanked Heaven, as she had a

right to do, for so speedy an appearance of good results from her virtuous, though elaborate plans ; and with a parting salute, and without a remainig fear of the wiles of the wood-ranger's son, or of his more dangerous sister, retired to her own sleeping apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

IT is unnecessary to say what firm resolves to get up early next morning closed Daniel D'Arcy's meditations for the night. But it was with a kind of terror, and a recurrence of former auguries of fatality, that he found himself unable to realize his determination.

"Why, then, what in the world, Masther Dan!" were the words which first roused him, while a strong arm shook one of the posts of his bed,—and sitting up, half-awake, he recognised Nancy, intercepting a glorious burst of sunshine which came through his window.

"Eh, Nancy! What—what has happened below?"

"You're not up below yet, sir—that's what has happened, and the more heavier shame for you, Masther Dan, I tell you—when it was nothing out of your mouth last night, but, 'Nancy, Nancy, a good girl, don't forget to call me at six—six to the minute, Nancy,'—and here I came at six, sure enough, sir, and called, and bawled, an' went so far as to shake your feet through the bed-clothes, and all I could get out o' you for the same was no more nor a cross contankerous grunt like, an' a kick an' a lash at me at last."

"Oh, Nancy, and were you here before? and what o'clock is it now?"

"Was I here afore? did ever any Christhen listen to the like! an' what o'clock is it now? It's eight o'clock, I bid you, sir, an' every sowl in the house up an' out but yourself—the young ladies an' all, an' their bukes under their arms."

"Oh, Nancy, this is too bad!—Give me my clothes, will you, like a good girl. Thankee—not them—the clothes I wore last night."

"Ay, in troth!" cried Nancy, in tones of admiration—"an' we're to go so brave, are we, from this blessed day, out?—all our week-days, Sundays; no less!"

"You may give the old ones to my foster-brother at any rate, Nancy. But, Nancy, why in the world did you leave me here to sleep my seven senses away? I didn't think you'd be such a traitor to me, Nancy."

"Duv ye hear him now! Lord save us! why, what could I do wid you, Masther Dan, that I didn't do, over an' over, till you vexed me an' tired me so, that a saint couldn't bear it?"

"You ought to have shaken me out on the floor—pulled the bed-clothes off—thrown water on me—any thing, Nancy, to hinder this from happening."

"Go along, Masther Dan—an' it's a schandle for you to talk so to *me*, so it is, all as one as if I was Ned the gardener, a man-creature like yourself an' him; but, maybe, he's the fitter to come an' waken you every other morning? an', maybe, you'll bid me tell him as much?"

"Well then, do, Nancy, and thankee for saying it—I never thought of Ned—and tell him he is never to quit my bed-side till he makes me get up, no matter how he does it—and now give me my clothes, and run off with yourself—here I'm spending more and more time, for nothing."

"Oh, to be sure!" were the only words Nancy uttered, as she obeyed her young master's commands; and then she retired to her kitchen, certainly offended and indignant, but on what account has never been positively ascertained.

It may be worth while to mention here, with what success Daniel fought against this one indolent habit of staying a-bed beyond his time, even aided as he was by his new ally, Ned.

The next morning, and the next, the young man came to his bed-side at six o'clock, and proceeding, as he thought, to the very limit of his privileges, called and called to the sleeper, until he obtained an intelligible answer, and a faithful promise to "jump up, quick;" and then he retired to his own occupations, satisfied that he had so far done his duty. After his disappearance, however, Daniel slept soundly till eight or nine, and subsequently took occasion to scold the gardener for having allowed him to do so, adding fresh instructions of a more rigorous kind; emboldened by which, the lad next proceeded to steal the bed-clothes off the bed, and deposit them on the landing-place outside the chamber-door. When this measure was first effected, Daniel certainly half-awoke from a sensation of cold; ay, and got up, but it was only to stagger round the room in search of his comfortable covering, and, finally, to discover them in the landing-place, trail them back to the bed, and coiling himself in their folds, resumed his slumbers. A

second time the young gardener endeavoured to spirit them away ; but a kind of muscular experience now put Daniel on his guard, so that, although he never awoke during the struggle, his hands grasped them tight, and his respectful servant, seeing it impossible to effect a seizure without absolute violence, withdrew in despair.

Again Daniel remonstrated in the course of that day, and having heard the facts of the case, commanded Ned not to spare any effort of strength which might be necessary to accomplish the desired object. "If I hold the bed-clothes, drag them from me," said Dan, "and take them clean out of the house ; if I struggle much, struggle against me ; ay, lift me body and bones off the bed, supposing it comes to that——."

"An' that I am able, Masther Dan."

"Yes ; but you ought to be able, you are older, and bigger, and stronger than I am." Well. Ned put forth his strength the following morning, and his young master, still scarcely half-awake, made a still more desperate resistance, the one tugging "for the bare life," and the other hugging his dear sheets, blankets, and counterpane, with a devoted fidelity.

"Sorrow's in it!" cried Ned, getting vexed ; "give over this folly! you *must* quit that, now, by the powers o'man!" and he flung his athletic arms round Daniel, determined upon carrying into effect Daniel's own extreme instructions. Somewhat more aroused, but still unendowed with the power of distinguishing right from wrong, his inconsistent master met him with a resistance as furious as it was wholly unsuspected, kicking, plunging, writhing, and finally, clenching his fists and directing them against Ned's face.

"Divvle's in you, sir, stay there, then!" cried the enraged lad, relaxing his hold, "an' sleep there till you hear the angel Gaabril's thrummet, for Ned Hattery ; it's the last time he'll ever let you make sich a hand of him." And Daniel's best friend withdrew from their joint alliance against the fiends of sloth, nor could any persuasions prevail on him to return to it thenceforward ; and Daniel, muttering angrily, still had his morning doze till about nine o'clock, and enjoyed it every succeeding morning, to a period of time, at least, when reformation was of no avail in furtherance of the measures, for the sake of which he now vainly strove to get rid of his lazy and long-indulged habit.

The last pages have been an anticipation ; Daniel shall now be followed out of his father's house, into the pleasure grounds,

upon the morning when, spite of Nancy's faithful endeavour, he so shamefully overslept himself.

A book was in his hand, and he proposed to seek the solitude of a little evergreen arbour, in order to employ, as profitably as he could, even the short time left before breakfast.

The arbour was already occupied by Helen and Dora Donovan, and they, too, as Nancy's hint had prepared him to expect, were studiously engaged. He stopped before them, embarrassed, as usual, and awkwardly bowing and saying his good-morrow. Helen replied readily, with the gay self-possession, the almost satirical sparkle of eye, and the provoking smile which had been before his mind, when, upon the previous night, he made a kind of complaint of her to his mother. Dora half arose from her seat, (her sister had not done so,) inclined her person, and while her "good-morrow, Master Daniel," sounded upon his ear and heart as soft as the coo of the woodpigeon among his old haunts, her large round eyes met his, "like," as he said to himself in the depths of his mind, "like the open sky in warm summer-weather."

"Come now, sir, sit down, and it please you," continued Helen; "we were talking of you, and wanted your assistance, upon a hard point; and you know as we are all school-fellows, now, you ought not to refuse."

Smiling graciously, but sorely troubled at heart about the hard point, Daniel sat down accordingly.

It was no less than a question of Latin grammar; for the highly-educated and serious Mr. Donovan would make his daughters learned: only one of them, however, Helen, relished, or was the better of his lectures; while Dora almost always depended on her elder sister for as much parrot-like acquirement as enabled her to stammer through her task. On the present occasion, the students had been differing, before Daniel's appearance, about a very unargumentative matter: namely, whether a certain word should be called verb or noun; Dora meekly, though somewhat stupidly, insisting that Helen had told her, at their last task, that it was a noun; and Helen, almost losing her good-humour, because she knew no such thing could have happened.

Daniel, the umpire chosen to decide between them, left the question fully as open to debate as he had found it. In fact, although in his eighteenth year, grammar of every kind was to him a cabalistic mystery; so that his dilemma may be imagined, when Helen pressed him for an opinion, and grew more urgent as she observed his confusion, and suspected his igno-

rance. Sorely beset, he at last ventured upon an oracular judgment, which amused the young lady to excess: "Why, then, Mistress Helen, I think that, one way or the other, it would do very well."

During Miss Donovan's loud laugh, Dora reddening, and looking a little angry on her own account, perhaps, as well as upon Daniel's, intimated to her sister that there seemed no reason for such extraordinary mirth: and added, that although Master Daniel had not yet learned out of a grammar-book, in Latin, he might be a very good scholar for all that.

Dan thanked his gentle advocate with the full strength of his eyes, causing her to blush deeper than before, while the suffusion took a new character; but Helen, little chidden, resumed her raillery.

"Well, then, what books *has* he learned out of?" she asked.

"Out of the Seven Champions," answered Daniel, confidently; "and he knew a great deal of ould Irish history, by reason of listening to his father reading it by the fire, in the winter's evenings."

"Ay, indeed?" said Helen, with an expression that Daniel, simple as he was, interpreted into ignorance, in her turn, of the branch of acquirement to which in the second instance he had alluded.

"Yousee, sister," observed Dora, "master Daniel does know something that we—you, at the least, *do not* know; wasn't Brian Borhume the Great, the most noted king of Ireland, in ancient times, sir?" she continued, evidently anxious to sooth his late embarrassment by getting him to display his newly-discovered view of knowledge.

"He was a great man, to be sure," answered Daniel, "only he wasn't King of Ireland, entirely, but King of Lumneach, that's now called Limerick; but he drove all the Danes into the sea, any how, and made the people so honest and good-minded, that it was from one end of his country, Munster, to the other, that the young lady walked without hurt or harm, though she passed for the handsomest of her time, and had a power of goold and preeious stones stuck all over her."

"Do you say so!" asked Helen.

"Fie, now, sister; and do let us hear more of these pleasant stories," said Dora.

"But Conn of the Hundred Battles was above Brian the Great," resumed Daniel, quite vain of himself, and anxious at once to shine in Dora's eyes, and triumph over Helen; "and,

they say that Ollamh Fodhla, or the great Doctor, was above him, again, by reason of the grand palace that his queen, one mistress Thea, built at Tara, and the parliaments that Fodhla himself brought about in it—”

“Parliaments, Master Daniel D’Arcy?” interrupted Helen.

“Yes, to be sure—parliaments,” insisted Dan; “made up of all the Ollamhs, and the Betachs, and the Irish lords, and the knights—”

“And what was a Betach, sir?” asked Dora.

“The Betachs were keeper of houses of hospitality, Mistress Dora, for all strangers and travellers going the road: and every Betach had land, well-stocked; and four roads ran to his house; and its four doors were ever and always open; and there used to be thousands of them; the bell-betachs, the hospitable houses, all over the country, so there used; and, furthermore, every knight sat under his own shield and coat of arms, at Tara; and then there was the Psalter of Tara, writ out at all their parliaments; and—”

“Oh, that’s quite enough, Master Daniel,” again interrupted Helen; “now tell us something about Pompey the Great.”

“Pompey the Great,” began Daniel, out of breath since his last harangue, and again starting with a flippancy of tone that promised no decrease of information; “Pompey the great—Pompey—stop—why, then, if he wasn’t one of the first ould Irish kings of all, I forget who he was.”

Daniel’s tormentress resumed her laugh; he relapsed into his former confusion, and Dora, a second time, was coming to his assistance, when a summons to breakfast caused the learned party to postpone their discussion. But enough had been said and done to confirm Daniel in his awe, if not dislike of Helen, and to conceive in his breast a grateful tenderness towards her less brilliant sister.

After breakfast, he was subjected to new trials. His mother and Mr. Donovan, with Hugh D’Arcy for an audience, jointly set about cross-questioning their three pupils, in order to determine the literary progress of each. Daniel burned with infelt shame at the real display of his backwardness, which this measure made inevitable. Even in reading and in spelling, he found himself miserably inferior to his young friends; and when called upon to take a pen, and write a sentence dictated to him from a book, he had no resource but to plead a sprained thumb, from his encounter with Dinnis Haggarty, and crave permission to supply a specimen of his skill at a future time. From this

dreaded ordeal he retired to his room to collect the thoughts, indulge the feelings, and methodize the plans it inspired him with. He would labour incessantly to overtake his classmates on the road of knowledge and acquirement. Not only would he perfectly master the tasks allotted him, but unknown to any one around him, without even his mother's knowledge, he would of his own accord, or, at least, with other and secret help, engage in additional studies. And here a happy idea occurred. Before it had been pronounced illegal for Roman Catholics to play the schoolmaster, a very humble pedagogue of that religion used to assemble a rustic seminary around him, in the neighbourhood of Mr. D'Arcy's house, and Dinnis Haggarty had been one of his most promising scholars, and often spoke of him to Daniel, as his "a-b-c-daarian," at an early age. The statute was levelled at the poor sage ; he thought to evade it by exercising his trade more in private : was informed against ; detected, and punished to a degree of rigour that made him altogether abandon his proud care of "the young idea" the moment he escaped from prison, and to try to earn his bread, or rather his beans or potatoes, as a field labourer, in a remote district. But, long after his change of profession, Dinnis still mentioned his name, now and then, to his young master ; nay, he declared that he knew where the ex-pedagogue was to be found, but a few weeks ago : and all this Daniel now brought to mind, and resolved to take advantage of.

His sprained thumb would, if well managed, exempt him from exhibiting his proficiency in writing, for a month, at least. Meantime, the accomplished tiller of the earth might be discovered and spoken to : and while no one at home could suspect what they were both about, Daniel determined to acquire a respectable knowledge and practice of penmanship. A slight difficulty started up, however, upon the very threshold of his laudable undertaking. He had not kept in mind the name of the place where, according to Dinnis Haggarty, the disguised schoolmaster resided ; to learn it anew he must personally apply to his discarded favourite ; and this was disagreeable to Daniel's feelings : not that he suspected Dinny of even the capability of playing traitor to him or his future preceptor, by whispering their illegal collusion to the watchful local authorities, and so getting one or both into trouble : no, notwithstanding even their recent quarrel, Daniel dreaded no such thing ; his sole demur arose from a dislike to require a favour at the hands of one upon whom he could no longer confer a favour of any kind : for Hugh D'Arcy's angry dismissal of the

Haggarties had been almost instantaneously and sullenly accepted and acted on by them, and the whole family were already wanderers from his grounds, and indebted for temporary shelter to the tenant of an unfriendly neighbour.

The necessity of the case overcame, however, Daniel's scruples, and he made up his mind to seek out Dinnis that very evening. In the mean while, the occupation of getting through his other tasks was inwardly admitted by him to be more pleasing than scholastic employment of any kind had ever before been. In fact he now had an assistant in his labour, and one whom he was as anxious to learn *from*, as to learn *for*. Following up her good-natured, and, indeed, compassionate sympathy in the garden, Dora Donovan took an unobserved occasion, soon after breakfast, to half hint to the backward scholar how much satisfaction it would give her, if, in addition to all other preparations, they two might learn their lessons together : and Daniel understood the motive of the proposal, and while he gladly accepted it, valued it also.

But the evening of this memorable day fell, and he went to obtain information from Dinnis Haggarty, as to the present residence of the schoolmaster. The lad met him with a show of good will for which Daniel's most favourable estimate of his old crony's character had not prepared him. Dinny's insolence and sullenness of the previous evening seemed to have quite passed away, nor did he evince any ungenerous recollection of Daniel's personal triumph over him, or of the more important ill results to which their quarrel had led. Nay, he even alluded to the whole matter in a smiling humility and good-humour, which at once surprised his former patron, and aroused his sincere regret on the score of the unmerited sufferings of the Haggarty family, in general.

Influenced by such feelings, Daniel, before entering on the particular object of his visit, condoled with Dinnis, and proffered his friendship in any shape in which it could be serviceable. The answer he received somewhat corrected the warmth of his feelings. Dinny Haggarty, returning abundant thanks, stated that his father was already well provided with a situation ; that Attorney Doolly's new wife had hired Jinny, as a house-servant ; and that the Attorney himself wished Dinnis also to enter into his employment.

Daniel now speedily changed the topic, and opened the business upon which he had come. It was soon disposed of ; Haggarty readily named the farm, some miles distant, upon which the schoolmaster might be found, working as a labourer ;

and, with less cordiality of manner than they had met, the friends parted.

At day-break, next morning, Daniel was on his way to the place mentioned to him. Between six and seven o'clock he entered a large field, in which a number of men were digging. Of a little boy who lay stretched near the gap by which he came in, he asked after the person he wished so much to see. The urchin, evidently not knowing him, answered vaguely, as he glanced towards the labourers. Daniel also looked in the same direction, and observed that the greater part of them had stopped digging, and, leaning on their long-handled spades, watched him earnestly ; while one, in particular, seemed greatly interested, if not alarmed. Again he addressed the boy, who, saying he would make inquiries, ran off to the workmen. Daniel followed slowly. The courier gained the side of the most attentive individual of the group, said something in his ear, and, immediately, the frightened pedagogue threw down his spade, and fled from the field.

It took time and trouble to entice him back again : indeed, had not some of his present friends recognised Daniel upon a closer approach, perhaps he and his future pupil had never met at all ; for conscience made a coward of old Phelim O'Dea, upon this occasion, he having lately undertaken, after much entreaty, and great reluctance, to teach the daughter of the farmer for whom he worked how to read certain letters which she was in the habit of receiving from a neighbour's son who was "seeking his fortune" in a foreign country.

Despatches from the working field reached Phelim, however, in his hiding-hole in the hills ; and when he became assured that Daniel was no village limb of the law, arrived to hand him over once more to fine and imprisonment, teacher and scholar at length stood face to face. It is admitted that Daniel felt inspired with little reverence by the appearance, manner, or physiognomy of this gifted person. His attire was as wretched as that of any primitive peasant around him : his air was timid, and redeemed only by the mannerism of his former profession from common vulgarity ; and, chiefly owing, no doubt, to the legal terror which had been stricken to his heart, his long, haggard face and powerless features had an abject expression.

Daniel invited him to turn apart, however ; and out of the poor man's respect for his family, and reliance upon its honour, more than by the help of a considerable fee, obtained Phelim's consent to become his writing-master. A solitary spot, half-

way between Hugh D'Arcy's home and the schoolmaster's present temporary residence, was appointed for their daily meetings : and before their parting, this morning, Daniel received a first lesson ; a little patch of sparkling sand, on the bank of the neighbouring stream, serving him for his copy-book, while his fore-finger did very well for a pen.

He returned home, and all that day distinguished himself at his other tasks, Dora Donovan preparing him for saying them, and even Helen now good-naturedly seconding her ; indeed it was sometimes necessary that she should. His hour for the evening appointment with old Phelim drew near ; he repaired to the place of rendezvous, and found the old man hiding behind some furze-bushes, not free from alarm. A rough slate and a piece of soft stone now took place of the sand and their fingers ; and the sky over their heads began to grow dusky, ere their lesson had ended. They were about to part when stealthy footsteps drew near, and the bushes around them rustled. The conscious statute-breaker, imposing silence and secrecy on his pupil, by a hasty sign, escaped in an opposite direction. Presently, a common bailiff, from the adjacent town, and some soldiers, surrounded Daniel ; and the former commanded him to tell what had become of old Phelim O'Dea. Dan stoutly denied all knowledge of such a person. The bailiff insisted that the schoolmaster had just been sitting at his side ; and before this also could be denied, pointed to the slate ; and then snatched up, covered as it was with interdicted "pot-hooks and hangers," that incontestable proof of legal delinquency.

The faithful pupil now changed his sturdy denials into as sturdy a silence. Enraged at the prospect of losing his reward as discoverer of a schoolmaster, the bailiff hurried off in pursuit of Phelim, leaving Daniel in charge with one of the soldiers. He returned to the little retreat without the wished-for prisoner, and threatened Daniel, on his own account, if he did not instantly tell where the fugitive might be found. Being answered only with the most contemptuous smiles, the mean assistant of the law proceeded to execute his threat. Calling Daniel his prisoner, he ordered the soldiers to take him into custody, and march him into the town.

"Why, you are a fool, man," said Dan, "for, though there is law against schoolmasters, there is none against scholars."

"We'll show you that," replied the man ; "come, tramp, and no more words."

Daniel, strong in his supposed exemption from legal punishment, foolishly resisted their commands. The result was, that

the disappointed "discoverer," indulging at once his personal and party feelings, and giving loose to his ruffianly nature, bound the boy's hands behind his back, with a ready cord, and pushed him out of the bushes, upon a path which led to the road into the town. Without a word,—but with a look at the contemned bailiff which, if it could, would have struck him dead—Daniel now forbore farther resistance, and, surrounded by his captors, stepped heavily and haughtily along the way he was to go.

CHAPTER VIII.

AND besides a sentiment of deep indignation and scorn towards his mean captor, other feelings of a more perilous tendency as regarded himself were on this occasion experienced by Daniel.

Amid all his consciousness of a want of intellectual cultivation equal to the pretensions of his birth and present rank in the world, he had never been abandoned by a certain sense of aristocratic pride, the more predominant, perhaps, because unattended by mental superiority. And this pride, in the first instance, was humbled almost to admitted degradation, at finding himself a prisoner, at the mercy of one of the lowest of mankind, bound with ropes, and followed by a crowd of idle and vulgar observers, along one of the high roads to the most important haunt of men with which, as yet, he was familiarly acquainted. He told his own heart that he could never again respect himself as he had done. Then came a worse reflection. In the very beginning of a renewed effort to improve his mind up to the station he held in the world, here he was once more slung back; and now, not by his own fault, but—he waywardly and darkly argued—by the interference of the unlucky fortune which, since his childhood, had, one way or other, come between him and knowledge. And with a bitter inward curse, Daniel almost resolved to abandon henceforward all endeavours to make himself wiser. It is hard to surmise how much of the sway of old habits, glad to find vent at any accidental opportunity, might have produced this unhappy resolve. But it can more easily be asserted that the thought of his young friend,

Dora Donovan—of his disappointed hope of rendering himself worthy of her respect—and of the exposure of the finesse to which he had had recourse in order to do so—heightened the irritation of the mood in which he thus devoted himself to mental inferiority, and strange as it may seem, helped more than any thing else to leave him reckless of the consequences of his vow.

Upon quitting the spot in which he had been detected by the bailiff and the soldiers, Daniel's great fear for an instant was, that they would conduct him close by his father's house. But, after proceeding some distance, he saw that he was to reach the town by a very different road. Fear of personal liability, beyond the disgraceful outrage now inflicted upon him, he did not entertain. It was only necessary, he thought, to gain the ear of the constituted authorities, and he should not only be set free, but obtain redress against the bailiff. But on this point he widely mistook.

His conductor, upon arriving in the streets of the town, where their rustic crowd was augmented by all the idlers within sight or hearing, brought him to the house of a magistrate, or, in more appropriate phrase, justice ; and, only waiting till the arrival of a second interpreter of the law, two being necessary on the occasion, there formally charged him with "refusing to give testimony, touching the abode of a popish schoolmaster ;" which contumacy subjected the offender to a fine of twenty pounds ; or, in default of discharging such fine, to twelve months imprisonment in jail. The accuser stated his case. Daniel, being called upon to defend himself, would still say nothing. This ascertaining of the real law of the land added to his angry sullenness. Then he was called upon to pay the twenty pounds ; and, answering that he could not put down twenty shillings, the bailiff took charge of him to the common prison.

Daniel entered the wretched haunt of crime, with feelings of unabated recklessness ; almost of despair. An application to his family would soon produce his liberation, by ensuring a prompt satisfaction of the fine ; but in his headstrong and untutored frame of mind, he resolved not to send, or authorize the sending of, any information to his father or mother. And here, again, perhaps an almost puerile sensitiveness kept him from acting as he ought to have done, rather than any high-minded contempt of, or indifference to his situation. In fact, he may be said to have dreaded more an exposure of the primary cause of the dilemma, than the trials to which it might

still subject him : that is, he would, at this moment, at least, have preferred a year's imprisonment to the shame of having it known to Dora and Helen Donovan, and their father, that his whole misfortune originated in secretly engaging a hedge-schoolmaster to enable him to keep his promise (when his sprained thumb should be well) of exhibiting a proof of his skill in penmanship.

So short-sighted were Daniel's reasonings, nor could he command even sufficient cool sense to foresee, that notwithstanding all his heroic resolves of self-immolation, the news of his arrest and imprisonment must very soon reach his family.

And, in fact, it did reach them in a few hours ; and, early next morning, a third justice summoned to a second consideration of his offence the two wise men who had already pronounced upon it. This individual was a relation of Mrs. D'Arcy ; of course, a member not of Daniel's mode of worship ; indeed, the fact of his bearing a commission of the peace, in these times, tells as much ; but he was also a man whom no accidental distinctions could make unjust, illiberal, or precipitate in the adjustment of a party question ; and at the call of the bewildered Hugh D'Arcy, who came flourishing his stick to his door, Mr. Mossop readily embraced the cause of his young cousin.

At the renewed inquiry, however, there was no getting rid of the facts deposed to by the bailiff, and confirmed by Daniel's continual silence ; and the offender escaped from the clutches of the statute only by a legal flaw, which his advocate happily discovered. It had been enacted that any person of Daniel's persuasion, arraigned for his offence, should be eighteen years of age ; upon application to his father, and afterward to the registry of his birth, it was established that he was not yet quite so far advanced towards years of legal discretion ; thus he appeared, on the present occasion, not to be an accountable person ; and with many shakes of the hand bestowed upon Mr. Mossop, Hugh D'Arcy led home his redeemed and enfranchised son.

All was joy, under his father's roof, at Daniel's reappearance ; Helen and Dora Donovan, and their grave parent, appearing as much delighted as Mrs. D'Arcy, and her group of servants and household dependents. But no one could tell why Daniel himself neither smiled, nor spoke a word of greeting, in return for the smiles and caresses with which he was accosted ; for no one could tell how deeply the iron had entered his soul ; how the sense of personal degradation, of

hopes and prospects, decreed to be darkened for ever ; of the treble deepening of the old shadow of fatality over his mind and heart ; how all this had made him careless of escape from suffering, and dark amid the gladsome. In fact, none could surmise that from the events of the last few hours, his character and life had taken a hue and a direction, which threatened to be never-fading and uncontrollable.

Are these details of many slight causes, which gradually formed the feelings and bent of a human being, unimportant ? Do the feelings seem too much insisted upon ? are they too gravely exhibited, considering the almost puerile sources from which they flow, or the boyish years of the person who experiences them ? Even at the hazard of having this thought by some, the present little history must proceed as it stands.

It scarce surprised Mrs. D'Arcy that Daniel should seem careless of studious application the day following his escape from prison. But his apathy for many succeeding days seriously alarmed her. Every temptation to improve his mind was held out in vain. Unrestricted intercourse with his favourite Dora, although contrary to his mother's original plan, was permitted, but produced no beneficial effect. The good lady remarked, with surprise, that he even avoided ordinary meetings and conversation with her young visiter. And now she watched him and studied him, but felt herself less able than ever to comprehend the nature of her moody Daniel. He sought none of his former blameable enjoyment, yet he would substitute none for them : in fact, he would only lounge in the sun, or oversleep himself, or walk about near to the house, silent and brooding.

But something soon happened to stir him into energy, at least, although it was not of the description his mother would have preferred to see him evince. And in proceeding to mention this new matter, it is regretted that the complexion of the time of the story unavoidably forces into notice another allusion to penal enactment. This would be avoided, if possible ; but so domesticated, we may say, was the statute-book of former days, at the very fire-sides of the Irish people ; so literally was it the text from which they read every thing they were permitted to do ; and so fully and minutely did it command their feelings, their passions, their hopes, and their prospects, that in rehearsing, as in the present instance, the fortunes of persons living under its sway, fact and nature must be departed from, if they be said to have taken one important step independent of it.

The D'Arcys and their visitors were sitting after dinner, when a group of tenants, of a respectable class, came before the parlour-windows, and desired to speak with "the master." Hugh readily granted the interview; and after a good deal of vehement conversation, Daniel collected the following details.

At the time that Hugh D'Arcy purchased his estate, it was, as has been noticed, well-farmed, and equally profitable to him and his tenants. Hitherto, under the former proprietor, the men, or their fathers, had held long leases, protected by which, they had, for their own sakes, cultivated their grounds to the utmost. When Hugh D'Arcy became their landlord, those leases had nearly run out; but he engaged to grant renewals for ninety-nine years at the proper time, and thus encouraged to continued industry, his farmers still felt an interest in the improvement of his estate. But, before Hugh could fulfil his promise, a statute of Anne interdicted him from doing so, declaring all Roman Catholics incapable of holding any lease for any term exceeding thirty-one years. This was awkward enough. But, as if to prohibit an adventurer from taking advantage of his own exertions, even during so limited a space of time, a clause followed, by which, if a farm produced a profit greater than one-third of its rent, the lessee's right in it was immediately to cease, and to pass over to the first individual of the established creed who should discover the rate of profit.

These regulations produced on Hugh D'Arcy's estate the same results which flowed from them all over the country. They put a stop to the cultivation, eagerly begun towards the end of William's reign, and which promised fair to amend the national ravages of a civil war just subsided. Catholic farmers, seeing themselves deprived of long and advantageous holdings, and even from the profits which they might hope to amass under short tenures, ceased to be agriculturists, and commenced graziers. Lands were no longer drained and enclosed; good houses were no longer built on them, or those previously standing repaired; pasturage wasted the fields, which were virtually forbidden to be cultivated; and the real yeomen of Ireland sunk in the scale of social importance, and along with becoming poor, grew indolent and apathetic in pursuits which required little industry and less labour.

In the first instance, indeed, Hugh D'Arcy found that, so soon as their old leases dropped, many of his best tenants altogether declined taking renewals at the term prescribed by law, but, preferring emigration to poverty at home, abandoned their native country, and sought elsewhere a freer soil to reward

their labours. Those who came in their stead, under leases of thirty years, or old lessees who remained, pursuant to the same covenant, were unable from the outset to pay him the usual rents, and he, along with them, became a poorer man. From year to year they still fell off, or else threw up their tenures in despair, and absconded, leaving some of his once most productive farms unoccupied, as well as exhausted, and run wild. And, day after day, things had been growing worse with the tenants who still struggled for an existence upon his estate, until the evening in question, when the group, who appeared at the parlour windows, proved to be composed of the men in whom almost his last hopes rested, but who now came to obtain a yet more considerable reduction of rent, under the threat of following the example of former friends, and emigrating in a body, if their proposition should be refused.

Hugh D'Arcy had no choice but compliance. The men departed; and a serious gloom naturally fell upon the party they left behind. The impoverished landholder, in particular, gave way to an overflowing of weak lamentations and miserable forebodings. Daniel was silent, but his mind and spirits were highly roused. At length, after holding his head down till his father had exhausted himself; "I never knew," he said, quietly, "that the grounds were running to waste, for want of a tenant."

"But they are, you fool," answered Hugh; "and to save us all from wanting a roof to cover us, I suppose I must turn farmer, and till them myself."

"I want to speak a word with you abroad, sir," resumed Daniel; and he stood up and walked out of the house.

"And what has the lazy booby got in his wig-block, now?" conjectured Hugh, as he followed him. They met in the garden.

"This is it, father," continued Dan: "I'm young, and strong, and fit for nothing else: send me to one of the old farm-houses, for you, and let me try what I can do in regard of something for the bread I now ate in idleness."

"Why, then, good luck attend your notion, lad, and my blessing," answered Hugh, after he had stared at him.

"Then suppose I sleep in the Red House this very night, just to be on the spot, early in the morning, sir?"

"I don't think you could do a better thing," assented his surprised and delighted parent.

"Then, *bannocht-luth*,* sir;"—and, having shaken his father's hand, he was hurrying off.

* Good night.

"Stay, Dan—won't you step in till we talk to the mother about it?" asked Hugh.

"What's the use, sir? you can give your own consent on your own business, sure; and I'll be over to-morrow noon, to see my mother, and Mr. Donovan, and—and all; so, a good evening, father dear." He disappeared, leaving Hugh gazing after him in amazement, which now began to change into doubts of the propriety of the step for which he had given permission; of Dan's capability for the task he had undertaken; of the soundness of his mind, recollecting the sudden and strange manner in which he had embraced the project; and, above all, of Mrs. D'Arcy's approval of the whole measure.

Leaving to a future page some account of the sentiments of his good mother, however, upon the new career he was about to begin, Daniel is followed to the Red House—once the dwelling of the most considerable of his father's old tenants, but since that person had deserted it, allowed to get out of repair. The boy hurried along the paths which led him to its door. A neighbour supplied him with a candle and fresh straw for the night, and he flung himself upon his humble couch, highly excited: and yet, when he asked the question, he could not tell why. But there floated through his brain, and throbbed in his heart, vague notions and feelings of triumph over his failure in higher pursuits by devoting himself to humbler ones: "Let me play a part, though it degrade me," was one of his reveries; "ay, let me be useful as a beast of the field, since I am doomed by nature and every one about me," (this last sweeping accusation was in reality directed only at the bailiff,) "never to be fit for such company as Mr. Donovan's: never to be a grandee, like him,—or like Marks!" he continued: then he ran on to think what a favoured child of fortune Marks was, and, for the first time in his life, he momentarily envied if not disliked his brother; and, however it was produced, a picture of Marks and Dora Donovan sitting together, in his father's garden, rose before him; and he started up in a kind of fury.

"But, to be sure, and why not," he resumed; "he would be the fitter for her. I can never look up to Dora. I am a clown—a clod of the earth. And yet, only the other morning, how I did feel as if it was in me to deserve her! and only for that turn with Phelim O'Dea,—curse on them all!—I won't think of it. I'm a farmer, now, and to go with red hands, and wear brogues, from the to-morrow, out. Well, 'twill be something at any rate. And I'm quit of the people at home,

for a start—that's a comfort. They won't be looking in my face, and wondering to themselves when will my thumb be well enough to—to write out a fair copy for them!—Pish! what nonsense!"—and he was surprised by sleep as this last thought occurred—"ay, ay; I'm near hand to a man, now, and 'tis time I did something like a man, for my livelihood: and I'll be working for my mother, too."

CHAPTER IX.

THE kind of soliloquy with which the last chapter ended, will be of use in giving a clue to Daniel's actions henceforward.

At a very early hour he arose, solemnly prepared to commence his new calling of farmer with the proper energy and spirit. A boyish affectation of steadiness and seriousness was on his brow, in his manner, and in his step: in fact, he would be taken by all who looked on him for a man of business: saying, at the same time, to his own heart, "under this will I hide from every eye, the gnawing I feel within, but which never shall be acknowledged."

In one point of view, he certainly was not disqualified for the pursuits in which he proposed to engage. His desultory habits of life had, all along, often sent him to dissipate his time among his father's tenants in the labouring field: and although Daniel's hand had never guided the plough, the scythe, or the sickle, nor his mind had in charge the direction and superintendence of a group of workmen, still he had unconsciously acquired sufficient knowledge both of the practice and theory of farming, to give him tolerable pretensions to succeed as a tiller of the earth. So, abundance of idle hands being soon found near and all around him, to call to his councils after morning dawn, Daniel and they were actually at high work before noontide.

He had told his father he should go home to see "his mother and Mr. Donovan, *and all*," that day. This promise, however, he did not keep. He shrank with a mixture of puerile shamefacedness and rankling passion from every one at present under his father's roof. "No," he resolved absurdly though doggedly, "from this day out, they must invite me

before I go—if I *do* go, even for that—because I'm not their equal any longer—” there was another reason, but he would not admit it.

As the day wore on without a visit or a message from home, he began to feel very downcast, notwithstanding this determination; and his next turn of temper was into gall and bitterness. “They take me at my word; they let me run my own path; ay, they *do* call to mind already that a distance should be kept between ladies and genteels, and the young farmer.”

He engaged in his field occupations with more energy, putting forth his young strength to astonish as well as to help his workmen; and, “Yes, and little it troubles them at the great house what I'm to have with the dry potatoe for my dinner,” he continued; the prospect of a really homely meal, for the first time in his life, not at all rendered indifferent by Daniel's heroism.

Some time before the usual dinner hour at “the great house,” he saw a female coming towards his farm, along a steep path down a hill at a distance. The figure looked like his careful chambermaid, Nancy; but gratified as his humour was by the circumstance, he would not afford a second observation to make sure, because he scorned being thought anxious about the approach of any one from a quarter of which he was so jealous; so he kept pacing from one to the other of his workmen, pointing their attention here and there and everywhere, and using emphatic action for Nancy's edification, if indeed Nancy looked on. But time enough elapsed for her arrival at his side, and the supposed ambassador of kind greetings and condescending entreaties appeared not. He glanced from under his eyebrows, over the surrounding fields, and towards the farm-house, still she was not visible. He condescended to raise his head, and look about in good earnest, but with no better success. But as, stamping his foot smartly, he was about to resume his important occupations with increased spirit, he caught a glimpse of a woman's hooded head through some wild bushes in a near fence, attentively regarding him and the bustling throng at his side. Again he would not vouchsafe any show of interest, or even of recognition; and, finally, the observer withdrew, and was not afterward to be seen. In truth, Nance it was. Mrs. D'Arcy had resolved, in consequence of mature thought, to indulge Daniel in his new fancy, so far as to let him tire himself by a morning of unusual bodily exertion: she depended upon seeing him, and, of course, of conferring with him, however, according to his

voluntary promise to his father ; when he did not appear, the lady became uneasy and offended together ; if nothing but his continued sulkiness kept him away, she resolved to allow him to break his engagement as openly and as long as he liked ; and in order to ascertain how the case really stood, Nancy was despatched, after many cautions, as a reconnoitrer and a spy to the hostile ground. And various were Nancy's feelings as, muffling her head in her cloak, she looked in through the dilapidated fence. From old habit, and an arbitrariness of affection peculiar, it is presumed, to her countrymen and countrywomen, she had been and was very angry with him for "making such a raal omadhaun of his mother's son, as to kick up his heels and quit the ould house, and the good livin' an' lyin' in it, an' the pleasant nothin' to do—" (though few of his friends oftener declaimed against his idleness than Nancy,) "to turn small farmer ;" but when she gazed at him walking about in so manly a style, among his people, and heard his loud and "knowledgable" words of command to them, and marked his sturdy gesticulations and important face and gait, her anger gave way to admiration, and arose to a feeling of patronage, and to unbounded pity that his lot was about to become so laborious a one, and, above all, that she durst not proceed to break her mistress's solemn instructions, by jumping into the field, pouncing upon him, scolding him, and dragging him off to "the good male he was used to." Fear of Mrs. D'Arcy's awful anger suppressed, however, her amiable impulses. After storing up in her mind enough and more than enough, for a communication at home, Nance stole off from her spy-hole, and cautiously took her way to her mistress.

And thus, by indulging different misconceptions, and by each too pertinaciously insisting upon a plan, Daniel and his mother were likely to become worse friends than ever. Mrs. D'Arcy sat down to her dinner without seeming to take farther notice of him ; but it was a comfortless feast. Almost every one engaged in it were more or less disagreeably affected by Daniel's stubborn conduct. The mother's own feelings need not be farther expressed. Hugh D'Arcy, recovering from an humbled tone of manner, the result of his wife's dignified expostulations with him, as the unreflecting abettor of their son's wayward whim in the first instance, to the obvious detriment of the higher arrangements in the lad's favour, which Hugh himself had so recently approved. Hugh D'Arcy spared few words of strong reproach of the absent truant, and vehemently

advised leaving him, for a week or two, to the discipline of hard work, and potatoes and thick-milk. Mr. Donovan, little affected by the incident itself, which, in the certainty that Daniel would soon grow wiser, he thought of no importance, deeply sympathized in the circumstances which had given it birth, namely, the visit of the distressed tenants to his host, and the decay of worldly independence it too plainly proclaimed. Helen, partly on the same account, partly that no one would smile or laugh around her, so as to tolerate her smile or laugh, sat gravely, for one of the very first times in her life. And Dora, thinking chiefly of the "hard work, and potatoes and thick-milk," decreed to her poor champion and fellow-student, was, perhaps (it will hint the quality of her mind as well as of her heart, if it hint nothing else), the most afflicted of the party.

But, soon after dinner, Mrs. D'Arcy's heart relented. Nancy was again summoned and ordered to fill a basket with food, and half a bottle of light wine ; and to her great delight, she then set out, treading in her mistress's footsteps, along the same path she had, that day, already traversed.

Meantime, Daniel had determined not to have any dinner at all. A neighbour, or rather a neighbour's wife, a poor peasant-woman, sent him in a share of her own and her husband's meal, composed of the very materials his father had doomed him to, namely, potatoes and thick-milk ; but he let the potatoes grow cold, and the thick-milk become half decomposed into greenish water, and magnanimously—starved. The hour came for dismissing his men from their day task, and he was left alone. Retiring to his unfurnished, or but miserably-furnished apartment in the Red House, he flung himself, stiffened with bodily fatigue, as well as hungry and thirsty, upon his straw couch, and looked out through the open window.

His window commanded a view of the hill, adown which he had that day seen Nancy approaching his farm. As his eye now listlessly wandered over its path, he again descried his former attendant, for now he was sure of her identity, trotting after his mother, who moved along at a quick, though lengthened and dignified pace. In a flutter of feelings he started up from his recumbent position, and, strange as it sounds, his first impulse was to engage in the immediate destruction of his hitherto neglected dinner ; for at a second glance, Daniel comprehended the meaning of the basket on Nancy's arm, and he thought it an important point, a becoming show of independence in his altered situation, to be enabled to decline the dainty

fare destined for him at this late hour, by being found just finishing his own more suitable supply of food : perhaps, after all his resolves, he was not sorry of an excusable opportunity for dining on something or other.

According to a judicious timing of his efforts, he held the last cold potatoe of a considerable heap in his hand, and was swallowing the last draught of very sour milk, when Mrs. D'Arcy entered his new residence, carrying the basket on her own arm ; she had left Nancy below, out of sight and hearing, much against Nancy's will and anticipation. Daniel now began to play a little of the hypocrite ; in his words and manner, as he arose, there was, first, an affectation of surprise, as if he had not at all noticed his mother's approach to the Red House ; next, of the utmost happiness at seeing her in it, together with a swaggering ease which meant to assert that he was comfortable, nay, delighted in consequence of all he had done, and all he meant to do.

"You were expected home to dinner, Daniel," said Mrs. D'Arcy, after she had accepted of the only crazy seat her independent son was able to offer her.

"I did not know it, mother dear," he answered, smiling an untruth. She partly saw through this new mood of his, and thought it better not to irritate him by contradiction on small points.

"Well, Dan, boy, I am sorry you mistook ; however, when you did not come, and when we were obligated to sit down to our meal without you, for the first time, Daniel," her voice varied from its usual steadiness ; "why, then, Dan, I got Nancy to follow me with this basket."

"Many thanks, mother ; but my dinner is over for to-day—enough and plenty of it—and, more betoken, the kind I ought to begin to make myself used to :"—as he said these last words he again smiled, looking into his mother's face ; but she saw it was a struggling smile ; that bitterness of heart was under it, and tears ready to drown it. Still she tried to sooth him, and if possible beguile him into a better temper by seeming unconsciousness and passive mildness. Not that she did not want his tears ; she did ; but tears of a different kind from those now ready to gush up. "Youth, and good health, and exercise, Daniel, need not to be dainty about dinner-fare, I grant you ; and so Nancy may take home my poor basket, again—if, indeed, it contain no little relish that might prove palatable to you after an ordinary meal."

"No mother, I thank you kindly : I have not a stomach for any thing after the good potatoes."

"Except for your usual draught of wine, Dan."

"No, indeed : the milk served the turn, to-day : and it and the *cups** agree very well together ; only they might quarrel with genteeler company."

"Well, well, Dan : are you fully ready to come home with me?"

"Sure I am at home, mother dear : one that looks after a farum has a right to keep on the spot."

"So you prefer sleeping here, Daniel?"

"Troth, mother, and it becomes me, I think."

"Very well : but we must send you over your *own* bed and bedding, in that case : " she took care to lay an emphasis on the word "own," which had the desired effect upon his childish sulk, for he answered—"thanks, mother."

"And any matters else, at the same time, Daniel? Your papers—*Marks' letters*—or your books?"

"Marks' letters, if you please, mother—but none of the ould books—*they* are not in *my* way, *now*."

"They might amuse you of an idle hour."

"'Tis not likely I shall have many idle hours : or if so it happens, out of the field itself, sure I have other things to think of."

"Well, that will give pleasure to few of us at home : now, here is a book with a leaf folded down in it by Dora Donovan, and she sends you word to look over a hard sentence, and tell her if——"

"Nonsense !" interrupted Daniel, striding about the room— "I ask your pardon, mother ; but what can she, or yourself, or any one mean but a laugh at me to talk of such a thing ? Hard sentence, *inagh*!†—I say, over again, mother, I have nothing to do with the book, or with any book, nor ever can, nor with whomever sent it, nor with any bookish people—for, you see, mother—tut, tut!"—his little strife of feelings making him as usual vehement—"my heavy hatred in all such *raumaush*,‡ and to the ould boy I toss it!"

Mrs. D'Arcy now nearly lost her self-command : in other words—apart altogether from her maternal feelings, which were strong and pure as a mother's could be—*her plan* of forbearance for the present had nearly yielded to her vexation. Best another and a more important and complicated plan should

* A species of potato.

† Indeed.

‡ Absurdity.

eventually be marred by Daniel's continued unmanageableness. She checked her rising indignation, however, and allowed him to conjecture her sentiments only by her silence and by her assumed toleration of his rude speech. Then she hoped he would accuse himself of abruptness, and apologize to her ; but she miscalculated : he was roused upon a point which did not allow him to grow cool so soon again ; and after a pause of some time, while he continued to pace about the room, she found herself compelled to resume, and, indeed, to shorten the interview.

"I hope, at least, Daniel, that you will accompany me some part of the way home, as the dark has fallen."

With hearty expressions of alacrity and dutiful eagerness, Daniel snatched his hat, and led his mother down to the entrance door of the house. There they found Nancy. The girl, as she took the basket from Mrs. D'Arcy, opened its covering, and having peered in, raised up her eyes and one of her hands, and then with a sadly reprehensive and prophetic manner, shook her head at her wayward young master. Without a word, however, the party left the Red House. And without a word they gained a near view of Daniel's old home.

Here he broke silence, stopping as he spoke. "Is this far enough to see you safe, mother?"—"Why, yes, Dan, if you are bent on going back to the farm."

"Indeed and I am, mother, and must, for the farm's sake, if nothing else ; only I won't turn back without your blessing, mother dear, the way it always was, you know, and always will be with me, from the heart out, and why not?"

He knelt as simply and earnestly as he had done when he was but seven years old. The little incident, and particularly the manner of it, affected Mrs. D'Arcy, as well as did the rapid reflection that, however warped for a season in some parts, was her son's heart, its whole nature remained unchanged, and, she believed, unchangeable. And had she given way to the affection that now swelled in her bosom, doubtless she could have charmed up the very kind of tears she had wished to draw from Daniel, in the first instance. But, in deference to quite a new project, the stately lady pronounced her blessing in a way that expressed only the dignity of affection, and she and he parted for the night without noticing a tear of any kind upon each other's lids. Gazing after him, as he slowly descended a hill to his solitary house, in the increasing darkness, the following were the thoughts which explained to herself Mrs. D'Arcy's motives for so acting.

“To soften him now would be doing no good, would not really overcome his obstinacy, would not make him sleep under his father’s roof, at the same time it would be a lavishing of my power of appeal over him, and of his own susceptibility for being perfectly moulded to our wishes. The next visitor to *his farm* shall succeed better than I have done. He loves the child in his very heart of hearts, although according to that wilful way of his own, and so far as her years allow of the sentiment, I think *she* loves *him*. We shall see. But, first of all, let him remain alone, since he so much insists on it; ’twill prepare him.”

Pursuant to the last resolve, Daniel was not intruded upon the following day by any one from home, excepting the man who came with his “own bed and bedding,” and some other useful pieces of household furniture which he could not well throw out at the window, although he was strongly inclined to do so. Not even a basket visited him, impertinently stuffed with good things. All of a sudden, however, the poor people of the cabin nearest to him found themselves able to supply him with a dinner and a breakfast better than those of the day before; and if Daniel wondered at the change, or suspected a clew to its mystery, he held his tongue, after a few unsatisfied questions, and allowed himself to eat and drink as he had used to do, in spite of all his visions of independence. Very high-flying people often act similarly in parallel situations.

His solitude remained undisturbed for yet another day; and Daniel pursued his labours unremittingly, although at last he could have sat down in a corner of the field and cried like the boy he was. After breakfast hour, upon the fourth day of his new era, he descried, however, his father and Mr. Donovan approaching his farm. As in the case of Nancy’s visit, he pretended not to be aware of their coming, but put forth all his powers to make a display for their admiration.

They met; and after greeting, Hugh D’Arcy took up a part, which, under the instructions of his wife, he had come resolved to enact. None of his late ill-humour against Daniel’s whim was permitted to appear; on the contrary, he praised in the very highest terms the extraordinary and almost inconceivable good results of the young farmer’s industry during the short space of three days. Mr. Donovan echoed his eulogiums moderately, but emphatically; and now, at least, Mrs. D’Arcy’s anticipations were fulfilled. “Let us put him in good-humour even with his present exercise of his capacities, in order afterward to wile him out of it into higher attempts,”

had been the good lady's theory ; and the first part of it certainly took effect. Aware of his father's and of Mr. Donovan's knowledge of farming, Daniel triumphed in his own success, as much from a feeling of mere gratified vanity, as on account of any of his stubborn humours. In fact, he felt a little returning pleasantness of disposition ; and, had he been invited to accompany his visitors home to dinner, would very probably have gone. But no such compliment was paid to him. On the contrary, his father asked what he could give him and his friend by way of luncheon, and Daniel, sending a hasty message to his purveying neighbours, made what arrangements he might ; and, soon after, blundered through the novel duties of a host in his crazy and unfurnished farm-house. They bade him adieu, still without an invitation ; yet still he remained pleased, when left alone, at the thought of the respect he commanded in his independent situation, and quite assured that, at the proper time, his hospitality would be duly and not undeservedly acknowledged, in a neighbourly way.

And had his mother taken as granted, according to rule, that such good effects could so speedily have been produced in him, no doubt he would have immediately been flattered by the attentions he now so much desired. But she was for proceeding gradually in all things. First, she advised the sending him a neighbourly present of wine, which, in consideration of a polite message, Daniel accepted. Then Mr. Donovan requested him to try some of his venison and fowls ; and next—and here Mrs. D'Arey really merits praise—the Misses Donovan sent to inquire after their young friend's health, adding, as a remembrance of their good-will, specimens, out of their father's gardens, of the fruit then in season. This fruit happened to be divided into two parcels, though one hamper contained it ; and the wrapper of the first parcel was labelled, "Helen's own pulling," and the wrapper of the second, "Dora's own pulling ;" and Dora's lay under Helen's, so that it must have been last taken out. The same night Daniel supped upon fruit : nay, brought some to bed with him, and ate it in the dark—out of which parcel ?

The following morning his hitherto admiring and astonished workman observed that he did not seem so light-hearted or merry-handed in the field. Before the hour of dismissing them in the evening, a ragged girl came to say that he was wanted in the Red House. In answer to his anxious inquiries as to his visitor or visitors, the messenger only giggled, blushed, and ran away. He entered his only sitting-room, and found the Misses

Donovan seated at a table, on which was prepared a delicate evening meal, while Nancy stood hard by, the arranger, it was evident, as well as furnisher of the viands ; for she held between her hands a platter, yet destined for the board, and the basket he had formerly seen, lay in a corner of the apartment.

As he came in, Helen Donovan was laughing loudly and gayly ; Dora Donovan, half-seriously chiding, in her low, rich, cooing voice ; and Nancy declaiming to the utmost of her power. Daniel's surprise, delight, awkwardness, and still lingering sullenness, together with his reception of his new guests, may be imagined from former manifestations of his character. The elder of the young ladies tripped lightly to meet him at the door, and extended her hand, laughing still ; the younger rose from her chair, made a low obeisance, and did not look at him ; Nancy dropped many quick courtesies of mock salutation and reverence to "the man of the house ;" and while in the action described, Helen said—"Don't blame *us*, sweet sir—me or my poor sister, I mean ; Nancy here proposed a ramble after dinner, with our father's permission, and with your good mother's too,—and, in truth and word we scarce knew where we were until she compelled us to sit down in your romantic house."

"Thru for you, Miss Helen : just took a start of a thought of my own, to make ye all have a laugh from the heart out together," said Nancy ; and she uttered a whole untruth, while Helen's had been but a half one.

"Master Daniel D'Arcy will not surely suppose that we could have intentionally come of a sudden upon him in this way," said Dora persuading herself she was quite innocent.

"And just brought a bite an' a sup to make oursefs welcome, more betoken," added Nancy, imagining that she not only kept within the limits of true courtesy, but shone in her observance of all of its rules.

The little stolen feast—not unlike one that the merest children sometimes get up at school—was gone through ; Helen proposed that Daniel should exhibit his grounds to her sister and herself, attended and chaperoned by Nancy. The party accordingly left the Red House. At first, Helen, Dora, and Daniel walked together. Sometime after the elder of the young ladies stayed behind with Nancy, to understand some remarks volunteered by that sagacious person upon some remarkable object in view, and Dora and the young farmer strayed on, side by side. An hour must have elapsed before they heard Nancy's voice loudly calling their names, in accents of reproof, real or feigned, as well as in those of alarm. The

small sounds echoed all around them through a very lonely little glen, built up at either side with shattered, white-faced rocks, and sweeps of crumbling earth, plumed by dwarf trees; a small rivulet, sent to them from a far-up mountain source, broke its way, in tiny eddies and fairly foaming, over a stone-strewed bed at their feet; and the setting sun poured his full glory upon their little valley, along the vista, into which, at one end, it receded, and which, with its hundred bold or rich features of hills and trees, was confused and seemed enchanted under his influence: so at least thought Daniel, and such were his recollections to his dying day of the inanimate accompaniments and witnesses of his words and actions of that evening: the little unimportant scene, he thought—*felt* rather—grew more expressive than outward nature, in any of her varieties, had ever before appeared to his eye; and never, never could he forget the spot—never cease to love it, to revisit it; and coming into it, and casting his eye around him, was like—almost in reality *was*—calling up one happy thought, upon whose stirring depended a whole bustle of joyous recollections.

“Romance.” Well, serious sir. Attend to plainer facts. Dora and Daniel heard Nancy’s peacock cries, and they started from a seat which both had occupied, looking like guilty things warned from crime; but although a notion of crime had not subdued the minds of either, it was now too late to be warned from what had really engaged them; for, mere boy and girl as they were, they had by this time utterly given each other away to each other; simply though unreservedly avowing a love never surpassed, if it can be equalled, by man’s love for woman, or woman’s love for man.

“I declare to my gracious goodness, now, and bad manners to me!” cried Nancy when at length she stood before them; “but it’s what is come into my head is this, now that I have found you, Miss Dora, and you Masther Daniel; ye were here, alone, together, all the while, so ye were, your two cheeks are so red——”

“Their four cheeks, you mean, Nancy,” interrupted Helen—

“Why, then yis, Miss Helen, and the eyes o’ them dancin’ jigs, out o’ their heads more betoken—well, if I don’t tell the misthress, *nau bocklish!*”*

“Don’t now, Nancy, good girl, don’t,” pleaded Daniel, in a boyish fright.

But Nancy did tell; and not to “the misthress’s” great dissatisfaction either.

* Never mind.

CHAPTER X.

"He will walk over to dinner to-morrow," was Mrs. D'Arcy's conclusion, after she had heard from Nancy the result of their joint conspiracy against poor Daniel's peace of mind. He did so; and the next day, and the next—still attending to his agricultural pursuits, however, until Mr. Donovan and his daughters prepared to end their visit at Hugh D'Arcy's, and return to their own house. Upon the last evening of their stay, Daniel and Dora were surprised, by their mother and father, sitting so close together, and so remarkably engaged in other respects, that few doubts of their sentiments towards each other could be entertained in the breasts of even the least watchful parents.

The young pair arose, and stood in almost childish confusion, looking to the ground. Mrs. D'Arcy and her grave companion seemed surprised and somewhat shocked in common, and, in a low and remonstrating voice, the latter pronounced Dora's name, advanced to her, and led her out of the garden; for in the garden did this scene occur. Daniel, losing his sheepfaced expression, followed them with his great blue eyes till they disappeared through the door; and then turning to his mother, who now stood at his side, looked up into her face spiritedly, and said, "Now, will Dora get blame, I wonder?"

Mrs. D'Arcy did not know: could not conjecture; hoped the young gentleman did not merit it; Daniel knew best; but, in fact, she presumed that he had prevailed upon Miss Dora to listen to his expressions of interest in her regard?

"Interest in her regard!" repeated Daniel; "If it's any harm to keep it from you, mother dear, I'll tell you, now, that Dora has heard me say,—ten thousand times over, that I love her, body and soul—so well and dearly—I cannot—I will not breathe the breath of life without her!"

"You are vehement, Daniel——"

"I am, mother; any thing you like, for I am in earnest,—In earnest, mother dear!"

"And what says Miss Dora?"

"What says she? oh, may the good God watch over her and reward her for ever, mother! Dora does not think of your poor

Dan as others do ! She does not jeer him ! Dora loves *me*, mother, as well as *I* love *her* ! Dora loves *me* !” The appeal he could not speak was expressed in the weeping embrace he bestowed upon Mrs. D’Arcy.

Shedding tears herself, she soothed him, murmured promises of assistance in his ear, and kissed his high, broad, and man-like forehead through his flowing light-brown hair. Having thus prepared him to listen patiently, she told him that she herself would be his advocate with Mr. Donovan. At these words Daniel experienced the first instant of pure pleasure he had ever yet known. “Every one begins to love me, as I want to be loved !” was the thought which, lighting up and warming his soul like a sunbeam, produced this otherwise unproducible sentiment. His mother left him alone to go directly to Mr. Donovan.

Daniel could not tell how long it was until the garden-door again opened, and Mr. Donovan himself advanced towards him. The agitation now displayed by the lad was very different from that he had shown when detected sitting by Dora’s side. He trembled under the influence of mature and deep passion. The old gentleman sat down near him, smiling gravely, and, could Daniel have observed, compassionately and graciously too. But his speech ended in little less than a death-sentence to the hopes of the poor listener.

He began by saying that, in good earnest, the idea of love between his younger daughter, who was little more than fifteen, and Daniel, who was scarce eighteen, could not or could hardly be entertained with a serious face. The unfitness of their ages for such an adventure was farther heightened by the reflection that, owing to circumstances which neither could help, the minds of both had been left, down to the present hour, sadly uncultivated and immatured. There was also another consideration, though of a kind little likely to be comprehended by a mere boy or girl, and therefore Mr. Donovan felt a degree of absurdity in his own conduct, in mentioning it : he would, however, remark that, under any circumstances, prudence required the admirer of his daughter Dora to be master of some means of adding to the limited independence to which, in the event of her father’s death, she would be entitled.

Daniel, half jumping on his seat, gasping for breath, and proudly thinking of “his farm,” was about to speak, but Mr. Donovan requested to be heard to the end of what he had to say. Then, continuing, he observed, in the first place,—that the fact of extreme youthfulness put an end to even the tolera-

tion of Daniel's suit for many years to come ; next, that if he and Dora were ever permitted to regard each other as lovers, it must be after successfully attending to the cultivation of their minds by every means left open to both ; and lastly—as regarded the question of property in some shape or other—Mr. Donovan did not indeed know how far respectable mental endowments might or might not dispose him to excuse the want of very great wealth in the husband of his Dora ; nay, he could not declare that a certain degree of literary acquirement might not induce him to overlook a deficiency of other qualifications altogether.

Had Daniel possessed half the shrewdness and knowledge of the world often attained even at his years, he would have quickly detected in this discourse new proofs of the now wide-spreading conspiracy laid against his indifference to literary study. But he took all he heard as plain matter of fact, occurring in the natural course of things, and was affected accordingly. He was overwhelmed. After all his failures through life ; after his late miserable failure ; recollecting his constant misgiving of *inability of will*, the attendant of his mind from childhood, and its inveterate confirmation within the last few weeks ; calling up also, his open, bravadoing abandonment of all “books and bookish people,” since he turned small farmer, and anticipating how he must burn and shrink with shame should he now forsake his new and manly mode of life once more to sit down under a hedge in the field, or in the garden, or in his own solitary old room, to *learn to spell*, out of a book ; getting all this before him, Daniel decreed in his own heart and soul, that had Mr. Donovan proposed to him to take wings unto himself and fly up to the moon, the terms would not have been more impracticable and extravagant than those the good old gentleman really insisted upon.

“You hear me, and understand me, Daniel ?” asked Mr. Donovan, after his poor petitioner had sat a long while in deep silence, revolving these black thoughts.

“I do, sir—I do indeed, sir,”—answered Daniel, not raising his chin off his breast.

“Well, then, I will leave you to your own reflections upon what has been said,—for *they* must make your own fate :” and once more Daniel was alone in the garden.

“What does she say, herself ?”—were his thoughts, as he quickly arose, after a lengthened and brooding, and unprofitable revery—“I will try and speak one word with Dora.”

He walked round to the back of the house, and cautiously

approached the kitchen window. Nancy appeared at a table inside, busied about some culinary work. He beckoned her out. The affectionate though whimsical and peculiar girl soon joined him. He confided an embassy to her; she retired; quickly came out again; and now Nancy either was or pretended to be in a great remonstrative passion. It was a shame for him, she insisted, to have coaxed her into taking any such bad message, when he knew better than the whole house besides, how matters stood, and all of his own making; when he need not be told that Miss Dora was in her room to stay there till she should go home, early in the morning: and his mother had very like to have bitten her (Nancy's) head off, for wanting to go up stairs; only Mrs. D'Arcy herself would tell Daniel every thing if he stepped in, and took his supper and bed, as once he used to do; and — here Daniel turned off, and walked without another word to his highly prized citadel, the Red House, and, notwithstanding his mother's invitation, took his bed—though not his supper—there, instead of under her roof.

Soon after break of day next morning, his workmen saw with delight and respect a rallied energy about him. Along with directing their exertions spiritedly and judiciously, once more it gladdened their hearts to observe him occasionally join in their bodily labours. Daniel's person was built for strength—one of the great idols of those who earn their bread solely by dint of bone and muscle; and now, with that strength freshly come upon him, and excited almost to the degree which madness often imparts, he performed feats sufficient to make him immortal in his neighbourhood. The wondering peasants did not know, however, how much was owing to Daniel's mood; how much exactly to the physical force with which he had naturally been endued. Less could they understand that mood, had it been mentioned to them; a mood made up of fiery struggles for mastery between mind and the animal, just in the young vigour of both, when either must inevitably preponderate, and fashion man's character—identity—for ever.

Still according to rule, he was permitted by his friends at home to indulge this new fit without molestation or hinderance; and still, according to nature, even after the subsiding of its first vehemence, it did not turn into the docility expected to be worked out by itself; but, in the absence of sympathy, of help, from any hearts whose love, and whose love alone could have accomplished a good change, it rather became an inward habitual disease of his moral constitution. For weeks they left him quite alone; and, each day of each week he exhausted

himself in vulgar labour of the field ; and each night he lay awake, or but unhealthily dozing, fire in his brain, and his eyes unvisited by a tear. But—he *would* be the husband of Dora !—no matter who gainsayed him—no matter though he lost father, mother, and brother for ever, he would take her from them. She loved him—why should they not come together !—And with the energy of a young fiend he clenched his hands, as if to feel his own animal strength, and as if depending on it alone for triumph ; and visions of bearing her through a sea of fire, or similar slight impediments, seemed airy nothings to his passion-puffed notions of himself.

A continuance of these struggles, while at the same time he almost went without food, soon began to make inroads, however, upon the only power to which he would look for help and success. His cheeks grew pallid and sunken, his frame decayed, his voice sounded dry and hoarse ; he no longer outdid the strong men in their own field. His father and mother, hearing of his condition, quickly came to entreat him home with them. Interpreting their late injudicious neglect into estrangement of love and kindness—his stemmed passion for Dora Donovan drawing in its reflux all true feelings of his heart—he retreated to his house at their approach, locked himself in, and would not see them. When, after a thousand entreaties, and a long stay, they retired, he snatched up his hat, and acting upon a sudden impulse, hurried off to Mr. Donovan's.

It had lately come into Daniel's mind, in a very vague, and yet in a very imperative shape, (he would have it so), that, notwithstanding all that gentleman had spoken about intellectual qualifications, a little time, and a little wealth was all that it was really necessary to wait for in order to entitle him, Daniel, to be received as a tolerated suitor. Although his present phrensy had actually began in believing Mr. Donovan sincere in his other condition, and in deeming himself incapable of meeting it, still, the more recent modification of his fit urged him to tread down, with a savage scorn, and as visionary in every way, because visionary to himself, the notion of winning Dora by virtue “ of reading plainly out of a book, and writing out any thing, off-hand, like cuild Phelim O'Dea.” In the hope, nay, the certainty, therefore, of convincing Mr. Donovan that he could wait patiently for a given number of years, and make himself a rich man in the mean time, Daniel now hastened to that gentleman's mansion.

Their interview was a short and memorable one. Daniel, pale and trembling from previous suffering and present hurry

and emotion, entered upon his wild statements with a vehemence that at first almost frightened his hearer, and Mr. Donovan was very near forgetting his promises to Mrs. D'Arcy of rigidly abetting "her plan," as well as his own temperate convictions of the necessity of making a last effort for the mental advantage and future happiness of his own daughter along with his friend's son. Checking his nervousness, however, he firmly repeated all that he had formerly said to the youthful lover;—nay, he insisted more than he had done before upon the very condition which Daniel would jump over. The lad, overcome by the fury of his temper, and the unhealthy excitement of his frame, dashed the hat which he had hitherto held in his hand upon the floor, declaimed louder, stamped, shook in every limb, and finally staggered and fell; and that night he lay in his father's house, having been conveyed home on a litter, the possessing passion of his heart finding vent in the ravings of a fever.

Restored to reason and to health by the united aids of his robust constitution and a mother's love and care, Daniel felt himself softened in temperament, and even ashamed of what he could recollect of the extravagance which had immediately preceded, and indeed chiefly caused his dangerous indisposition. In the experience always left behind after violent excitement, he formed many good and wise resolutions of future self-government and amiability. In his gentle and grateful words and sentiments towards her, his mother read the happy inward changes going forward, while he yet lay in bed, feeble and motionless, though indeed snatched from death. But Daniel's feelings for Dora had not suffered one iota of diminution during all this taming of other violent emotions and sentiments. His love remained even as vehement as ever, though not likely, at least, without fresh and increased provocation, to show itself in acts of sullen obstinacy or mad impatience. It grew more hopeless, too, because he grew more capable of admitting the reasonableness and strength of the barrier opposed to it. In the calmness of his sick-chamber, he re-considered Mr. Donovan's proposition, and still despairing of ever being able to entertain it, he assented to its justice. This other state of his mind and heart, Daniel's mother also conjectured; and still she was pleased, because still she studied to take advantage of it, although now compelled to remodel if not alter her mode of proceeding.

In fact, the second day Daniel sat up, he was visited by Dora and her sister, after due preparations to guard him against sur-

prise, and as soon as he could walk down stairs, his young mistress was occasionally permitted to sit alone with him. Acting under careful instructions, Dora more than once appeared with a book in her hand ; and at last, with a sincere and simple good-nature which he could not now repel, asked him to learn a lesson with her : not one which was to be said to his mother or her father, but one which they could just repeat to each other. He consented ; and, during the period of his slow recovery of his former perfect health, went on, to his own great astonishment, better, as a student, than he had ever done in thrice the time at any other era of his life.

And still he might have gone on, gradually and humbly, to be sure, but a good way from his late ignorance, however, had not Mrs. D'Arcy again marred her own good work by not letting it alone. Daniel's brother, Marks, had been written to for his alliance in the series of "plans" undertaken by the good lady ; after many arrangements he had sent home a letter to Dan ; and this letter, upon a day deemed very favourable for the experiment, was entrusted to Dora for presentation to her now petted lover, without its having been thought necessary to tell her the secret it contained.

Her mild, loving, beautiful, though not intellectual eyes, widened and brightened with the pleasure of giving him pleasure, as she handed Daniel the epistle ; and at sight of his dear Marks's writing on the cover, his face also showed the joy of his heart. "Dora, Dora ! we must try to read it together !" cried Daniel. She eagerly assented ; but before they had completed their joint task, happiness had fled from their features, and the young pair interchanged glances of fear and affliction.

Marks informed his brother, that, in the course of about six months, he hoped to return to Ireland, and to his family, a gainer in worldly wealth, in knowledge, and in learning ; and, some short time previous to his coming home, he proposed to Daniel, with the consent, nay commands of his father and mother, that he should think of passing over to Spain, and, *after qualifying himself by literary attainments, as the writer had done*, take Marks' place in the mercantile situation which he, Marks, then held, and which had proved so advantageous to him. It was added, with cordial congratulations, to Daniel upon his having formed an engagement with an honourable and most amiable young gentlewoman, that six or seven years' absence from his native country, employed as was intimated, would obviously enable Daniel to sue for a happy termination of his love, with credit to himself and due respect to its object ;

and how short was the time of trial proposed ! and how young, and how capable of enjoying every youthful happiness, would Daniel then be ! only arrived, in fact, at the prime of fresh youth, itself—only about five-and-twenty.

The colour fled from Daniel's cheeks : and for a long pause he would not venture to look up at Dora, lest he might draw from the expression of her countenance proof of what he dreaded to learn, namely, that she, too, had given her assent to this blow against his hopes. She challenged his attention, however, by her smothered sobs, and as soon as he saw her undisguised grief, half his fears fled while he asked her, "Then, Dora, *you* knew nothing of this letter beforehand?"

"Oh, no, no, Dan ! they never as much as told me of it, until a while ago ! and if they had, I never would have brought it to you," she answered.

"Thank God, thank God ! Dora ; for in that case, you will not be for banishing me, for seven long years from your side, and from Ireland?"

"I do not wish it,—indeed I do not!"

"And does that mean, Dora, that you love me still, and would have me, though I may never go to Spain to grow as rich and as learned as Marks?"

"Don't ask me ! don't, Daniel !" and Dora hid her face in her hands.

"And why, Dora, dear ?" he grew suspicious of something, he knew not what.

"I can never tell you—never !" she replied.

"They have got you into some plot against me, after all, Dora !" he stood up, much agitated, some of his old ruggedness and gloominess of temper overshadowing him. The girl only wept. "And you keep their secret, Dora, you do !" he resumed, his passion still rising : "but no matter ; you may if you like ; only *if* you do—listen to what I say, Dora. By the blessed light of this blessed summer day ! I *will* quit Ireland, not for their Spain, nor for their Spanish College, where the littlest outlandish boy of the whole class would laugh at the poor ignorant Irishman :—no, Dora ! but for some place where neither they nor you—you Dora—Dora, *ma-chorra-ma-chree* !—can ever find me !—where I can dig the earth, from morning till night, for the crust I eat—and then, Dora, wipe the dust and the sweat from my face, and kneel down to pray for you ; and then, lie on my straw to cry for you !"

"Dan, dear ! Dan, dear !" she rose up and followed him about the room, frightened at the strength of his passion ; "sit

down and quiet yourself, and don't tempt back the bad fever, and trust in me, and look pleased at me, and all I can say or do to comfort you, I *will* say and do."

"Will you promise to keep none of their mysteries from me, Dora?" he led her to a seat, and took another at her side.

"I will, I do; for, oh, Dan, they have only made me love you more and more, and pity you, too—pity you in the heart's-heart—as well as that; and besides, Dan, I break no word to any one else, for I gave no word, only listened to what they bid me, and then, till this day, did it as well as I could."

"Now I see, Dora, they wanted you to hate me, if I would not be a great scholar; that's it."

"No, Dan, not so bad; but they told *me*, over and over, to tell *you*, that my father would never let us be happy together, unless you took kindly to the books; and I was to bid you mind them, and to say I would love you better if you did, and to try and make you mind them; though, God knows how little I had the power, or, to tell the blessed truth, the heart, either, Dan; and, above all, they expected that I should not be as kind to you, if you refused, as if you did not."

"And then they bid you not to whisper me any of this, Dora?" interrupted Daniel.

"Yes, yes; but as I said before, I made no promise, and now, I hope, I am guilty of no sin but disobedience, dear Daniel; and indeed, indeed, I can't help that; it was a hard thing for them to want of me, when I saw you in your trials, and the cruel sickness and all—and now, not come back to half your strength, yet——"

"So, after all, Dora, you *can* care for me—(and you'll answer my question, at last)—you *can* care for me, without the learning, a'most as much and as well as with it?" again interrupted the selfish Daniel; "and you will *not* say you could like me better if I mind the weary ould books?"

"No, Daniel, I will not; if I did, it would be telling an untruth in earnest: it wasn't for the books you made me like you first---and how can they ever make me love you better? Dan dear;" she looked cautiously towards the door; "I don't think as much of the book-learning as other people do:—maybe its' because I'm not bright, by nature, my own self; for we are all very wilful, and ever given to make little of what we can't or won't go to the trouble of having; but still, try as much as ever I can, I think, in my own mind, that while one person is beholden to be a scholar, another person is not; in particular, when wiser bodies than ourselves call it wrong, and threaten to

punish us, if some of us endeavour to learn tasks, and when they want of very early schooling, by reason of their laws and statutes, leaves it very difficult for us to understand a book, or even the use of a book, in growing-up years—such of us I mean, as can't know a thing at a look, like a spirit, or a wonder of the world, as your brother Marks does, and my sister Helen does and, mind me, Dan, there's not many of that kind on the face of the earth; and so—" she hesitated, a little, almost out of breath—"and so, Dan, dear, I, for one, am not wanting to send you off to Spain for seven long years, nor to cross or vex you, any more, in any one thing that might bring back your troubles and your sufferings."

"Dora, darling, the thanks of poor Daniel's heart to you for this comfort! But, one thing more, Dora. Do you believe your father is as fixed as he and they say he is, upon never listening to me unless I grow to be a great scholar?"

"No Dan," again glancing round, and speaking in a whisper, "I believe no such thing. It's your good and kind mother that is at the bottom of all that, out of love and care of you. Not saying that for my sake, as well as for yours, my father would not like to see us both better read than we are; but from many words of his, time after time, before we came here, I know he is of a mind that, in these bad days for people of our religion, as well as because he is not as rich as he has been, he'd as lieve see *one* of his daughters, at the least, united to a person well to do in the world, as to another who might have learning but want money or land; so that, Daniel——"

"I see, Dora, and now I know how to be guided, and what to do; and I was right, all along; for I thought just the same of your father's mind as all you tell me; and so, Dora, let us not despair, although I will never go to Spain for them, or make a fortune behind a counter like my brother Marks—not meaning by that a word of ill-nature to him, or a word to wrong the love between us—God forbid I should!"

And thus at the very moment when Daniel was really resuming his liking for literary acquirement, in consequence of the judicious working of *one* of his mother's plans, he was for ever weaned from his studious ambition, by the untimely interference of another of her plans. At Dora's side, undisturbed by superior criticism or remonstrance, he might have gained something in a few years: the prospect of a seven years' separation from her, in order to grow learned, made him hate learning altogether. In this sentiment he was farther assisted by her (at least) ingenious declarations of indifference and equality on the subject,

and confirmed by her interested statement of her father's real views respecting the kind of person he would tolerate as her partner for life. Poor Madam D'Arcy ! she selected a bad ally to present Marks's letter.

CHAPTER XI.

THE young lovers kept the real secret of this interview as close and as prudently as if they had been twice as old as they were. When Mrs. D'Arcy inquired of Daniel what he meant to do in answer to Marks' letter, he replied in the most manly style he had yet assumed towards his mother, though not disrespectfully ; "I intend to answer it, Madam." In vague misgivings, the sagacious lady applied to Dora for a confidential report of the conversation between her and an, upon the momentous subject ; to her surprise, and as new material for her study of human nature, and adaptation of it to her purposes, she was met in a way that gave her no information, superseded continued catechising, and yet left her nothing to quarrel with or object to.

In much of the offended dignity which people advanced in years feel at being overmatched by juniors, whose most secret thoughts they would fain master, Mrs. D'Arcy sought a secret conference with her prime minister, Mr. Donovan ; for, by this time, Hugh D'Arcy's situation, as nominal head of these his own family concerns, became as much a sinecure as that of the president of cabinet councils is understood to be. From this consultation resulted a determination to proceed more decisively than ever with the young people, for their common good ; only it was further resolved, that fewer words and more efficient acts should be the character of the policy agreed upon. Moreover, before the adoption of any very distinct measures, it seemed unavoidable to allow Daniel time to recover all his former health and strength, and so to temporize with him, as not to give cause for any impediment to his perfect convalescence. The latter-mentioned course was considered by his mother to be quite practicable. That he would never again dream of returning to his farm was, she concluded, evident, from the enjoyment he now took in Dora's conversations ; that, until important steps could be ventured upon, he would also occasionally spend an improving hour at her side, while they read or wrote together, Mrs. D'Arcy farther took as granted ; and she certainly might depend upon herself for regulating, directing,

and controlling the intercourse they must for some weeks be permitted to hold, so as not to suffer it to transgress a certain limit of indulgence and propriety.

Full of these schemes, she parted from Mr. Donovan to seek Daniel in another room. She was surprised to encounter him in the hall which she had to pass, evidently watching her appearance. When he stepped up to her, and briefly mentioned that it was time he should go look after his agricultural affairs, now that he was nearly as strong as ever, and the day so fine, Mrs. D'Arcy stared at him in a dilemma of vexation, and her gentle and well-balanced temper almost gave way under this repeated failure of her best and wisest schemes.

"And do you propose to stay at this farm of yours, sir?" she demanded.

"Every day—the day through—only I believe I'll ask you to let me sleep here the nights, mother," he answered.

"And when will you answer your brother's letter, Dan?"

"Some day this week, mother dear."

"And—I ask you over again, Daniel—*how* will you answer it?"

"Badly enough, I suppose, but as well as I can, mother: Marks won't expect fine words or a good hand from me."

There was no use in farther disputation. Mrs. D'Arcy saw that to Spain, or to a Spanish college, Daniel was determined never to go. It seemed also clear that he had once more given up "the weary ould books" altogether, so far, at least, as his present sudden change of mood could control the future. But, under the continued apprehensions about his health, the lady could not yet insist upon any thing to cross his whims: there was no resource then, but to allow him to say farewell in a peaceable manner, though, as he crossed her threshold with a free and light step, Mrs. D'Arcy's conscience a second time nearly unseated her equanimity, by some provoking suggestions, that if she had never minded getting Marks to write a certain letter, things might have gone on more promisingly than they now seemed about to do.

More punctual to his appointment than he had once before proved himself, Daniel returned for supper, and sat by Dorcas. And if any thing could make amends to his mother for his not doing exactly what she wanted of him, it was the unusual display of good-humour and high spirits which he exhibited on this occasion, while his whole manner seemed, meantime, improved into a gentleness and compactness that called forth her secret admiration. Could she have surmised the real cause of this pleasing change, the good lady would over again have

been distressed ; for, in fact, Daniel was playful and amiable, because his heart was lightened of a great load ; and Miss Dora had removed that load, by insidiously informing him, first, that she did not want him to be learned ; next, that her father only wanted him to be rich ; and the easy self-command displayed by Daniel arose from his certainty of acquiring wealth upon his farm—in other words, from his conscious power over the accomplishment of a well-understood purpose. Besides, his fury for displaying his personal prowess in the field had quite passed off, and he had come home to supper without having fatigued himself.

Thus many days and evenings passed on, Mrs. D'Arcy closely watching the proceedings of Daniel and Dora ; seldom allowing them private interviews, and when she did, always contriving to have some person, or some circumstance, to cause a seasonable interference. She also looked close, to see whether or not they would resume their studious pursuits ; but they did not. Once or twice, indeed, she observed them secrete a little book upon her sudden appearance ; but when she took measures to ascertain its contents, it turned out to be only Daniel's favourite "Seven Champions," or else "The Nine Worthies of the World."

But he regained his full health and strength, and at last came the day and the hour for winding up a long account with the unsuspecting Daniel.

He had taken leave of the little family supper circle for the night, and was going up to his bed-chamber. His mother followed him, and stopped him on the landing-place.

"Tell me, Daniel, have you answered Marks' letter yet?"

"O yes, mother ; long ago."

"And what time have you named to him for meeting him in Spain?"

"No time, mother--and sure I thought we were done with cross-questioning on that head."

"And you are really fixed upon not leaving Ireland?"

"As fixed as Mount Leinster, mother dear : didn't you know that afore you asked me?"

"Very well, Daniel. Good-night. But I am sorry on your own account. Very sorry for what must be the consequences to yourself of this obstinacy, blindness, and disobedience."

"I know, mother--the disobedience--yes--and--I ask your pardon--but I can't help it"--(Dora's words--she had well assisted him *in his lesson*)--"but, mother, what do you mean?"

What is to happen to me?"

"Time will tell, Daniel ; I will not. I have done with the subject. You have had enough of forewarning. Good-night."

She left him rapidly. He entered his room with disagreeable misgivings, which for some hours kept him waking. He arose in the morning, still very uneasy. It had lately been his habit to repair at an early hour to his grounds, not waiting for his breakfast at his mother's house ; but before he started, Dora and he used to meet for an instant, to bid each other good-morrow, at a certain stile, from which branched a path to his independent residence. Now he gained that stile, and did not see his mistress. He looked around. She was not in view. He re-entered the house, and asked after her. A servant answered, that, about an hour before, Mr. Donovan and the two young ladies had returned home, having been compelled thus suddenly to terminate their second visit to Mrs. D'Arcy, in consequence of a message brought by one of their own people at day-break."

"Was it bad news?"—Daniel inquired. His informant believed not—was sure not—only something very important. This threw him off his guard : and he plodded on to his farm, telling himself that he ought not to suspect any thing disagreeable.

But, all day, he did suspect, notwithstanding ; and some time before his usual hour for leaving his fields, Daniel was on the road, not to his father's house, but again to Mr. Donovan's. "He won't refuse me the inside of his door, and a bit of supper, any how," said Daniel.

He came in view of the old-fashioned mansion. The setting sun had made illuminations in every pane of its windows—"To welcome me," continued the self-flatterer. Approaching nearer, the effect disappeared : and then Daniel saw that—certainly not to welcome him—the inside shutters of the windows were closed. He ran up to the hall-door, and knocked. No one answered him ; not even a little dog barked. He knocked again, not louder, but fainter—for his hand failed him along with his heart : and at last the knocker fell from his grasp, and struck upon the iron knob beneath it one tame blow, of which his heart re-echoed the dull sound ; as the heart of him who stands at the brink of a friend's grave re-echoes that of the first clod which is flung upon the coffin.

He sat down on the steps, and rested his head between his hands. Presently an old woman came by a side approach to the house, towards a small door which led into the servants' apartments. He started up and shouted to her. Much

alarmed, she stopped : he soon lessened the distance between them, and put the question he wished to propose. The old woman told him, that after returning from Mr. D'Arcy's, the family stayed but an hour in their own house, and then went away, accompanied by all their servants—she having been left to take care of the mansion.

Whither had they gone?—she did not know. On what sudden business?—she was still quite ignorant. When would they return?—"How could the likes of her tell?"—But would they, soon?—she believed not. And why did she believe not?—Because Jef (Geoffry), the footboy, had said as much in the kitchen, a moment before they all set out. Then, he had heard his master say so?—Very likely : though Jef often said a thing out of his own head.

Well :—other questions suggested themselves. Had it seemed as if the family had received bad news? No.—Then they all looked very happy, going away?—No, in troth! Why, then, they were all afflicted? No : nor that neither.—What, then? Only one of them—which? who?—one of the young ladies.—But, which of the young ladies? "How could the likes of her tell?" she scarce knew one from the other ; more betoken, was a great way off from the carriage.

"The carriage!"—Daniel caught at a clew. Mr. Donovan could not keep a carriage no more than Hugh D'Arcy could, for legal reasons before given : if the conveyance alluded to by his old informant was not the public diligence from the town, it must have been borrowed of a Protestant neighbour :—a few more questions satisfied him on the point : it *was* a private carriage, well known to belong to Mr. Mossop, the relation of Mrs. D'Arcy, who had before got Daniel out of trouble.

A short time after, Mr. Mossop heard a furious knocking at his door ; and his young cousin broke into the parlour. This gentleman had not been sufficiently enlisted in the confidence of Daniel's foes--(friends)--so that, bating his utter astonishment at the lad's appearance and manner, he had no hesitation in answering his questions as straight-forward as they were put. "Yes," he said, "it was in his carriage, certainly, and under the protection of his man, that Mr. Donovan had that day left home ; and it was Daniel's own good mother who had come to ask the convenience of it for her friends—"

"Good mother!"—interrupted Daniel : "And how long ago is it since she came on that errand, sir?"

"Many days ago," Mr. Mossop said.

"And where has Mr. Donovan gone in your carriage sir,?"

The gentleman could not tell. Mrs. D'Arcy had not informed him, and he forgot, or did not think it worth while to ask.

"Thankee, sir!"—cried Dan, and broke out of Mr. Mossop's quiet house as unceremoniously as he had entered it, leaving that sedate, though spirited and intelligent gentleman to resume some magisterial studies of the evening, after he had muttered a few words of utter amazement, and finally smiled good-naturedly at the dawn of the thought of how matters really stood.

Little time again elapsed, until Daniel's mother, sitting in *her* parlour, opposite to her husband, also heard Daniel thundering at her door. Hurrying past Nancy, who opened it, prepared to scold him for being out so late, he entered the presence of his parents so abruptly, and presenting such a face, and such a general expression, that he caused Mrs. D'Arcy to utter a slight scream, ere she began—"Mercy of mercies, Daniel! what is the matter!"

"Nothing, mother; I'm sure *you* will say nothing; I only came to ask you a question: where have you sent the Donovans from me?" he spoke slowly, his passion choked for a moment, and his voice very low—standing in the middle of the room.

"Where have *I* sent them, Dan!"

"Yes, yes, mother—where have *you* sent them—that's my question:—come, now, mother, come now: I don't stand here before you on a fool's errand: I *know* 'tis you that done it all; I *know* 'tis you that went to Mr. Mossop for the carriage; I *know* 'tis you that made Mr. Donovan take away Dora, because I wouldn't go to Spain for you, to learn the name of an old hat in Latin: so, come, I say, Madam Mother, and tell me the rest of the truth, at once."

"Rude boy! mean you to insinuate that I hesitate to tell the truth? that I ever did? ever could?" she arose in her full dignity, pale and trembling.

"Mother, I am not rude; or if I am, I do not mean it;" (he was right, he felt and showed but the rough energy of great passion,) "and I don't mean, either to say that your heart is not true—as true as the blessed sun:—yet, mother, you have not dealt openly with me; you kept your mind to yourself, and plotted against me: you—"

"Silence, wretched creature, and leave the room!"

"No, mother!" now his voice mastered hers; "No! not till I go on—ay, and end! I tell you Madam Mother, you *did* plot against me—plotted with Marks, the grandee, to write me

that foolish letter—plotted with Dora's father, to tell me he would not listen to me till I went to school again—plotted with him to take her away from me! ay, many days ago—these are Mr. Mossop's words—you planned to get the carriage many days ago, and she and I left ignorant of all!—left to grow and draw closer and closer to one another, that at last you might tear asunder the roots of our hearts, while ye tore us asunder as ye have done! Now, answer me, mother—where have you sent her?"

"Quit my presence, sir!"

"And that's your only answer, mother?"

"It is, sir—now, at least."

"Quit your presence? Then I will. And your house, too—and you may wait in it, mother, till I come back. Good b'ye, mother—*good* mother, they call you—one has just called you so—but so *I* will not call you—*Bad* mother, I call you! Cruel-hearted and unnatural mother! Mother, that keeps no love for her child! Mother, that does not care, this moment, for the wrack of *my* young heart! Mother of a heart of stone!"

"Hold your tongue, you scapegrace!" here interrupted Hugh D'Arcy, rising up from his wine-flask, as he just recovered the presence of mind and recollection of their relative situations, of which Daniel's startling appearance and overwhelming words and manner totally deprived him:—"Hold your tongue, and quit your mother's presence, as she bids you—ay, and your father's too—or, by——"

"Put down your stick, father!" in his turn interrupted Daniel, "or do not, if you like:—Strike me to the ground with it! here I open my arms and stand for your blow: and to you, father, I have nothing to say but this—I wish you had helped me to some of this book-learning they all want of me, instead of only teaching me how to like the wine-cup—and so, father, a good night to you, as well as to my mother, there—and may ye both find in the lucky son that's a-coming home to ye, enough, and more than enough, to make up for the son ye send out of your house this night—the clod ye shake from your feet! the poor numskull—the dunderhead—that's not fit to sit at your grand table—that's not fit to be let live happy—as happy as one like him *can* live—that's not fit to live at all!"

He shot through the open parlour-door, and also through the hall-door, and out of hearing, ere his now alarmed and commiserating mother could muster breath to call him back.

CHAPTER XII.

AT Mrs. D'Arcy's entreaties, and, indeed, quickened by his own natural feelings, Hugh called a man-servant to his assistance, and went forth in pursuit of Daniel. It seemed certain that he had gone to the Red House ; but when they reached the place, no Daniel was there. They retraced their steps, deviating occasionally into by-paths to the right and to the left, which led to haunts of which Daniel was known to be fond, still ineffectually. They presented themselves before Mrs. D'Arcy, and reported their failure. The mother's fears rose high. Hastily putting on her attire for going abroad, she summoned another man, sent him off to the farm to watch for the lad's probable arrival there at a later hour ; despatched the first servant in a new direction, and taking her husband's arm, sallied out herself, trembling for the fate of her wayward son.

Hugh D'Arcy talked much, as, supported by his stick, he walked on with difficulty by his wife's side, over uneven ground, in a very dark summer's night. She did not utter a word ; did not even sigh or groan, although a terrible anguish possessed her. She thought of Daniel's last words,—“ Not fit to live at all ! ”—and also recollecting the temper in which he had uttered them, Mrs. D'Arcy's heart quailed within her.

“ What's the use, my dear, in stumbling and falling over these stones and rush-tufts, that we can't as much as see under our feet, 'tis so pitch-dark ? What would bring him here ? ” asked Hugh D'Arcy, as she hurried him forward across an unenclosed and uncultivated tract, of which, indeed, the surface answered his description.

Still she did not answer ; but she well knew where they were going. A few moments brought them within hearing of the sound of running water ; a few more elapsed, and, pressing her husband's arm closely, Mrs. D'Arcy stopped him upon the brow of a declivity, which fell into a glen, divided by a stream. It was a winding continuation of that in which Daniel and Dora had been discovered by Nancy upon a memorable evening ; but its features were more rude, more broken and banky, than those of the little haunt before sketched. The stream also took passingly, in this spot, a new character ; being formed at about the middle of as much of the valley as

was in view, into a pool of almost still water, many yards across, and of considerable depth. And upon this pool, now dimly visible from its reflecting the clouded heavens, and so remaining a shade less dark than the opaque grounds about it, did Mrs. D'Arcy's eye rest, as she caused her husband to stand still on the verge of the descent.

"Well, Madam D'Arcy?" questioned Hugh, while they still paused.

Again she made him no answer: but, muttering, an instant afterward, "Ay, it is smooth—quite smooth, *now*—but we'll see it closer—" began to stride down the declivity, her husband still involved in her speed, scarce able to keep himself from falling prostrate.

They were yet some distance from the pool, when Mrs. D'Arcy suddenly stopped a second time, freed her arm from that of Hugh, sprang backward, and clapped her hands together, as she screamed out, terrifically, in that wild and unfrequented place, "Yes, as I am a sinner! as I shall be called to answer it, there is the boy!"

She pointed, and her husband looking closer, saw a dark object slowly moving round, and dipping and rising again, at an indent of the pool, where the water tried to get vent over the stony barrier which curbed its course. "Man, man! why do stand here, like a statue?" she resumed, and hurried forward. Hugh D'Arcy, unable to follow her, unable, indeed, to stand, without firmly propping himself on his stick, soon saw her arrive within contact of the moving object: then she knelt among the rough and unequal rocks and stones that formed the natural dam of the stream, and stooped down to the water; and then the echoes of the little solitude were again called out by a second scream from the poor mother, but of a cadence so very different from the first, that it told Hugh D'Arcy she did *not* look upon the lifeless floating body of her son.

It was, in fact, a large mass of reeds and rushes, congregated in that spot, and by the monotonous motion of an eddy, matted and coiled together in a hard mass, which had so startled her. In the kneeling position in which she made this discovery, Mrs. D'Arcy still remained, her hands clasped, and her eyes turned up in prayer, when her attention was fearfully aroused by a new occurrence. Displaced stones rattled down the side of the valley opposite to that by which she had descended, and presently a figure, in rapid motion towards the self-same place, she occupied appeared vaguely through the darkness of the night, and of the uncultured hill.

“Daniel, my son! Daniel!” she called out. The figure stopped. She repeated her cries. It stood motionless. In accents of misery and entreaty, that must have been accompanied by plenteous tears, she continued to address him; for Daniel indeed it was, come thither after indulging his rage and despair, until he doomed both to be insupportable. But, however efficacious, in one respect, her appeal might have proved, he did not answer it by approaching his mother. In the middle of her passionate speech, he only turned his back upon the pool of water, and upon her, and uttering some words, which, at the other side of the valley, sounded like the growl of a baffled bear, sprang up the pathless acclivity above him, and disappeared over its curving line. Another large stone, which his straining foot had unconsciously spurned from its loose embedment in the sandy soil, leaped and crashed down to the bottom of the glen, and bounding into the stilled water, over which his mother yet knelt, wetted her with the spray forced up by its angry plunge.

Savage, indeed, did Daniel’s mood continue to be, although, after encountering his mother so unexpectedly, in that solitary spot,—sent there, like his guardian angel, to watch the waters he had called on to be his grave,—the impulse to self-destruction did not hold mastery in his breast. In truth, so confused and confounded had been, and still were, his powers of comprehension, that a superstitious doubt of the reality of her appearance glanced through his mind, and was not combatted or questioned,—or, after the succeeding moment, thought of. And before he came in sight of the pool, the screams he had uttered challenged his ear at a distance, but only added phrensy to the infatuation that was upon him; for, hoarsely crying out in answer to them, Daniel allowed himself vaguely to apprehend, that in those dread sounds, voices other than human ones, called him onward to brave what he was about to do.

He fled fast from the little valley, over cultivated fields and waste grounds, and gained the road to Dublin. It started into his mind that thither Mr. Donovan had gone with his daughters, and thither he turned his vain steps. Now fixed in a plan, however impracticable, his thoughts arranged themselves for it, and he thundered at the door of the first cabin he met, to ask if that morning Mr. Mossop’s carriage had passed by. The information he received seemed to justify his first conjecture, and he continued his way.

In some hours, he was conscious of a swimming in his head and a faintness in his limbs, and, cursing his own weak frame, he

sank down at the road-side. After a short and almost oblivious rest, the trampling of horses aroused him. He looked abroad : it was daybreak, and two riders came towards him. Believing that he knew one of them, he started up, scrambled over the fence of the road, and again betook himself to the open country. A second time his strength and senses gave way, and a second time he shook himself from his lethargy, as he confusedly thought that a familiar figure appeared hastening towards him on foot, over some strange path, or adown some sloping ground, vaguely pictured to his vision and mind. As his perceptions grew darker and darker, and his strength less and less, dream-like apprehensions of the same kind floated through his brain, while still he tried to drag himself from one hiding-place to another ; and now and then he half fancied that his mother's form flitted before his eye, at a distance, her drapery bright, and glancing in the rays of the fully-risen morning sun. And however true or false such notions might have been, eventually he learned, indeed, that his mother had not forgotten him. In a last effort to hide himself, he fainted : and awoke to consciousness in a tamed and subdued temper, the taste of sweet wine on his lips, his cheeks wet with tears that he had not shed, and her arms around him. A man held two horses a few yards off, on one of which was a pillion.

To the words of love, of promise, of entreaty, breathed into his ear by the being, whom to love since his infancy, was as much an act of existence as to think or walk, Daniel, in the wane of his frantic fit, could not long remain insensible. The accents in which she spoke, too, touched his heart with pity, remorse, and self-accusation, for they were weak and exhausted as were his own, and told of many hours of misery and over-exertion. " We will write to Mr. Donovan, and ask him to come home to us. Daniel, my own boy," were some of the words of consolation spoken by the humbled as well as agonized Mrs. D'Arcy ; and if one little sigh over the downfall of her dearest and best laid projects accompanied the utterance of this sincere promise, let us excuse the foibles of human nature.

Daniel's father, looking wretchedly ill and shaken—his usually claret-stained cheeks chequered with ghastly spots of paleness, and his blue eyes enlarged and glassy—met Daniel and his cavalcade at the avenue gate, leaning upon a servant. At the first view of his son, the prematurely old man trembled violently, and tried to smile ; but bursting into tears like a child, he at length stammered out, in a kind of whispering scream,—" Welcome home, Dan—welcome, boy—oh, Dan !—oh, you

scapegrace!" and tottered to embrace him. This did not miss its due effect on Daniel's heart.

After a few days' repose, the utmost quietness, and the softest smiles and words reigning around him—even Nancy not seeming inclined to scold him, for, in fact, his late adventures and turn of character made her in awe of her young master, fully to the extent to which she pitied him—Daniel began to wonder that his mother said nothing farther about the letter to Mr. Donovan; and so also may any of Daniel's friends. In truth, extraordinary as it may seem, Mrs. D'Arcy, relieved from the all-conceding anguish in which, without one mental reservation, she had entered into the engagement in question, once more began to rally her own good opinion of her own genius for gaining a virtuous end, and even redeeming an honest pledge by sagacious management. Much as she had suffered by the experiment hitherto, to say nothing of Daniel's sufferings, in trying to limit his approach to any and every thing he wished, exclusively to an academic path; even still the lady believed that, partially at least, she might succeed in her darling object; and by means of this very letter she hoped to venture upon a first step.

"First of all," resolved Mrs. D'Arcy, "he shall pen it himself, *and that will improve him in writing*; and next, it shall contain matter—proposals coming from his own breast—by which he shall not be left quite as much behind, as he is at present, on the road to knowledge."

"Me? me, mother dear?" queried Daniel, as soon as she thought proper to hint her proposals;—"me write a letter on the most important thing that ever yet happened to me; and to such a man! me that never sent a line of penwriting, on any subject, to any body, in my whole life, afore!"

"That was only because he did not like to go to the trouble," Mrs. D'Arcy said, smiling kindly and flatteringly; "and if he had never tried before, how could he tell he should fail now? And, in fact, for his own happiness, he ought to oblige her: Mr. Donovan would expect an appeal under his own hand and seal—and Mr. Donovan would be right—for it was the only delicate, and proper, and respectful course: and, finally, if Daniel would only try to express his thoughts, in a rough copy, she would look over it, correct it, and then leave it to him to write out fair and unblemished."

By dint of repeating these arguments softly, and, indeed, with something of the sycophant in her heart, Mrs. D'Arcy absolutely succeeded in the end in making Daniel entertain a very loose conviction that, all this while, he had been hiding a

considerable talent, namely—that of even attempting to indite an epistle: and smiling to himself, and blushing as he made the promise, he finally consented to engage—quite alone, though, in his room—in his new task.

“And what am I to say in it, mother?” was his next question. And now were Mrs. D’Arcy’s powers of diplomacy and passion for innocent contrivance taxed to the utmost.

“Why,” she began, “he would say in it whatever he liked, of course,—that is, the wording of it would be of his own choice, entirely: as to the matter, both he and she already understood that, to a tittle:—in fact, what could be said, but to request Mr. Donovan to rescind his former condition, dooming Daniel to become thoroughly possessed of a college education? and as she, and Marks, and Daniel’s father had given up the point, Mrs. D’Arcy ventured to promise her hearer that Dora’s father would not prove quite unrelenting: and then, just to offer the old gentleman a kind of little bribe for his good resolves, surely Daniel might hint an inclination not to press his suit further for three or four years, at the least, although allowed free intercourse, meantime, with Miss Dora Donovan, and further permitted—invited, indeed,—to read, at her side, quite unobserved by any third person, whatever books she and he might like to read together, and perhaps make an extract from, occasionally—nay, to all this, Daniel was prepared, in the natural course of things, to pledge his word of honour as a gentleman—and,” continued Mrs. D’Arcy, to her own mind—“little as they may gain by their private and uninterrupted studies out of the Seven Champions, or idle books of the kind, it will keep the boy’s mind in the practice of going on, no matter how slowly, until Marks come home to speed him forward, at a good rate, by proper management, and by the dint of the pure brother’s love between them.”

Daniel’s strong though uncultivated and wilful mind quickly stripped his mother’s prosing of all the superfluity she imagined he could never detect upon it: he saw, in fact, exactly what he was wanted to do: but, every thing considered, he also felt little disinclination to act as he was bidden; and accordingly, locking himself up, he began his letter to Mr. Donovan: after half-a-day’s labour, sent down to his mother a page of schoolboy’s writing, sadly misspelt, yet explicitly containing all the propositions required: and after she corrected it, and after he made out a fair copy, it was despatched, and in a few days, Dora and he once more saw each other. The reader scarce requires to know that Mr. Donovan received, meantime, another letter from Mrs. D’Arcy herself.

CHAPTER XIII.

DANIEL was told, and he believed, that his re-meeting with Dora was unfettered by any of the more considerable of the former restrictions imposed upon their intercourse ; yet he remained uneasy on the subject. He also took an opportunity of asking her, in confidence, whether or no she had been tutored to play any such part towards him as, in a previous confession, she admitted she had : and Dora answered, frankly and promptly, No : and yet again he could not feel quite contented. " She is not as kind to me as she used to be," he said ; and thereupon he pressed her still closer, by conjecturing that, in this respect, at least, she might have undergone a lecture : just such a one as a father or a friend might mean, in good part towards himself, to teach her some improvement of manner, " or a thing of the kind ;"—but Dora's denials continued to be all he could wish, although his own restless misgivings were not so.

Marks had been expected home before this, at two different times, little distant from each other ; upon one occasion, his mother believed he had reached England, if not his native land, itself ; but such calculations proved unfounded, in some way that Daniel, owing to his own occupations and feelings, only imperfectly comprehended. A third time, in consequence of a letter received from him, Mrs. D'Arcy announced the speedy arrival of her elder son ; and out of this circumstance Daniel extracted fresh, and—(he felt it himself to be)—wicked perturbation of spirit.

" Now, you *omadhaun**, you *budgee*,"† said Hugh D'Arcy, coming up with the intelligence to him and Dora, as they walked out of doors together, and, notwithstanding his literal terms of abuse, speaking in great good-humour—" now, mind your eye : here is Marks, the wonder o' the world, coming home to take her from you, at last ;—yes, Dora, pet : a fine, slashing, comely, straight-nosed fellow of my own inches, not like that stumpy Dutchman by the side o' you."

Both laughed at the intended jest ; and Daniel expressed great delight at the prospect of shaking Marks by the hand.—

* Simpleton.

† A short, thick-built fellow.

but he never felt less in his life, before : and though Dora mumbled something to assure him he need fear no rival, yet he saw her blush deeply, and believed for an instant that she looked very deceitful, and very like a flirt—and a jilt.

“ Ay, laugh away,” continued Hugh—“ but they may laugh that win :—to say nothing of his being a bright fellow, Dora,” suddenly taking up his former speech ; “ and a raal hand at every kind of book and larning under the sun :—whisper, *ma-bouchal*,” putting his lips to Dan’s ear, “ work hard, for the little time you have left, at your own books at home here, or, by the Piper of Jiffytown ! she may slip through your fingers, after all that’s come and gone :”—and Hugh walked off.

Whether, as had been Dan’s omen, this badinage of his father—indiscreet under any circumstances—was an untimely and partial escape of some new “plot” hatching against him, or merely the utterance of an idle whim come, that moment, into Hugh’s own grotesque head, Daniel had not temper enough to consider. The first conjecture suited him best, and he picked it up and took great care of it, without debate or examination ; and now he caught himself wishing Marks settled in Spain for the next five years, at the least, and hated his own heart in the same breath for thinking so.

“ Is your brother like the description we have heard, in good earnest, Dan ! ” questioned Dora, after a long silence, during which they walked forward arm-in-arm. His evil fit came back with increased sharpness, and giving her a hasty, disjointed answer, and pleading a recollection of some important business he had to attend to, he left Dora to finish her promenade alone.

From that day forth, he imagined he saw a still more remarkable change in her manner towards him ; and for more than a week afterwards, only imagined it. Then, however, there certainly appeared of a sudden a real something about her, for the power of perceiving which, even Daniel need not have called on the resources of a lover’s proverbial capacity of drawing palpable proofs out of nothing at all. Dora Donovan became, in fact, abstracted, silent, sad—more than sad—and mysterious, and once or twice he found her weeping.

His inquiries as to the cause of her care and affliction were first affectionate ; for, strange to say, now that he had true grounds for jealousy he would not be jealous : finally, when she denied his charges, and denied them with a bad grace, or when she clumsily endeavoured to change the conversation, he grew,

as was now his privilege, vehement. The young lady kept her secret, however, and Daniel dreamed of hideous things. While he is still uninformed, others shall judge between him and his young mistress.

After Hugh D'Arcy's ill-conceived levity upon the subject of Marks's return, Dan took little pains to conceal from Dora the bad humour in which he chose to consider himself. His manner and conduct resented, too, the changes he imagined he saw in hers. The young pair were therefore oftener separated than they used to have been. In a sullen freak Daniel would leave her alone, as he has been seen to do in consequence of her inquiry concerning the truth of Hugh's flattering portrait of his elder brother. Thus abandoned to her own resources for entertaining herself,—(Helen laughingly rejected the society of "the moping lovers," and employing herself within doors), Dora often wandered some distance from the house, drooping and melancholy, and vainly trying to account for Daniel's ungracious demeanour. Quite unsuspecting on her own account, she at last began, without knowing it, to fall into his very mood:—"Surely," she would say, "he cannot have tired of me, or seen some one else he loves better."

Such half-formed thoughts were in her mind, as she walked through the more open path of the adjacent wood, upon an evening when her tyrannical admirer had treated her with unusual capriciousness. It was twilight abroad under the open sky, and much darker of course beneath her present leafy roof; but the abstraction of her thoughts, as well as her simpleness of heart, kept off any positive apprehensions of danger in so lonely a situation. Dora, moreover, though, as she has herself confessed, "not bright by nature," nor, in the ordinary round of life, remarkable for making an impression in any powerful way, had yet within her a certain soundness of judgment, and a strength of character, which placed her above the ordinary nervousness of young persons of her sex; and it may be added, which only required sufficient cause to show itself, to the surprise, perhaps, of those who knew her well, or who at least were certain they did.

But, upon the occasion mentioned, she had, notwithstanding, suffered her mind to be possessed by one of the most unnerving sentiments which she could have encouraged—namely, doubt and fear of the sincerity of the person she dearly loved. And it was while she almost fully yielded herself up to the fancy, that something occurred calculated to confirm it in the strongest shape.

Walking slowly along the wood-path, she could see indistinctly, some distance before her, to a point where another path crossed it, or rather took it up at an angle. A half-moon began to triumph with its immatured light over the glories of the departed day, and stealing downward through openings in the umbrageous canopy above her, weakly flickered upon the stems of the trees which stood at the juncture of the two paths. The effect pleased her eye, almost without the assent of her mind, and she watched it, as still she very slowly advanced. There seemed to her to be two stems, in particular, at the point mentioned, which were selected, as might be said, for the pale dancing rays to play their vagaries upon; one, that of an old beech, bald and smooth, and streaked with broad dashes of white, directly across its bark; another, of a more sombre cast, yet grayish in its tint, and unchequered by a single contrast of colour, and both were so close as almost to touch each other. While Dora's regards continued fixed on these objects, she thought the latter moved, quickly revolving, without changing its place, so as to show a different side from that she had been gazing upon. She stopped, suddenly: her catching breath and striking figure now proclaimed her fitted, at the instant, with all, and more than all, of the nervousness generally experienced by frightened women.

But after a moment of chilling doubt, she told herself that she had but imagined this curious circumstance; that the imperfect light, its motion on the object, caused by the waving of the boughs through which it glimmered downward, the distance, and the vague state of her own mind, had deceived her. Still, however, she fixed her eye. The supposed tree seemed indeed too well rooted in its forest-bed to turn round about, confronting her, as she feared it had done: and Dora prepared to face her own fair forehead homeward, when she heard these words,—“Do not go back till you hear what a friend has to say to you.”

“Dan?” she asked, in great fear.

“No;” and now she could not doubt that it was her equivocal stem which spoke, for it left its place, and became to her comprehension, what it had always been in reality—a tall man, wrapped from head to foot in a gray riding-cloak, of a fashion then adopted only by people of consideration.

Unable to scream, she fled along the path she had come. The man did not at first appear to follow, for she heard him break through the brushwood at his right hand. She had no raced far, however, when small branches crackled, and leave

were rudely rustled behind her, though still at one side of the open path ; and then the same noises came closer—passed her in the near depths of the wood, no person to be seen—grew fainter, as they advanced forward, and, whether from getting out of hearing, or from the stranger's pausing, became inaudible to Dora's ear.

She paused too. The apprehension that her unknown "friend," as he called himself, was stationed at some point of the curving path, in advance, to intercept her, seized upon Dora. And would she turn back or plunge among the trees and underwood, at her left hand to avoid him ? No : she was unacquainted with the mazes of the wood, or with any path but that upon which she stood—and to fly, in either direction, would be but to induce his pursuit, and doubtless, expose herself to a rencounter with him at greater disadvantages than those she at present experienced. Dora thought of crying out, and screaming to the utmost strength of her voice : but a fear that Daniel would be the nearest person to overhear her, and that his violent temper would produce a deadly strife between him and the stranger, checked her vehement impulse. Her best course, then, was, to continue her homeward way slowly and cautiously, prepared to confront this intruder, whoever he might be, or take her chance for evading and passing him, should he again interrupt her.

And again he did cross her path. Turning an abrupt curve of the open walk, she saw him, nearer than before, standing still near the stems of some trees, but now detached from them all, and obscured in unbroken shadow.

"Man!" cried Dora, as she a second time stopped short, "do you mean to offend or harm me?"

"No," he replied, mildly and solemnly, without moving.

"What then?"

"I have said it before—to warn you."

"Warn me! against what?"

"Danger ;—danger, that is round about you, as thick as the branches and the leaves this moment. Danger meant to you, and made for you."

"If this is true," said Dora, "it is a friend, indeed, that speaks."

"A friend, indeed, and so I said, at first—a friend that would no more think of offending you, by word or deed, in this lone place to-night—as you feared—than he would think of it, if you were guarded by a thousand soldiers, in the main street of the town, below."

"I am willing to believe you ; to—but approach no nearer!" as the stranger stepped loftily towards her ; "stay where you are, or I will scream till they come out to me, from the house, or—until you kill me!"—

"I *will* stay where I am, for now I am near enough to speak the words I have to say. in the whisper they ought to be spoken and heard by—and I meant to come no nearer. Have no fears of me, I bid you, over again, Dora—Dora Donovan—the most wronged, and the least deserving to be wronged, of all earthly creatures. Kill you ! I would as soon harm a single hair on your beautiful head, as I would stab the priest in his vestments on the steps of the altar. Now listen to me, well. I come here from afar off—from where some people think I am, while we are speaking, or else nigh hand to it. I come here, Dora, to tell you what I know, and what will save you, if you are only said and led by it—and in that follow your own mind—no one alive will meddle with you and it, as soon as you see your way before you. But I must take my own part. by one short word, first of all. Putting you on your guard exposes *me*, also, to great danger. If certain men and women knew—if they ever know of how I am going to be a friend to you, it would be my ruin. For that reason, it behooves *me* beforehand to make sure that they never can. Do you swear that you never *will* tell them, and I *am* sure. And this, at the least, you won't refuse : one good turn deserves another."

Dora hesitated ; but it was only to consent to error. Her pure heart, and her clear judgment told her, in the first instance, that she ought not to bind herself in eternal confidence. away from the knowledge of her best friends, with a stranger. But his imposing announcement of great danger to her, doubt, suspense, curiosity, want of time for mature thought, together with his plausible professions of esteem and interest, his gentle voice and manner, and his delicate and respectful conduct, all threw her off her guard, and she gave a promise to swear to the secrecy this person required.

He resumed.—"I thank you, Dora Donovan, for consenting to do what will save *me* from danger, while *I* run such risks to save *you*."

As he spoke, this argument occurred for the first time to her, and she was confirmed in her resolution.

"I can see, by the light of the young moon about you, that you wear a cross on your breast : take that in your hand, kiss it, and call it to witness that you will never, while you breathe

the breath of life, tell to a living soul the words that are to pass between us—or as much as that we have even met or spoken.”

“She rapidly complied; and her solemn oath was made before she even thought of putting the so necessary question of—“But, first, who am I talking with? Tell me your name?”

“That I can never do, Dora Donovan—at least not till we are better friends, if the like should happen in the course of time—and now, you know, it is too late to ask, in regard of any good the knowledge could do you.”

Her understanding assented to the justice, or to rather the truth, of the last remark, although her heart felt no additional confidence in him who so quickly and adroitly seemed merely to take advantage of the position to which he had reduced her. This cleverness was scarcely of a piece with the candour of his speech and bearing, hitherto. And, some indistinct doubts stirring within her, she suddenly preferred a new request.

“Then let me see your face. Drop your cloak where you are, and I can see it plain enough.”

“And why do you want to see my face?”

“That I may know you again,” she answered, frankly, in a tone which spoke her fear of a possible necessity for the precaution she fain would take, growing out of fresh misgivings with respect to the honour or fair dealing of her new acquaintance.

“And what good would it be to you to know me, again, Dora?” he asked, disguising any consciousness of her meaning, if indeed he had apprehended it.

“’Tis very natural to wish to see a friend, a second time,” equivocated Dora.

“If ever we do meet, a second time, I do not want to be called to your mind by our meeting at present, Dora Donovan.”

“Indeed!—and why?”

“Because it is not to put in for your friendship, or your thanks, or any thing of the kind, in the future, that I come here to-night. That would be a reward for doing you a service, and I am above the notion; or, I can say it better, if I say, that the thought of serving you will be reward enough, and more than enough, for me.”

This plausible profession of disinterestedness, by soothing Dora’s good opinion of herself, again threw her off her guard she mistook, as many have often done, very insidious flattery for high-mindedness: her confidence in her mysterious friend

fully returned, and she gave up the second-best wise resolve she could have made, after swearing her oath, and which had gradually been forming in her breast during their last words—namely, to stop where she was, and to accept no farther secret from him which her sacred pledge must compel her to bear about her to the grave, as she was already bound to conceal the fact of their having met, and, so far, spoken together.

“Besides,” continued the stranger, in a low, impressive tone, that had its effect upon Dora—“supposing, in truth, that we are doomed even to see each other, for that second time, it must be among people before whose faces you would sink into the ground at the thought of seeing me.”

“What!” cried Dora—“my present friends?”

“Your present friends.”

“All of them?”

“All of them.”

“Go on, then!” she continued, now aroused into a fearful interest—“your warning!”

“And it is to guard you against the pangs you would surely suffer by so meeting and knowing me, that I now hide my face and my name: I will tell you more, Dora Donovan; I am doing my best, while I speak to you, to hide my voice, for the same reason, ay, and to change my way of putting words together, so that not even by a sound of my breath, can you believe me the same person you now have before you, in this moonlight wood, when the time comes for knowing me as *one* of the very ‘*present friends*,’ you talked of.”

“Gracious heavens! and friends *with them*?”

“Ay, for it must be so—in the show of the thing, at the least, Dora.”

“Do not keep me any longer on the rack. then!—say what you have to say, at once!—hush—hush!—stop!”

Her last words were whispered, as a light foot-fall sounded on the path behind her, and Dora turning saw the figure of a woman, or of a girl, of the lower, or of the middle rank of those around her, now standing still, and obviously watching her and her companion. But the new-comer, finding herself observed, in her turn, quickly walked down the path and was lost to view.

Almost at the same moment, Daniel D’Arcy’s voice sounded in nearly the direction she had gone, pronouncing Dora’s name loudly and in alarm.

“This is very unlucky,” muttered the stranger, speaking rapidly—“you *must* answer him, and go home with him. I

know as much, and know it well, and so for this night, I can tell you no more—but will you meet me, for your own sake, the night after the next—'twill be less suspicious than to-morrow night—and then hear, in a few short words, what you ought to know better than you know the right hand of your body?"

Dora in great confusion of mind, assented.

"And here—on this very ground, at the time when the young moon will be glimmering on the same spot?"

Again she gave a hasty promise.

"Good-b'ye, then, and the good night's rest, and remember your oath!"

He quickly hid himself in the wood; and it was strange to herself, that, at the moment, Dora should have noticed how different from his staid serenity and even dignity of action, hitherto, was the expression of his scrambling speed as he now withdrew to escape the notice of Daniel D'Arcy; the one seemed appertaining to a gentle folk, the other to a mean person; and yet she could not tell why she thought so; nor had she time to reduce her imperfect idea to an impression, when Daniel's rapid feet sounded on the dry walk behind her, and she turned to meet him.

It has been said, that before Dora strayed into the wood, this evening, he had quarrelled with her for something or nothing: now, however, his dudgeon seemed wholly gone, or at least sunk in his anxiety about her safety, on account of her unseasonable and long absence from the house. When they met, he was very importunate to learn why she had staid abroad so late, and Dora more than convinced him by allusions to his bad behaviour in the early part of the evening; so that for the present they walked to supper seemingly better friends than they had lately been.

CHAPTER XIV.

“THEY walked to supper, *seemingly* better friends than they had been.” Daniel was really more confidentially inclined towards Dora than she was to him. A horror of how her recent adventure in the wood might affect her position with her lover, began to fall upon her mind. The stranger had threatened to show that danger was meant to her by “*All her friends!*” For the first time she pondered distinctly upon that extraordinary announcement: and that it might include the individual at her side was fearful to think.

Then, who *was* her unknown monitor? Again, more than one of his disguised hints on this point came with a possible meaning before Dora’s imagination, and Daniel felt her shudder at their conjectured import. In answer to his questions, she said it was with cold. They gained his father’s house, and complaining of indisposition, she went up to her bed-chamber, and locked herself in without light, save that scantily afforded by the half-moon through her casement.

Here, modified by the gloom around her, by the ghost-like gleamings of that feeble light, by her low state of nerve, and, be it added, by a shadow of childish, crouching superstition, not yet dispelled from Dora’s judgment, her notion of the whole matter gradually began to change from a terror of reality, into a yet more appalling one. Toning with her new mood, the wood-scene assumed a dreamy supernatural character. The beech-stems, played over by the first winkings of the feeble moon, lost their distinctness of outline, when recurred to in something of the feeling of arresting their images as vouchers of a true occurrence; their masses of foliage came back without shape, or colour, to her memory: the time she had been in converse with the stranger was undefinable by her mind; and he, himself, standing almost motionless in his cloak of gray, a being unknown to her, unnamed to her, unfeatured, unidentified, yet holding closest intercourse with her heart, and thoughts—he, the chief actor of the scene, grew, by degrees, so shadowed over to the medium-clouded vision of fancy, that Dora could finally have described him as an unearthly visitant. His very voice resounded in a stilled, stifled way, along the chords of

recollection, until she invested it with a spirit's cadence.—What vague, yet most deeply-working and wonderful whims or snatches of something or other, not merely in Dora's situation, but in almost every situation, may not a silent moon-lit chamber, aiding an agitated recurrence to an exciting event, produce in many of us at almost every period of life!—And Dora, it will be remembered, was not seventeen.

Disturbing as were such fantasies, and felt by her to be, if possible, more so than her first prepossession, as she had approached the house, yet Dora cherished them in preference to those first ones : and her argument for the seeming inconsistency was, " If it be an evil thing, sent, or come to cross my path, it can destroy only me—if I have spoken with *him* whom I dread to think of, as so speaking, it will be ruin to us all."

Suffering from the alternate recurrence of both her theories, and nearly equally under the influence of each, she at last unlocked her door, to allow her sister Helen free ingress whenever she might choose to visit her chamber for the night, and then retired to bed. Helen coming up to enquire about her assumed indisposition, very soon afterward found her, as she thought, asleep, and stole down-stairs again ; but Dora only feigned repose to escape questioning : she could not so soon forget. Nor did her eyes close that night, until she formed a strong resolution, which almost the earliest light of the next morning saw her begin to carry into effect.

In the main street of the neighbouring town stood the market-house ; a quaint old building, like many so named, at present to be seen in England and Ireland ; being composed of open arches, at every side, propping a suit of public rooms, surmounted by a wooden cupola, in which was the infallible town-clock, and enclosing a flagged area, where, upon rainy market-days, articles that might suffer from wet could be exposed for sale ; and where, in all weathers, and, indeed, upon all days in the year, certain other commodities were allowed to tempt the passing eye of a customer.

Of the petty merchants or traders presiding over such establishments as have last been mentioned, some sold, arrayed upon a deal table, thread, needles, garters, tapes, mock-jewellery, shoe-buckles, black-ball, thimbles, and such like useful things ; some sold fruit and gingerbread ; some, drams of good old brandy, which, in those good old times, the most respectable seniors of the town—for example, the mayor, and his brother aldermen, the doctor, and even Sir John Roche, from the very top of the aristocratic street, did not think it any sin

or shame to stop and taste, as they passed by, if the morning happened to be too cold, or too hot, or too damp, or too dry from a cutting east-wind ;--and some others of these humble dealers vended bread and cheese, or, squatted on the flags beside their baskets, (and it will be surmised that these were women,) oat-meal and groats for stir-about, or for griddle-cake ; or cakes in reality, made from new barley ; or old pease boiled soft and black, and kept hot and hot, for immediate consumption—a great rarity ; and the last of the motley and picturesquely-grouped traffickers under the market-house, whom we shall notice, was a little and very old man, who dealt in the buying and selling books and pamphlets, generally as worn and as obsolete as himself.

He cannot, here, be given a name, for no one knew his name ; but he suffered his snow-white beard to grow down to his breast, and, therefore, for lack of a better appellation, was called Beardy—Old Beardy, whenever he was spoken of, and Master Beardy whenever he was spoken to. And this latter fact will indicate the estimation in which he was held. In truth, notwithstanding the provocation to jeer and merriment, contained in his long beard, at a time when no one who could afford a halfpenny at the barber's shop, went with one of more than a week's growth, the old man inspired a commiserating kind of respect, and was treated accordingly. His physiognomy, his manners, his persevering industry, the character of his trade, and even his outlandish dress, all conspired to win him good opinion. His eyes were large, black, brilliant, and benevolent—perhaps dulled, notwithstanding, by approaching dotage—for again, he it remarked, he was very, very old. Modest, humble, silent, unobtrusive, he spoke willingly and winningly, and in a certain strain of ease, if not of dignity, with whoever vouchsafed to engage him in conversation—a degree of reserve ever keeping him, however, from loquacity.—Upon occasions, when he suspected that stolen books were offered him for sale, by vagrant schoolboys or runaway servants, the honesty of his proceedings commanded universal praise ; and then, while the wares he sold were on all hands allowed to be as much above those of his competitors as mind is above body, the universal opinion also existed, that he knew every word contained in every book on his “standing ;” could make all those books himself, if needful, or talk them all, from title-page to FINIS, letter after letter.

Added to this, the mystery of who and what he was, where he came from, nay, to what tribe or country he belonged,

worked strongly in support of the general interest he created : and another mystery of a single little room which he rented in an obscure alley off the main street, did not fail in its effect. Day after day, summer and winter, while he pursued his calling under the market-house, this room remained open for all curious observers, and contained visibly nothing but a bundle of straw for a bed, a cricket-stool for a seat, a little tin saucepan to cook his meals, and a few sods of turf to be lighted when he should come home for the evening ; but when he did come home, the door was well locked and barred, no one saw him, until the following morning, at his business, only that many listeners used to hear him puffing at his fire, “to keep the life in it,” almost the whole night long ; and, “what could that be for ?” (though the inquirers had already answered their own question,) “or what could he be doing alone in that room, at all ?”

One single matter would now and then create a slightly unfavourable remark. The little old man had never been seen at church ; and such an omission, in such times, could not fail to produce observation. But he had never been seen at the mass-house either ; and so, just as much in character with the times, his sin was forgiven : for he might be a Turk or Jew, or a member of any other harmless sect, and therefore worthy of brotherly toleration.—Will the fact be believed, that there *were* times in which the following rare triplet, or one very like it, was placarded over the gates of an ultra-royal town in Ireland?—

“Turk, Jew, or Atheist,
May enter here—
But not a Papist.”

At all events, our quotation will now be read by every possible patron of our story, with the same innoxious smile in which, purely as a curiosity, it is given.

A short time after he had appeared under the market-house this morning, Dora Donovan stood by old Beady’s stall. Nancy attended at her back. When the fair young girl first came up, and caught the old man’s eye, she bowed her head reverently to her breast, and even inclined her person with an air of profound respect ; and he, in return, bestowed on her a recognition which told they had previously met. But it was remarkable, that before either of these greetings took place, both looked round the market-house cautiously, as if to note whether they were observed or no.

Dora was then drawing near to old Beardy, when a girl, dressed in a gaudy excess of the mode of the day, skipped up to the stall, humming a gay tune, and pertly asked the book-merchant if he had for sale "The Nightingale of Love," a song book of a questionable character, known to a limited number of the admirers of rhyme and melody of that time. Immediately upon her approach, Dora stepped farther back from her old acquaintance, and began turning over the leaves of a large volume near her; and Nancy, who, at a glance, recognised Jinny Haggerty,—now metamorphosed, under the fosterage of Mrs. and Mr. "Torney Doolly, into a smart town belle—elevated her chin, and agitated her nostrils, as if a gust of very bad odour had come between her and the pure air, and with an unspellable ejaculation of anger and contempt, turned on her heel, and paced, in much dignity, some distance away from "the standing."

"What, Mistress Nancy!" cried Jinny, after a glance of quick indignation had changed into a saucy sneer, "and are you going for to give up an ould friend that-away?"

"Ould friend!" echoed Nancy; "when did that happen, I wondher, Madam Flirt! Spake to your aquals, an' your likes, Jinny Haggerty, an' never mind me."

Now, this high tone chiefly resulted, no doubt, from Nancy's perfect notions of female excellence of character (an attribute that had scarcely attached itself to Jinny from her first 'teen, and that she was suspected of caring less and less about since her domestication under "Torney Doolly's roof),—yet, if Nancy's heart had been dissected by an axiom or a maxim-maker, perhaps a little of her present rage for virtue might have been found to be inspired by her envy of Jinny's fine clothes.

The attorney's maid of all work was not slow in putting in a rejoinder to Nancy's retort, so that they both began to scold immediately in loud accents, to the amusement of many of the merchants of the market-house, and of passers-by, who formed a crowd round the spot. At this, old Beardy interfered, with a view to part the combatants.

"Young woman," he said, addressing Jinny, "I entreat you to leave my stall, that I may pursue my calling in peace; especially as I have not for sale the book you asked of me."

"Haven't you?" demanded Jinny, turning her anger towards him—"I say you have, ould Beardy, if you'd like to look for it!"

"Of a surety, no, damsel," he resumed: "nor can it be

among my stock without my knowledge ; forasmuch as I would not account myself permitted by a good conscience to buy or sell light and defiling pages, such as its title proclaims it to be."

"Defiling fiddle-me-dickery !" scoffed Jinny ; "and what a rout you make about your conscience, you ould pretendher, that, afther all your talk, is never seen at church, mass, or meeting, and knows no more of that matther, in any one way, than——"

"Be silent, wench," interrupted Dora, as at these words she raised her fine eyes from the volume she had seemed to be engaged with, and fixed them solemnly and reprehensively on Jinny.

"*Helatchee* !" again sneered the bold girl, using an ejaculation she had lately learned of Mrs. Doolly. "Be silent, says she !" mimicking Dora ; "an' who's for talking so grand, I wondher ?—Och, ay, sure, now that we can look at you close—I seen you afore, of a sartainty—ay, Madam Dora Donovan," suddenly coming to the young lady's side and whispering,—“Ay, and upon a time, that's not yet forgot between us, to say nothing o' the compliments we're givin' an' takin' this mornin' !” and so saying, Jinny pushed and shouldered through the crowd, and went flaunting and jerking away.

Old Beardy had contrived to be standing near to Dora's other side at this moment, and now he also whispered in her ear :—"Retire, my child, without a present word—there are too many eyes dwelling on us ; but you may seek me in my private abode this evening, at eight of the clock,"—taking from her hand the book she had appeared to have been engaged with, he added aloud, "Credit me, young gentlewoman, it is the very best imprint of so rare and curious a work ; yet, if you cannot so satisfy your mind, I nothing urge you to the purchase of it—wherefore, good morning unto you and your follower." With a distant bow, he seemed to decline farther conversation between him and Dora ; and our fair young friend, acting upon the advice conveyed in his more confidential speech, beckoned to Nancy, and retraced her steps to Hugh D'Arcy's house.

But at eight of the clock the same evening, Dora, still attended by Nancy, and kept in view by another protector of the male sex, one of her father's servants, again visited the town. Passing the market-house, closely muffled in a cloak, she gained the arched entrance of a narrow and mean alley, or,

according to local phraseology, lane ; and after looking cautiously up and down the street, turned quickly into it, Nancy following. They walked in silence between two rows of poor small houses, fronted with wood, or in some instances with clay, and at length entered one, of which the door stood wide open, while its interior, passage and staircase, was nearly pitch dark, the last glimmers of the summer evening scarce being able to penetrate into it through the obstructions of the crowded lane abroad.

The stairs yielded and creaked under the feet of Dora and Nancy, as they slowly ascended, using the utmost caution to avoid a false step. The latter was beginning to whisper something, when the young lady turned round, touched her arm, and in a whisper still more subdued, bid her be silent as the grave, lest some wretched people who inhabited the room on the ground-floor should have their attention unnecessarily aroused. Nancy obeyed ; but they had not quite ascended the stairs, when she commenced an agonized scream, which her rallied self-command could scarce keep from ringing through the crazy abode.

“ And what ails the girl, now ? ” asked Dora.

“ A crature that’s ather driving plump agin the legs o’ me, Miss ! ” answered Nancy ; “ an ould rat, as big as a year-ould calf, I’ll take my ’davey ! ”

“ Hush ! ” still whispered Dora ; “ we have gained the landing-place, and you know you must sit and watch here, while I remain within.”

“ Musha, don’t bid us this time, darlin’ Miss Dora, if you don’t want to have me carried, body and bones, down stairs, wid ’em, or et into a ’notomy ;—sure, I can trot through the lane a broad, over an’ hither, till its my own hour to step in.”

“ Nancy, you must keep watch where you are, or I shall go home again without doing what brought me here.”

“ Oh murther ! an’ sure that ’ud be a hainous sin in me to make you do. Well, *a-lanna*, we’ll see ; maybe Jef ’ud folly us into this place, an’ then I might keep my heart up.”

“ Manage as you will, but do not deceive me, Nancy ; if detection happens, you know, as well as I do, that life is at stake.”

Having thus spoken, Dora stepped softly across the dark landing-place, and knocked gently at a small door. She was unanswered. She knocked again, giving four distinct taps with the bent knuckle of one of her fingers, still no one moved

or replied within. "The two taps, now, darlin'," whispered Nancy ; and Dora obeyed her directions, and at last she attracted notice.

"That is my child Dora, by her signal," said a shaking voice, so immediately inside the door that the speaker must have held his face close to it, at his own side, although previously he was so reserved.

"Dora," answered the girl, in a tone of the utmost deference, and almost of affection, at the same time.

"Welcome, then," resumed the voice. The door half opened without sound, allowing the light of a lamp to stream out upon the landing-place. Dora, saying to Nancy, "Remember," glided in, and was received, after he had again, as he believed, secured the door (though, in fact, he left it open), by old Beardy, now dressed differently from the quaint costume he always wore in the market-house. A brown stuff cassock, girded round his loins by a leathern belt, flowed to his toes, and on his head was a skull-cap of the same colour and material.

"Your blessing, father," resumed Dora, kneeling meekly, as she bowed her head and crossed her hands on her beautifully formed bosom.

"God's blessing, and my blessing, be on your fair head, dearest child, and with you, and round about you, sleeping and waking," answered the old man, laying his withered hand upon her :—these words proclaim him to be no "Atheist," at least.

"But do not kneel so near the door, lamb," he resumed, taking her by the arm : "if, indeed, you will *put me into the confessional*, so soon upon your visit, let it be farther out of hearing from the landing-place ;" and this speech solves at once the mystery of his reserved way of life, though not in a manner that could have told in his favour among the curious people of the town. In fact, he was an ecclesiastic of Dora's creed, who, under the ban which for some time had been levelled at him and his brethren, had suffered much, yet was still willing to encounter any chance of suffering which his prudence and precautions could not shield him from, in order to dispense in secret the duties of his ministry to such of the Catholic residents of the town and its neighbourhood, as could be trusted with the knowledge of his real calling. More than one of his lay-friends, Protestant as well as Catholic (for, as has elsewhere been hinted, men were found in every creed anxious to baffle the literal operations of many of the statutes of the day), had involved themselves in his misfortunes by concealing him in

their houses, and at last, in extreme old age, he determined to run the remainder of his race alone, saving every one else from whatever trials might yet be in store for him. In this view, adopting an uncommon and foreign-looking dress, and suffering his beard to grow, he journeyed to the place of his present residence—for, hitherto, he had been wandering through remote parts of the kingdom—and assumed his trade of buying and selling old books. A few letters from former friends obtained him secret introductions to one or two of the more zealous Catholics around him, who eagerly, though in trepidation, often visited his poor retreat; by degrees, they communicated his secret to others; and thus was Dora Donovan made acquainted with the true character of old Beardy; and thus, he and she, and the rest of her family, became friends, and occasionally had stolen interviews together.

It will be seen that the old man's zeal for his disallowed religion must have been extreme. Indeed, some who knew him closely, and could observe the present constitution of his mind, in its details, believed that suffering and old age together had now made inroads upon an intellect of a high order, and once in a great state of cultivation. Occasional fits of dotage would, perhaps, be the best words to express the mental infirmities which were creeping upon him; and under their passing influence, friends, pausing outside his door ere they gave a concerted signal, have heard him mutter language that intimated his belief of the presence of evil company of a supernatural description, while, at other times, he would mix up with the discharge of his religious offices weak sentiments of the same nature, the growth of his individual mind, altogether distinct from his ecclesiastical character.

"I do not come to kneel, in confession, to-night father," answered Dora, in reply to the words he had last spoken to her; "my present situation scarce warrants it; and yet I come to crave counsel and direction, so far as my words may enable you to give it."

After a glance of surprise from his large beamy black eyes, he took her hand, seated her on his cricket stool, and sitting, himself, upon his straw-bed, desired her to explain.

Dora then began by inquiring, under what circumstances, if under any, might an oath be deemed as not binding.

He answered, only under two kinds of circumstances:—first, in case an oath be imposed by a threat of taking life, if it should be refused; next, in case it be an oath to do evil.

She sighed deeply and mournfully, as her heart acknow-

ledged, what it had never denied, that neither of these cases applied to her.

"But," continued the old man, "acquaint me of the nature of the oath which now troubles you, and of the person to whom you have made it, and I shall be the better enabled to counsel you."

Dora replied, that she could not do so, as one of the terms of the oath itself bound her to conceal that she had ever met the individual who had proposed it to her.

"Know I *the man*?" he demanded, putting what law-practitioners call a "leading question."

"Alas! you cannot, sure, know him, father."

"Not even by name?"

"How shall I answer, when I know not his name myself?"

"But it *was* a man?"

Dora hesitated, doubtful that she was already infringing upon her oath.

"You owned as much, but now, daughter," resumed the ancient priest, "wherefore you need not to answer. But where met ye? that, at the least, you may divulge without doing a sin."

"In the moonlight—in a lonesome place—in a deep wood," she answered, incoherently, yielding to former misgivings; "and oh, good father! if I have said that there I met *a man*, indeed, mayhap, it is better than my heart believes in!"

He arose and stood before her, shaking more than was his wont, while his bright eyes took a new and alarming expression.

"Beware of him! put not trust in him! keep no oath with him!" It seemed that Dora's superstitious allusion had struck upon the chord of dotage in the old priest's mind;—"He goeth about in many shapes—he useth many wiles—to age he comes as one of the aged, speaking wisdom—to youth he comes in comeliness, speaking flattery—in the one form, with n— and such as me—here in this miserable den—in the other form, with you, in the moonlight wood—keep no oath with him, I say! have not to do with him!—hold—rest you there a moment—rest you there, and speak not—" he tottered to a corner of the room, raised a loose board, took out a book of prayer, returned to his seat, opened it on his knees, turned over the leaves, with an aguish hand, and while thus occupied, continued to mutter, "Ay, ay; no escape from him—age he spares not, neither will he spare youth—and no presence spares he, and no place is strong or solitary against him—hark! even now as we go to defy him, he cometh!" Nancy shrieked abroad upon the

landing-place, and her companion, Jef, shouted loud enough to allow, indeed, of the belief that a horned-and-hoofed appearance had visited them, and then they were heard tumbling down-stairs together; "Yea," continued the raving old man, "he is with us—daughter, look behind you!" Dora did so. The unfastened door of the little unfurnished room had been pushed half open, and in the shade of its far side, was standing her acquaintance of the gray mantle, his features still disguised; and she had scarce observed him, when she heard him say, in a very low voice, "Dora Donovan, what the Priest has told you would not let you meet me to-morrow night, as you promised—and for that reason I come here to put you on your guard, by one word—your father and your sister want to part with you to any one who will take you—but Daniel D'Arcy will only take you to leave you—he loves another better—now the good night—" the man stepped out upon the landing-place, and was gone.

In a state nearly of insensibility, Dora sat gazing at the half open door, for some time, twisted round upon the priest's cricket stool. Presently she heard many persons below. They came rudely up the stairs, and into the room—authorities, and civil officers of the town, followed by soldiers. Swearing, as they passed her, she ventured to rush from their presence, nor did they make much opposition to her way. They were intent upon other business. They gained the old priest's straw bed; he lay stretched upon it, his face downward. The foremost man, the same bailiff who had arrested Daniel D'Arcy when he would not inform against the poor schoolmaster, dragged him up by the shoulder, but after glancing into his face, said, with an oath,—

"Too late!—Well: I'll never put truth in my cousin's whisperins, agin; this is the second time they failed me: D——! not a stiver for all our throuble, boys!"—he let go his grasp, and the old man fell, like a heap of bones, upon his straw again. He feared no "discover" now—he was dead. When Nancy was applied to for an account of as much of these occurrences as it was expected she should reasonably explain, she said, that, "there, out on the lobby — and Jef were whisperin' like friends, when the first thing that took a start out them, was a soft fut stalin' up the stairs—an' a woman's fut, they'd both make oath, into the bargain, by rason o' the rustling of her skirts: and, all of a sudden, she said, down in the throath, an' under her breath, "So, Nancy Dempsey, here you are, wid your boy at your side, after all your talkin';"

an' then the fut went down : an' while Jef and herself sat shaking in their skins, not knowing what to be thinking, sure some one else, that they never hard on the stairs, at all, passed by them, and, with one touch of his little finger, wide open flew the poor priest's dour, an' then——”

But the sequel is known.

CHAPTER XV.

DANIEL D'ARCY had missed Dora from the house, soon after she bent her steps to the town to visit the old priest. He asked Helen to account for her absence, but was answered only with laughter and jest, although the young lady could have informed him more particularly, so far at least as to admit that her sister had repaired to the concealed clergyman upon religious purposes, which indeed, was all she knew of the matter.

His suspicions highly roused, Daniel walked out into the wood. Dora's conduct of the night before, taken along with her proceedings of this evening, began to appear very questionable to him. He dreaded to define, in his own breast, the exact conclusions which, however, were forming within it. But this unsettled state of thought only increased his smouldering passions.

He rambled into the little open space, in the thick of the wood, where his mother had once seen him drinking syllabub. It was about half an hour after Dora's departure for the town, and a fine summer's evening yet held sway over the young moonlight. Advancing towards the side of the retreat opposite to that by which he entered, he started back at seeing a woman reclining on the soft grass. She lay on her side, her fine form gracefully displayed, and one of her arms was thrown over her face, so as, together with the drapery of the sleeve, to conceal her features. Daniel's footsteps did not disturb her, and concluding that she slept soundly, he came closer to her, and more attentively observed her.

Her dress was showy and gay, and not made or worn with a view to a very careful concealment of her personal attractions. Peculiar as had been his previous humour, Daniel looked too long, and with too much interest. The slumberer mumbled, as if in her sleep, and he heard his own name half pronounced, in,

at least, a friendly voice. Surrendering himself, for an instant, to quite a new current of feeling, he held his breath to listen. The murmurings continued, and again his name was spoken, mixed up with a broken strain of soft and sorrowful reproach; and, suddenly turning, Jinny Haggerty unveiled her features opened her eyes, sat up, and, seeing him, shrieked, and seemed overcome by surprise, shame, and confusion.

Daniel would have sat at her side; she started up, prudishly, and rejected his friendly greetings, saying,—“No, no, Masther. Dan—that’s all over between us, and why not? I wasn’t your aquals, and, my own fault be it, that I didn’t think as much, in time; and on my own head be the grief and the troubles of my own mistake:—no, sir, you an’ I are broken friends, for ever an’ a day—in regard o’ *that*, I mane: not saying, at the same time, that I ’m *not* your friend, in any way I can do you a good turn—for, indeed an’ deed I am, Masther Dan—an’ the heart o’ me sorry, this blessed moment, at the thoughts o’ the first good turn I ’m come to the very spot we’re stannin’ in, to try an’ do for you.”

This speech greatly interested him, and he did not fail to press Jinny to a quick explanation. She rambled here and there, however from the point, taking much trouble to convince him, in her roundabout style, that he ought to give her full credit for candour and high-mindedness in what she would finally say, and never believe that she could be actuated by jealousy, or revenge upon a rival, to make a single misstatement, but rather, by the purest good wishes for his happiness and honour, to tell the whole truth. Admitting all she pleaded for, and burning with impatience, Daniel’s voice rose high, as still he urged her to go on.

“Very well, then, Masther Dan; an’ now, mind me. You left the house, last night, to seek afther somebody in this wood?”

“I did—I did! Well?”

“You did; see there, now; I ’m not going to say a word that your own self can’t bear me out in:—you did; an’afore you came up with that same body, you met a girl, wearin’ a blue cloak crossin’ your path?”

“Yes;” Daniel recollected that such a person, he knew not whom, did certainly arrest his eye for a moment.

“It was myself, then, Masther Dan.”

“And what’s that to me?”

“Oh, nothing, by coorse, comin’ across *me* or my likes: I don’t mane to argufy the thing with you, sir; only maybe you’d

let me tell you, that when I troubled your way, for an instant, I was jest afther happenin' to fix *my* eyes on the body you were lookin' for, up an' down the wood."

"Well? well?"

"An', behould you, sir she was not all alone at the time I watched her."

"Her sister was by her side?"

"No, in troth; a tall man, wearin' a grandee's cloak, was by her side."

Daniel started; stamped like a madman; cursed Dora; swore terrible vengeance against his unknown rival; then suddenly turned his rage upon Jinny Haggerty; notwithstanding all his promises to trust to her candour, and to give her full credit for good motives, bluntly charged her with telling him a false story, and with telling it, too, from jealousy and hatred of the excellent young lady she would slander."

"Maybe so, Masther Dan," answered Jinny, with great meekness; "an, I expected this,"—very probably she now spoke the truth; very probably, indeed, she *had* reckoned on so natural a burst of his temper, and, moreover, come prepared to meet and foil it:—"So, sir, say what you like to me, do what you like—kill me, if you like—my duty to you, an' to your good name, an' your family's, will be done, any how;—but, Masther Dan, answer me jest one thing; was she as kind to you, for the few days aforehand, as she used to be?"

"No! no! no!" cried Dan, again stamping about.

"See there, again, now:—well maybe; you can tell us another matther,—where is she, the prasent time?"

"I do not know—gone out—and alone, I believe; but I do not know whither."

"Why, then I do, Masther Dan."

"You have seen her in the wood this evening, too?"

"I scen her in the sthreets o' the town, below, this evening, sir."

"Alone?"

"Mind me, Masther Dan: take the little advice I'm for givin' you, an' your own lips—the breath o' your own mouth—can make yon sartain whether or no Jinny Haggerty is wrongin' you or her: an' here's my notion:—jest ask her, the next time you happen to see her, if she didn't see the grandee in the gray cloak last night, an' discoorse him, a good half hour; ay, an' see him again, *this* night, in a lane off o' the main sthreet o' the town, an'——"

"I'll come on them, together!" interrupted Daniel; in two minutes I'll be with them! What lane, Jinny, what lane?"

"I can tell you, sir, but I won't; stop, now, till you hear me out. If you miss 'em, afther all I 'm tellin' you, you'd blame me, over again; and one sweet word from her 'ud make you think me the blackest crature undher the blessed sun: an' for that reason, don't run down the hill into the town, now, straight ahead like a mad bull, upon such a chance: but let me walk quietly afore you, an' look about me, till I find 'em together for you; an' put trust in one woman's word, when she tells you that another woman won't be in a hurry to quit the side of a body she'd like to be talkin' to."

"Furies! curses!" were the least moderate of the expressions with which Daniel assented to, and commented upon, this axiom.

"So that, sir, we may go to work, in a leisurely manner, an' sure, there's luck in leisure, I'm tould; an' the moment I have them fixed for you, grass won't grow undher my feet till I 'm wid you, here, again, any how."

"Let us go, together, then; 'twill save time."

"Nor that, neither, Masther Dan: you're well watched, to-night, every step you take; an' if you stir a single step out of your own grounds, towards the town, news of it 'ud run to *her and him*, like the wind, afore you; and then all our schames 'ud go for nothing: no, sir—promise that you'll wait, quietly, in this very spot, till——"

"Quietly Jinny!" he suddenly shed some tears.

"Till you see my face from the town, again; and promise at once, an' with a thrue heart, or never a word more you'll hear from my lips, Masther Dan; though, as I said afore, you were to kill me dead for keepin' my saret."

Thus admonished, he had nothing to do but assent to Jinny's arrangements, and then she rapidly left him. His feelings during her absence must be imagined. It was an hour before she came back. Previous to mentioning what then occurred between them, another individual shall for a moment be sought after.

Dora ran out of the old priest's house into the lane, and thence into the main street, and she was clearing the town, when her haste and agitation caused her to stumble and fall. Her senses forsook her. Recovering, she found herself carefully and respectfully supported by a young man, whose face was not quite strange to her, although she could not recollect his name, nor where she had before seen him. Notwithstanding the deference of his manner, Dora felt abashed at

being held upon his arm, and, incoherently muttering her thanks, she stood for herself, and was moving towards Hugh D'Arcy's house.

"You are not able for the road, yet, Miss," said the young person, "without help: an', indeed, Miss Dora Donovan, you may lean on my arm, or my shoulder, as more befitting, without fear or uneasiness: it becomes me to do a sarvice to any friend o' the family you are visiting with, the present time; for though they sent me adrift, lately, along with all my people, yet me and mine owe them more kindness for ould times, than they will ever be able to make us forget."

"You know my name, and I have seen you, before this night?" asked Dora.

"You have, Miss: I'm Dinnis Haggerty, that the sister o' me brought into disgrace with Misther Hugh D'Arcy, an' gave you a fright, the same evenin' that she as well as myself is now long sorry in the heart for: but, as I said afore, don't let the knowledge of who I am hindher you from taking my help, to-night, when you want it so badly: I can walk in your foot-prints, any how, to guard you on the road home, that's not free from danger at such an hour o' the night-time, Miss Dora."

Agreeing with his last remark, Dora accepted his proffered service of walking after her till they should come near the mansion, under the roof of which she would be fully protected; so, she led the way along the moon-lit road.

For some time, perfect silence was observed between them. Suddenly, her temporary protector asked,—

"Will I have lave, Miss Dora Donovan, in all respect an' duty, to put you one question?"

"Certainly," Dora answered; "but no doubt it would be one quite fit for her to hear."

"Oh, then, little fear that it won't, Miss; or, sure, if it *does* sound to be a sthrange one, without my knowing it, your good heart 'ill make excuses for a boy that hasn't much of the larnin', but that has his feelings like a Christian crature, for his kith an' kin at the same time. An' sure 'tis about one of my kin I'll be bould enough to spake to you; about Jinny, the only sisther o' me, an' the only daughther of her ould father—I'm sorry to say it, Miss, for her sake as well as my own an' ould Peter Haggerty's, but she's a wild slip—or used to be—afore she came into the town, to a sarvice, in one house with myself; an', in troth, I'm afeard of her, still, on the head o' the same body she took up with, when we were all livin' in the ould wood; an' if I had any other manes o' comin' by the know-

ledge I want, sure I'd never think of botherin' you, Miss, on a matter o' the kind ; only, since Misther D'Arcy turned us off, no one in his house 'ill discoorse me ; so that it's what I'm driven at is this, Miss Dora, saving your presence,—maybe it comes in your way to hear, lately, if Jinny does ever stale out to the wood, of an odd time, to be *cushoring** wid Masther Dan, the brave boy?"

Dora's heart leaped. In one glance of thought, she brought together Jinny's wrathful and jealous attack upon her in the wood, the very first evening she had met Daniel D'Arcy, the warning of her unknown friend, and this seemingly natural anxiety of Dinnis Haggerty about his sister's present proceedings, and poor Dora felt convinced that her lover was totally unworthy of her esteem, if, indeed, he had not acted so as to command her indignant contempt. But a sense of her own respectability, and of the delicacy of the subject, in her present situation, enabled her to suppress much outward show of emotion, while, loosely, carelessly, and distantly, she answered Dinnis's question.

"By the sky above us! there she is, hurrying across the field to the edge of the wood, this blessed minute!" now cried Dinnis.

Looking forward, Dora saw, indeed, a female figure, in quick motion from a point of the road before them to the skirts of the wood.

"And," continued Dennis, "that's Masther Dan, if he's alive, now starting out through the trees to meet her, the shameless baggage!"

"'Tis he, in truth," assented Dora, in a tone that fully expressed her feelings, as she stopped suddenly.

"Well, I'll ketch her now, face to face with him!" resumed Dinnis ; "what I'm long wishin' for, an' she long deservin'. Good night, Miss Dora ; you're come in sight o' the house, an' won't want my help any farther."

"Stop!" said Dora, "I will go with you. Ay," she muttered, "to catch them, face to face,—I, too ;" and deprived of the power of acting or thinking with her usual sense and delicacy, Dora accordingly hurried off the road in the company of Dinnis.

They had, indeed, seen Jinny repairing to the wood to keep her appointment with Daniel. Him, too, they had seen, driven by his furious impatience, from the secluded spot fixed

* Exchanging confidence.

for their re-meeting, to reconnoitre her approach upon the verge of the wood. And they saw more before the two figures eluded their eyes by turning under the shadows of the trees: Jinny was received in Daniel's extended arms, apparently casting herself into them; such, at least, seemed the certain expression of the action, in the weak light, and at the distance, by and from which Dora and Dinnis made their observations. But it must be added, that accidentally or really, Jinny had tripped just as she gained Daniel's side, and so far as he was concerned, that he held out his arms only to hinder her from falling.

"Now! now! tell me where I can find them together!" cried Daniel to his spy.

"I won't tell you here," she answered, quickly freeing herself from his grasp, and pushing towards the retreat in the middle of the wood: "not here, sir,—you are watched, I tell you—watched this moment—folly me, folly!"

He complied, uttering loud remonstrances. They gained the spot required. Jinny dropped sitting on the grass, much exhausted, as she resumed—"Keep yourself quiet an' rasonable now, Masther Dan, for I have to inform you—"

"That you could not find them for mè! that they have escaped me! that you have deceived me! deceived me either in your present turn, or from the beginning—as I said and hoped at first!"

"Quiet, I bid you, sir, and listen afore you ate me up in a mouthful. I made all the haste I could into the town: I was hurrying to the place I knew was appointed between them; I met them at the dour o' the wicked house, comin' out agin me, I stepped aside: they were for partin'; and then he took her hand in his, and put another hand round her neck, she doin' the same by him; an' then they turned their lips to one another, an' gave and took a kiss, Masther Daniel, that had in it a meaning an' a story of a good many others that went afore it, an' a pleasant thought of a good many others to come after it."

"You are lying to me now, at any rate!" screamed Daniel; "this could never be! Dora Donovan to do this! I can't see her before me, in my mind, doing it! 'Tis impossible! as impossible as if she knelt there, where you sit, holding down her father, or her sister by the throat, after murdering the one or the other! You are lying to me, I say, Jinny Haggerty!" he knelt and grasped both her shoulders—"you are!—ay,

and you must tell me that you are ! Tell me so, before you leave this wood !”

“ Ay, sir, now you *are* for choking me, or braining me, I see,” resumed Jinny, still coolly enough ;—“ but whist ! listen ! here’s some one comin’ I think, to hindher you, Masther Dan,” returning his rude grasp by impressively catching his arm, and lowering her voice in a remarkable manner. “ Give ear to one whisper from me, and call your wits about you—quick, or we won’t have time to spake or act sinsibly. What would you say, if they only parted at the door of that house, to meet here again this very night ?”

“ Here ?—where ?”

“ In this wood.”

“ Make out that to me, and I’ll believe all !” he replied, letting his hands fall by his sides, while his voice was not now louder than Jinny’s.

“ Maybe you can make it out for yourself, sir, widout help from me ; an’ I wish you may, to get me free o’ the scrape I’d be in among her people, if they know I made or meddled between ye both. But if you come across her here, will you be satisfied in your mind ? or, supposing not, can’t you ax her, as I said afore, who she saw last night near the place you an’ I are now discoorsin’ one another ? An’ did she see the man to-night, down in the town ;—Harkee, Masther Dan—bid her tell you, morebetoken, what took her into the town at day-break this mornin’.”

“ She *was* there, Jinny ?”

“ Or else the eyes o’ me are not worth pickin’ out, an’ throwin’ to the cats, sir.”

“ Thankee, Jinny, thankee ; I *am* quite satisfied in my mind now, as you say.” Daniel had not before heard of Dora’s visit to old Beardy—she regained the house while he yet remained a-bed—and this sudden communication of the fact, giving apparently a fresh proof of the total estrangement of her confidence, overwhelmed him.—“ Quite satisfied, Jinny ; and much behoulden to you for putting me on my guard—in troth, I am.” His voice had been breaking, and at last, not knowing what he did, Daniel covered his face with his hands, and cast his head upon Jinny’s lap, sobbing out, “ Mother o’ Heaven ! Mother o’ Heaven ! what is to become of me now !”

In this equivocal situation, Dinnis Haggerty and Dora Donovan came up to him in the retreat. Dinnis quickly advanced, while Dora only stopped within view. And “ Now,

you brazen-faced creature !” cried Dinnis, seemingly in a great rage—“ have I found you out at last ?”

The girl, uttering exclamations of terror and confusion, avoided a blow he aimed at her, and disappeared ; Daniel jumped up and confronted him, while Dinnis continued. “ As to you, Masther Daniel, I have nothing to say : if you can make a fool of every poor innocent young *colleen* you meet, why no blame to you, but the more shame to themselves ; gentlemen, like you, with your first youth on you—”

“ Fellow !” interrupted Daniel, hoping to vent some of his fury—“ what do you mean by all this talk and palaver ?”

“ Nothing to you, sir, I say again. I want to be friends with you, if you’ll let me, as bound to do by you an’ your family, for all that’s come an’ gone—yes, indeed, Masther Dan ; but,” he went on in a whisper, “ who’s that standing by, all the while ?”

Dora was turning off, sickened and disgusted with him at heart, as Daniel turned to her. He darted after her, seized her hand, and said—“ Stop Madam Dora Donovan !”

“ At your desire, Master Daniel D’Arcy ? or even at your command, after what has happened ?”—she struggled to free her hand.

“ Oh, no, to be sure—after what has happened—no, indeed,” laughed Daniel ; then fiercely, “ and you dare to make it your boast to me in this fashion ?—you dare to tell me—and worse than tell me—that—”

“ Let me go, sir ! for *this* I *do* tell you, we can never speak to one another again.”

“ Well,” he resumed, affecting great calmness, “ very well. But why ? Sure, for the sake of what’s to be past and gone, you’ll tell me *that*.”

“ You but insult me anew, sir, to ask me to tell you ; but surely you must know I was observing you long enough here, to make my eyes and heart certain that the love you have lately offered me is shared with a mean and unhappy creature, —Let go my hand, I say, or my voice shall be heard at the house, and call out one who will force you to let it go !”

“ Oh,” said Daniel scoffingly, as she spoke the last words, while he only dwelt upon those which had immediately preceded them ;—“ Oh, oh ! and that’s it, is it ?—that’s the good pretence ; that’s the handsome come-off ; ay, if I was born a fool—a stuttering, mumbling, giggling idiot to mind it.—Come, Madam Dora, what brought you here to-night ?”

“To satisfy myself that you are the worthless fellow I find you to be, Daniel D’Arcy.”

“More of it! more of it!—but it won’t serve your turn, sweet young lady. Listen! I’ll end the matter between us.—What sent you into the town at daybreak this morning?”

Her mind started and changed, for now she got the first perception of his being jealous of her; and if he suspected all her late adventures, as well as he seemed to know of her stolen visit to old Beardy, Dora farther trembled for the consequences.

“You don’t answer,” he resumed, observing indeed, that a new emotion kept her silent. “And do you know why, our fine dame? I’ll tell you—because you dare not!—ay, and I have another question for you that will knot the roots of your soft little tongue together—what sent you into the town to-night—and what man did you see there?—ay, by the blessed light, and another! where did you meet him *before* to-night—was it not at the turn of the path where I found you standing the *last* night—the very last night of all! And that’s my third question,” he continued, his voice and manner changing into deep vehemence; “and the only one I’ll ever trouble you with, Dora Donovan; and so, take your hand, now; take it, and keep it from mine!” he roughly swung it out of his clasp, and turning his back upon her, strode heavily away. Without uttering a word, Dora walked towards the house.

“You see how this is, Dinny Haggerty,” said Daniel, coming up with his old friend, who had not moved from the spot upon which Daniel left him, when he ran in pursuit of Dora, notwithstanding his brotherly indignation against Jinny—“you have overheard us, and you have seen us, and so, you see how it is;—you see that she, too, casts me off, and is a traitor to me: Dora Donovan; the last creature alive I thought I could put my whole trust in; that seemed to pity me, when they all were distant with me, or thought little of me; that told me over and over, she loved me, and would love me, though the world hated me; and yet, all the while, you see, Dinny—you see——”

“Hould up against it, Masther Dan, and don’t spake in that voice, and crying down them tears, or you’ll kill me, as as well as yourself,” said Dinnis in a sympathizing manner and tone, when he saw that a convulsion in poor Daniel’s throat stopped his farther utterance; “by the hand o’ my body, sir, but it’s a hard case, and I’m sorry for you in the bottom o’ my heart——”

"Thanks, Dinny, thanks;" Daniel felt for his hand, and pressed it closely and often.

"But sure all's not lost that's in danger, Masther Daniel; Miss Dora may be brought round again, and soon——"

"To love *me*! and to be believed by *me*!—nay; even *if* believed—to belistened to by *me*—taken to the heart by *me*!—" he relapsed into high passion—"by the Great Judge of all things! I would as soon earn my bread by holding the stirrup of any upstart that calls to bait his horse at the inn in the town, below, as I would marry Dora Donovan—*now*!"

"But I didn't say that," observed Dinny.

"What do you mean, then?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, Masther Daniel, when you look so cantankerous at a body that 'ud be your friend, though some people might say you gave him little rason for wishing to be that same to you."

"You spake the truth, Dinny, you spake the truth—your friendship to me, at present, is indeed doing a good for an evil: so, go on."

"Oh, no matter about it, this night, Masther Dan; maybe we'd all be in a cooler mind, another night, or day; only there's no harm in casting about to see how could we have a little bit of dacent, na'thral revenge for the bad usage put on you, any how;—but, quitting the young misthress, for the present time, can't we do any thing else, in regard of any body else?"

"You are right!" assented Daniel: "I ought to have started that thought myself, but, in the flurry, it missed me. Dinny Haggerty, I put it into your hands; I will use my own skill and knowledge to find out who and what he can be; but you have more time, more opportunities, can make more inquiries, and will be cooler——"

"Never fear me: but what's to take up your time now, Masther Dan?"

"My brother Marks is expected home, by to-morrow evening."

"Then he may be after landing on Ireland's ground already, sir?" asked Dinnis, expressively.

"Very probable; nay, may have landed many days ago——"

"Ay, indeed, Masther Dan?" queried his counsellor a second time, and with a still more marked manner; but Daniel remained unobservant.

"Ay, indeed—so, even on his account, I cannot spare much time—but you, Dinny, you will leave no stone unturned; no

hole or corner unsearched, to bring me word who *is* the accursed villain that has robbed me of my very last earthly happiness!—to tell me his name, and where he is to be found! and then, Dinny—then for the little revenge you spoke of a while ago.”

“I’ll ferret him out for you, if his nose is above ground, or above wather, Masther Daniel, and ask not as much as thanks for my throuble.”

“But you shall have more than thanks, Dinny; I don’t forget ould times,—our ould boyish days together; to say nothing of the good turn you are now doing me, or what I owe you for treating you ill, and making others treat you worse; and I am soon to be rich, Dinnis, and maybe you might share with me: no more words on it, now; I see you want to refuse, but you shall not, and no more words on any thing else, either—it grows late, and I have a mind to be alone, it will do me good, so *bannochth-lath*;—as soon as you get a word of news, send a *gorcoon* up here to ask me out to meet you, and I depend on you, to the marrow in your bones, Dinny,—that’s all.”

They were about to part, when Dinnis respectfully and commiseratingly entreated Daniel not to give way to his sorrow by staying out, moping about the fields and the wood, the livelong night, for he was quite sure he would not go home to bed; and he suggested, that grief could sooner be cured in another way, namely, by a visit to the little private room of the Cross-Keys, in the town. Daniel wavered, but took the hint. He was in that state of mind which prompts men to seek relief or forgetfulness in the new excitement of liquor: besides, at Dinny’s invitation, he had before sat down in a public-house, and at this resumption of their old friendship, the precedent was not forgotten. Good night to Daniel.

CHAPTER XVI.

To his never-failing Red-house Daniel staggered home, long after broad daylight, next morning, shouting in inebriated triumph over his sorrow, in answer to the singing and chirping of the birds around his path. Past noon, he awoke in dulled possession of his senses, and at his first stir in bed, a curiously-folded letter fell from the coverlid upon the ground. *He*

caught it up. It was directed to him, in Dora Donovan's large, elaborate, school-girl hand, and contained some lines, of which the phraseology shall be preserved, while the spelling only is amended.

"What you asked me, last night, I can never answer—never ; and the reason that now keeps me silent, kept me so at the time you put the questions. Moreover, I can never tell you, or any one else, as much as what the reason itself is : it lies between my God and me—let that be enough. But I will take my own part, by saying to you, Daniel D'Arcy, that you have no right to suppose I have done wrong, to you or to myself, because it is out of my power to answer you. I never gave you, or any human creature, cause to think so poorly of me. And although from my lips you can never, never hear more on the subject—no, nor the father I love, nor the sister, nor the priest in the confessional,—go you, Daniel and make all the inquiries you like, ask every body you know, and don't know, ay, and for the future watch me with the cat's eyes, every step I walk, to my dying day, and see if you will be able to speak one bad word, in the truth, of Dora Donovan.

"Daniel D'Arcy, we are now parted, for ever ; but listen well to what I say. Whatever you may think, whoever is the evil body has put hard thoughts of me into your head, I do defy, in my own heart, and on my knees, before the throne of Mercy and Truth, you and them :—Daniel D'Arcy, I will give you a proof : until the moment when I came on you in the wood, last night, I loved you dearly, truly, and entirely, and never had the thought of another darkened my mind, and it never shall : after bidding good-b'ye to you, for the time we are to be together in this world, it never shall.

"I wish I could leave your father's house this moment ; but I am afraid to tell my father the true wish of my heart for leaving it—and I would tell him the true one, if I told him any :—afraid of bringing trouble into your family—not afraid of any thing on my own account. Besides, your father and mother press us so much to stay, to welcome home your brother Marks, this evening : but I will not come down stairs to meet you alone, before he arrives ; and I tell you as much, to show you that my mind is fixed, and to save you the trouble of asking about me."

The first part of this epistle had very nearly convinced Daniel that, without any farther explanation, and with every appearance still against her, Dora was innocent, and as true to him as the sun is to the summer ; and under a reflux of all his love and tenderness, as well as from a high sense of justice, to

say nothing of a hope of clearing himself in her eyes, he felt disposed to answer her letter, by professing the most implicit faith in her assertions, and, in turn, requesting her to believe, that his interview with Jinny Haggerty was not even meant to be a reprehensible one. But the last paragraph overthrew all his good intentions. Its general tone felt hard and harsh upon his mind; and the expressed determination not to come down stairs until his brother was to be "welcomed home," again maddened him. Such was the crooked state of his perceptions, that he saw nothing in this but—absolutely—a determination to make amends for the loss of one brother by fascinating another. So, Dora's communication received no answer of any kind from Daniel; and once more, the only relief he would permit himself to feel, was when he turned to anticipate the probable information which Dinny Haggerty had promised to collect for his advantage. Lying stretched in one corner or another of his fields, that day, Daniel often grasped his hands tight, in imaginary pressure round the neck of his yet unknown rival.

In such a spirit, his mother sent him a summons to attend her, along the road, to the hill, from the summit of which, it was hoped, that the Fly Diligence, expected to contain, with its other inmates, Marks D'Arcy, could be descried, afar off. The good lady's disappointment, that evening, will be remembered; also, Daniel's question, as they descended the hill to return homeward; "But for all this, mother, will not Helen make Dora come down stairs to us, the night?"

Helen certainly expended all their entreaties upon Dora, to induce her serious and now afflicted sister to meet Daniel's half wish; but the consistent young lady remained inexorable: and still Daniel would see nothing in her conduct but unreasonable aversion to him, and a very probable design on Marks. He did not forget, indeed, that the original cause of his anger towards her had arisen from her presumed, nay, proved infidelity to him, with some other person unknown, who was not Marks: still, the concluding passage of her letter, convinced him that her fickle fancy was again about to change—had changed, indeed, by anticipation; although, how even the most variable of womankind could so perfectly transfer her last preference, in the course of a few hours, to a new object, nay, to an unseen object, might have proved a puzzling question to Daniel in a more sane state of mind.

During the next day, the thought of meeting an early-loved brother, after many years' absence, caused a favourable diver-

sion in Daniel's gloomy reveries. When his mother had called him to her side, the previous evening, to go and look out for the Diligence, his heart had not had time to assert its real interest in the matter ; then, however, it had been roused from more selfish abstractions ; and, afterward, his coming rencounter with Marks would start up before his imagination, almost as lively as his calculations of a message from Dinnis Haggerty.

In reality, the meeting between the two brothers has been seen to regenerate all the old love which Daniel had ever conceived for Marks : and it must be added, that, during their walk homeward from the town, and particularly during their pause at a well-known stile, and their glance over a well-remembered scene, of which the white-coated miller and his rat-catching dog still formed the living accompaniments, Daniel held not one jealous sentiment of his elder brother, upon any account, although there existed many others more really calculated to jaundice his mind, than, a few hours before, the idea of Marks's probable success with Dora had done. Daniel stood by without envy, too, after they entered their old home, while Marks received the weeping, proud embraces of his mother ; and while Hugh D'Arcy, after hugging him, like an ecstatic bear, flourished his stick in triumph over the head of "the stranger." Nay, poor Daniel was as joyful as any of them. But he had to witness and withstand another scene. Mr. Donovan led in his two daughters. From the moment Dora appeared, her eyes fixed on Marks—only, or chiefly to avoid the regards of her discarded lover—but *he* would not imagine that ; and at the friendly though bashful warmth with which she received Marks' bold salute on her cheek, Daniel bit his lip, and wheeled round to the window.

"I told you how it would be, you poor, unhappy, ugly Christian," whispered Hugh in his ear—"just turn round again, and look at them, now—happy death to me, but he's coaxing her from you, before your eyes, at the first offer ;—musha, I pity you!"

Facing the company, in obedience to this second specimen of his worthy father's judicious interference, Daniel saw Marks seated between the sisters, holding a hand of each, and making Helen laugh, and Dora smile and blush, as, with the ease of a gentleman and of a man of the world, and the success of a young, handsome, tall, finely-shaped, and finely-attired gallant, he alternately addressed each, or said something for their joint amusement. Dan unconsciously looked down on his own embrogued feet ; he *would* wear brogues since he became a

farmer—and then, he glanced at his low, sturdy figure, in a mirror before him, and just was able to curb an impulse to hurry out of the house, by the reflection that such conduct, at the moment of his brother's coming home, would be exceedingly ungracious, and also might betray to Marks, in common with every other beholder, what he felt to be the humiliating feelings which at present devoured him. Averting his eye from the detested scene, he caught up Mark's small sword, from a table near at hand, and dropping in a chair, began to draw it half way out of the scabbard and plunge it in again, thus unconsciously diverting the tremulousness of his hand and heart.

"Daniel, my boy, you seem to be greatly entertained with that new plaything," observed Marks, after the noise which Dan made had often interrupted his conversation with the sisters; he spoke, however, in perfect good-humour."

"Yes, Marks; and little wonder that I am entertained with it, if you only think a moment; *'tis the first of the kind I ever handled, you know;*" the whole of this speech was sharply uttered, but the last words had peculiar meaning.

His brother looked a little surprised, but calling to mind his own previous observations of some hidden grief in Daniel's breast, relapsed into smiles, and said—"Then, buckle it round your loins, and keep it, and get used to it, Dan; I have another among my baggage."

"Oh, and sure I thank you kindly, Marks, but I have little use of a fine thing like it; at least, if I am to wear it, you'll have to provide for me in other ways, beforehand."

"How so, Dan?"

"Just lend me an ould pair o' your grand Spanish boots, and a feather for my hat, and one of your cast-off suits," answered Dan, very savagely.

"Tut, tut, now, man alive!"

"Though," continued Daniel, "I'm afeard you needn't be at the trouble, for my sake, by reason there's a certain Micky Doolly, the 'torney, down in the town, won't leave it long with either of us,—no, nor the late new one you have among your baggage, into the bargain, Marks."

"Oh, I fear nothing hostile from Micky; as I told you before, Dan, he and I have become great friends."

"I'm sorry for it, Marks: for, as I told you afore, I wouldn't exchange a word with the mean upstart, to win myself a fortune as great as you have won abroad."

It was evident that Daniel, rendered blind to his own fierce unamiability by the prepossessions of his mind, and the bitter-

ness and battling of his heart, was in a humour to go on saying any thing that could hurt or depreciate his brother in the presence of Dora. Although Marks did not understand the matter quite to this length, he thought it full time to try and sooth the growling wild-beast before him; and, accordingly, he arose from his pleasant seat between the disconcerted maidens, and approaching Daniel, in his window-niche, whispered, good-humouredly—"Tell me, Dan, which of the two? and tell me quickly and truly; for I have a mighty reason for asking you?"

"Which of what two, Marks?—what do you mean?"

"Come now, Dan; don't be sly with me—which of those two dear little angels?"

"The two young women, there?"

"Well, yes; the two young women, there."

"Which of the two o' them?—how, Marks? Sure I don't understand you, at all."

"Oh, Dan, Dan! which of them have you enthroned in your heart of hearts! which of them do you doat on, to death! and which of them returns your raptures with a gentle preference!—that's my question."

"And a good long one it is, Marks, and fitter for a bright scholar, like yourself, to answer, than for a yellow-clay clod, like me; I'll answer it, howsomever; neither o' the two, Marks; neither o' them cares one blade o' grass about me, nor I about either o' them, and that's what I have to tell you, brother Marks, this blessed an' holy night."

"A quarrel, Dan, so soon!"

"Ask me no questions, Marks, and sure I'll tell you no stories."

"Well, well, Dan—remember your admissions, that's all; and don't blame any body if you see any body take fair advantage of them," and Marks walked towards his mother.

"You outlandish jackanapes!" muttered Dan, between his teeth, eyeing askance his brother's tall and graceful figure, and his easy motion, as he left him; and the little playful words Marks spoke at parting, fell and festered upon his raw heart like a serious threat of rivalry.

Marks had, indeed, spoken but in a lightsome mood, calculated, he hoped, to baffle the observation of others upon Daniel's uncouthness, as well as to make Daniel himself smile. And this was proved by the subject of the low-toned conversation which he immediately entered into with his mother: for it consisted exclusively of anxious though short questions from him, and of answers from her, as to Daniel's

present rude humour ; the state of his understanding with Dora being given by Mrs. D'Arcy as its cause. But what cannot be distilled into poison through the twisted alembic of a jealous mind ? Still Daniel saw only designs against his happiness—schemes, in fact to ravish Dora from him, and confer her upon “ the richest brother and the best scholar,” in this *tête-à-tête* between his mother and Marks ; particularly when, at a beck, Mr. Donovan joined them, and that he now and then caught the glances of the three prime counsellors turned expressively to him. How he would have scoffed at whoever might have whispered to him, for the moment, that they were but inter-changing opinions to try and do him good.

The evening meal was announced to be ready in another room. Daniel would lead no one in ; yet he took it as a fresh insult, and a fresh proof of a cabal against him, when Marks, after hesitating some moments, and looking towards him, offered his hand to Dora ; Mrs. D'Arcy having gone out with Mr. Donovan, and Hugh with Helen. Neither would Daniel speak to any one, nor answer a question civilly ; yet again he conceived himself to be treated with slight and disrespect, when Marks began to reply to the natural inquiries of all his friends, by describing his adventures in Spain, and along the road homeward. Dora seemed much interested in all he said, and more than once asked him questions upon subjects quite beyond Daniel's comprehension, and the jealous and ill-tempered fool suffered himself to be nearly deprived of reason. Once, indeed, his fury exploded in a laugh of wrath and derision which startled the whole company : but no words, and no farther sounds, passed Daniel's lips.

After this, Marks ceased his interesting relations, and, following the example of every one else at the supper-table excepting Daniel, began a conversation in a low tone with Dora. She was evidently agitated, though not disagreeably, by his new and confidential topic, and often discussed it with spirit. “ This moment, and before my very face, as my poor foolish father said, he is stealing the last of her heart from me ! ” thought Daniel. Now, Marks was anxiously, zealously, yet delicately, engaged in endeavouring to prevail upon Dora to restore her whole heart, first and last, to the blinded Daniel. Having learned from Mrs. D'Arcy that, so far as could be observed, his present painful and alarming mood was the result of a misunderstanding with his mistress, Marks availed himself of the first opportunity to plead his brother's cause, and restore

peace to his bosom, and tranquillity to his scowling brow and rude manner.

While Daniel drew such very different conclusions, however, from the scene before him, and had his fearful mistake, and the feelings it begot, farther added to by the real coldness of his mother to him, in consequence of his own unamiability, and by the angry taunts of his father, his attention was diverted into a new channel. In passing at the back of his chair, Nancy tapped his shoulder, unseen by any one else ; and when she caught his eye, notified by a very expressive gesture, that he should follow her out of the room. He accordingly started up and left his friends, with an abruptness that once more pained and alarmed them.

"I'm sure I don't know, an' can't guess, what's wantin' o' you by any livin' sowl at this hour o'the night," began Nancy, in a voice of grave remonstrance—"no good, I'm sore afeard—"

"But I *am* wanted out?" he asked, fiercely.

"Masther Dan, give over them bullyin' ways wid me, an' I'll thank you," replied Nancy, anxious to retain some show of authority, although he really frightened her ; "it's all I want to tell you is this—there's as ugly a little limb as I ever seen wid my eyes waitin' to spake to you outside o' the aveny gate."

"Haggerty's gorçoon!" thought Daniel, quickly turning from her to leave the house.

"An' where am I to tell the company you're for goin' again, sir, at such an hour o' the night?" questioned Nancy.

"Home—to the farm—to the *duoul*, if you like!" He hurried forth.

"The Lord be between us an' all harum!" ejaculated Nancy to herself, as she made a holy sign on her forehead, and smote her breast ; "an' sure, if I did tell 'em so, I'm afeard they'd hear no lies."

In a very short time, Daniel came up with his old friend ;—"the ugly little limb," who had conveyed to the house the prudent intimation which Dinnis thought fit to confine himself to, was sent away, and they stood alone.

"Well, Dinnis," began Daniel.

"I wasn't idle since I saw you, sir," said his friend.

"You need not tell me that, I was sure you would be true to me ; but—well?"

"By the sowl of the mother that bore me, I'm afeard to tell you, Masther Dan!" The listener drew back, knitted his brows, and fixed his eyes upon him, in the imperfect light, as

with a boding heart, and a cadence subdued to its hushed interest, he asked, "Why?"

"Because it's against all natural things, sir,—because it's enough to split your heart, if that same heart were as hard and as could as the rock!"

"Supposing so, go on. You *have* discovered who it was that—twice at least—met her alone?"

"God pity us all, Masther Dan! I'm thinking I have, sure enough."

"Tell me his name."

"Wait, sir, wait: not so sudden—thank o' yourself first, an' what you'll be likely to do; or let me put you up to one or two little matthers aforehand; an' promise you won't lose your own mind, stannin' forment me any how—promise to be quiet, sir."

"I am so, as you see."

"Very well, Masther Dan. First of all, then, I'd demand of you—wasn't a certain body expected home yesterday evening?"

"You know he was, as well as I do."

"Ay, an' many evenings afore yesterday evening, too, Masther Dan?"

"You are right, quite right."

"I believe, sir, morebetoken, 'tis more nor a week since he landed in Ireland?"

"So I understood from my mother."

"So that, for any night of amost the whole week, he might be here and there, out of Dublin to a good distance, by help of a good horse, faster nor Misther Hutchisson's Dilly 'ud carry him, any how—not saying that he didn't come home to ye in the Dilly at last, for reasons of his own, maybe, sir?"

Dinnis heard Daniel's teeth grinding, before he assented to the great probability of all these suppositions.

"But, man, I want the whole of it to be cleared up as bright as the day to me," resumed Daniel.

"Well, sir—black ought to be the night I say it in! there's people I discoorsed with of late, that tell me as much as that they seen him about the place here, more than twice or three times, either, the last week—"

"How did they know it was he?"

"By reason of seeing him, an' hearing him talked of in Dublin aforehand, Masther Dan."

"And you can depend on the people you now mention to me?"

"They are as true to me, as I am to you, sir."

"Good. Have you any thing else to say? As yet the thing is only very suspicious—not made out quite certain."

"Masther Dan, do you remember any one telling you afore to-night, whether the man that met Miss Dora Donovan in the wood—

"Stop! do not call her by her name any more; say, 'met *her* in the wood:' and Dinnis Haggerty, as you to see the light of the next day that is to shine upon the world—never once sound *his* name to me at all!"

"Well, sure I won't sir; only now, as I feared would happen, you're beginning to let yourself loose on me, for nothing that I know of."

"Never mind me, Dinnis; I did not mean it; and you see I am as quiet as a lamb over again. So, go on. 'Do I remember any one telling me whether or no the man that met her twice in the wood—' Well, sir?"

"Whether or no he was a tall man or a low man—a young man or an ould man, or what kind o' clothin' he wore?" pursued Dinnis.

"Yes, your sister told me that he was a tall man—"

"So is—" began Dinnis.

"Hoh, silence! I understand you. That's enough. She did not speak of his age, as well as I remember; but she called him the grandee in the gray cloak—"

"Go home you, then, Masther Dan, an' see what's the colour o' the cloak the grandee that's under your father's roof to-night thravelled to ye from Dublin town in."

"I will," said Daniel, after a pause; and he turned and strode slowly away, his head drooped upon his chest, and his eyes bent on the earth.

"Stop a bit first, sir," resumed Dinnis walking after Daniel; "here's a little token poor Jinny found afther him, that night in the wood, dropped on the spot *he* an' *she*—the young misthress I mean—were stannin on, when he run to hide himself at the sound o' your voice, sir."

"Thanks, over again," said Daniel, gazing vaguely at a handkerchief which Dinnis put into his hand, in a crumpled state. "What is it?" he continued, unfolding it.

"There'll be no use in your looking into it here, sir: wait till you 're at home, an' no one near, in the candlelight; then, thry one o' the corners."

"Very well; and so I will," still assented Daniel; and he

squeezed the handkerchief in his palm, thrust it into his pocket, and continued his way to his father's house.

He did now knock violently at the door. Nancy, as she went to open it at his summons, little suspected it was he she had to let in; still less did she expect to see what she believed and defined to be "a great settlement come over his face, an' the angry cloud clane gone." In fact, her young master's present passions lay too deep for her divination.

Daniel remained in the hall till she had retired to her kitchen. He had seen the cloak thrown upon a marble table. He approached, and looked closely at it: it was gray. Providing himself with a light, he stepped slowly up to his old chamber; locked the door; took out and unfolded the handkerchief; peered at all its corners, and the very last he examined had the D'Arcy crest embroidered upon it, surmounted by the initials "M. D'A."

For some time afterward he sat in a chair, holding the handkerchief by the corner. Amid all his other thoughts, it occurred to Daniel himself, how strange it was that he did not now storm, and rave, and play the madman, as upon mere suspicion of what he at last deemed proved, indeed upon comparatively slight and different provocations altogether, he formerly had done.—"But," continued Daniel, in his reverie, and he had sufficient command over his mind even to philosophize—"fears and suspicions are like the strong liquor that makes us drunk—downright certainty makes us sober."

He caught the image of his own face in a little mirror, which, from its slanting position, reflected only the shadowed side of the room he had chosen to sit in, and his features, amid the shadow, vaguely and ghost-like, and set in their new expression. And that new expression, faithfully indicating the state of his soul, trouble him so strangely, that he arose, scarce aware of his action, and turned the glass of the mirror to the wall. His horrid lethargy thus broken up, Daniel unlocked a secret drawer, and deposited the handkerchief in it; "It is too precious to be carried about me, and may be lost," he muttered; and then he left his chamber, and went down-stairs, turning into the supper-room.

His mother and father, Mr. Donovan and Helen, only appeared as he entered. Hugh sat alone at the upper end of the deserted board, drinking the last bottle of wine it afforded him: Mrs. D'Arcy and her elder guest were listening to Helen reading a book. No one took notice of him as he came in. It

had been resolved to make him suffer for his rude conduct during the evening.

"Maybe my absence would be better than my company, here, genteels," he said, after he had stood some time in the middle of the floor. The literary party did not seem to hear him : Helen read on ; his father alone vouchsafed to give him a look, but it was an angry and a scornful one.

"Well, then, I'll be going," resumed Daniel, replying to the more expressive silence ;—"Who knows but Marks would take pity on me, and discoorse me—where is he, father dear?"

"Come here, and I'll tell you," answered Hugh, commanding him to his side by an ungracious gesture ; "he's just where he ought to be," as soon as Daniel came near ; "walking out in the beautiful moonshine with *your* Dora Donovan."

"Thankee, father, and sure I wish 'em both a pleasant walk of it—which way did they say they'd go?"

"If you want to know, I'll tell you—along the hill, over the river, by the high path : " and Daniel once more expressed his thanks for this information, and bowing round to every one, as well as he could, left the apartment.

"The poor creature is in his right senses, again," said his father, after he had retired ; "and we oughtn't to keep up malice against him."

"I agree," said Mr. Donovan ; "and now, indeed, would be the time to sooth him."

"Let us call him back, Madam D'Arcy," continued Hugh, while tears (half wine-drops) gathered in his eyes.

"Pray do not so," remonstrated Mrs. D'Arcy : "I admit he has curbed his guilty humour ; but as he now goes to meet Marks and Dora, their company, and the fine night, will do him more good than ours ; " and the lady, as usual, had her way.

Meantime, in a very different state of mind and heart from that attributed to him by any of his sagacious friends, Daniel paused an instant outside the door he had closed carefully and gently after him, and knitting together every muscle of his frame, until he shook in a momentary convulsion, seized the hair of his head with both his hands, and tore it up by the roots. His treatment by the party within, although a provocation distinct from the matter which really possessed him, had begun to change the deep and steady horror of his soul into renewed phrensy : and the picture of Marks and Dora sauntering, arm-in-arm, along the hill-path, "in the beautiful moonlight," arose before his imagination with an influence which nearly urged him to cast himself upon the tiled hall, shouting like a madman.

A settled purpose, however, even still enabled him to keep himself from any such untimely outbreak. In a short time, he crossed into the room out of which he and his friends had issued to supper ; laid his hand on something, while his fearful eyes wandered all around the apartment ; hid it under the buttoned front of his coat, and then, the second time that night, Daniel left his father's house.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT the hour when he issued forth, a great commotion happened in the residence of Attorney Doolly, in the neighbouring town, which, as it, and particularly the circumstances that followed it, much concerned Daniel, shall here be noticed.

The attorney's second wife, who has already been introduced in the opening chapters of this tale, was considerably his senior ; and, recollecting the order of her mind, it followed almost essentially, that, from the day of her nuptials, she permitted herself to entertain suspicions of the probability of his continuing faithful to the tender vows interchanged between them. Many other reflections heightened this sentiment. She knew she had just as few claims to beauty, or even to interest of person, as she had to youth ; and her spouse was not famed for indifference on either point. Her common sense, if not her humility, farther would suggest to her, that "the 'torney," though not born or, in early life, bred a gentleman, had, notwithstanding, acquired much respectability of presence and manner, during the last fifteen years of his intercourse with the world : while she remained, "to this blessed hour," exactly the same broad-spoken, primitive, red-faced, lumpish person, who had been called Judy Rafferty for thirty years and upwards, behind her little crazy counter, in her little huxter's shop, at the corner of Back-lane, "nigh-hand to the turnin' up to the main-street." Hence the good woman sometimes experienced a painful misgiving of her husband's feeling of respect towards her ; nay, of her own success in endeavouring to uphold his dignity, in the character of a wife. True, during their courtship, no living man could have promised better or fairer than

"Torney Doolly did promise ; no man could profess a purer love, and in all words and actions, give proof of its sincerity ; or, when Judy hinted to him, shrewdly and cautiously, her fears that, "by rason of her want of the quality-breedin', and the book-larnin', she mightn't turn out to be a fit wife for a jintleman Torney ;"—no man could have more amiably remarked how slight were his claims to expect a partner "from among the grandees of the land," and how infinitely he prized the virtues of the heart, together with that certain stock of sound worldly sense which his darling Judy was known to possess, to all the airs and graces of high breeding and family pride. This was very true : still, since their marriage, Judy had been forming her own notions on the subject : until at last, as she now and then sat alone in her chamber, perhaps after getting some very substantial cause to doubt, her thoughts began to arrange themselves in something of the following shape :—
 "Well, Micky ; God reward you for all ! but if I took time to consider, in them days when you used to come a coortin' me, atter dusk, into the little place at the back o' the poor ould shop, you wouldn't have my hard-earned thousands in your own hands, a' me at your marcy, this blessed day, any how."

But Mrs. Doolly's chief jealousy of her fine-gentleman husband was strictly personal, or, perhaps, all other doubts and fears rushed to find vent at that opening. This was proved by the fact of her discharging, successively, and very quickly after each other, maid-servants of her household, whose comeliness, whether of face or person, aroused her dislike from the moment they had crossed her threshold, and by her persevering endeavours to procure in their place the bluest possible women, or the oldest, "if they weren't past their workin' days," for the service of her and her husband.

How Jinny Haggerty became an inmate of her house, under these circumstances, may well be wondered at : but, in fact, she had been smuggled into it. Notwithstanding Marks D'Arcy's favourable opinions of the respectable attorney, let no one start at hearing it insinuated that, in consequence of a previous acquaintance with Jinny, Doolly himself had contrived a plot for the purpose, aided and abetted by the girl's brother, and by the girl's self, to boot. As soon as the Haggerties—acting, by the way, under the attorney's instructions—had promptly obeyed Hugh D'Arcy's wrathful and but half-intended order to quit his grounds,—an affecting story of the distress of the whole poor family appealed to Mrs. Doolly's heart, and while Dinnis was named as elected to a vacant place of domestic

servitude, with a reservation in his favour (when he should acquire the art of writing a better hand) of a clerkship at the professional desk in the office, "the little child," his sister, a poor half-starved, ill-clad, ill-favoured creature, whose very appearance (though how could she help that ?) deprived her of friends in the world, became thrown upon the charitable consideration of the really good-natured woman, and after passing a hasty examination in the dusk of the evening, in the back-parlour, (being further assisted by an unwashed face, clumsy and mean attire, and her well-conned affectation of a sneaking, insignificant manner, and a confirmed stupidity of mind,) went down to the kitchen as the hired servant of Mrs. Doolly; a written engagement, for the term of two years, drawn up by the attorney, and bearing his wife's mark, safe in her pocket.

Her mistress even followed her, in order to recommend a decent attention to personal cleanliness and neatness, which, with the slightest possible change of manner, Jimmy promised to observe. Next morning, Mrs. Doolly only noticed that her new servant must be thirty years older than had been represented, and, now that her face was washed, and a plain new gown put on, was not very ugly, either. Some time after, she found out, that the girl's figure, at least, began to improve into real beauty, her stupidity into a very puzzling quickness, and her manner into a still more amazing self-command and importance. To end this matter; day after day, poor Mrs. Doolly could not help entertaining suspicions, if not conclusions, of a kind more detrimental to her domestic peace; until upon the evening when it is necessary—(and it will be found so,—to visit Morney Doolly's house, she made up her mind to believe that, owing to the now finely-dressed and saucy Jimmy Haggerty, she was a wronged and despised woman.

The attorney is seated in his front parlour, alone, finishing his bottle of claret; Dinmis Haggerty is writing in the office, a room off the parlour, and entered from it by a glass-door, shaded with some kind of green gauze.

"Dinmis," called Doolly; and Dinmis accordingly appeared, one pen in his hand, and another stuck behind his ear. He stood in a very deferential attitude at the open glass-door.

"I think you may as well vote yourself a holyday, Dinmis," continued his master, "and lock up the office, particularly the small door leading into the hall, and then step in here."

Dinmis bowed, as his patron had taught him to do—indeed, owing to Mr. Doolly's instructions on different points, he had lately been improving rapidly, in manners as well as mind; and

then he withdrew to obey the commands he had received, and soon reappeared in the parlour.

"Is that the key of the small side-door of the office?" asked Doolly, as his clerk laid one on the table, near his hand. Dinnis said it was. "You had better lock the glass-door, too;" and this direction was also complied with.

"Now you may draw a chair to the corner of the table, and sit down, and take one glass of wine," resumed Doolly; "for you will observe, Dinny, that, since you became my writing clerk, we are nearer upon a footing than we used to be."

"Thanks to you, master," said Dinnis, "and I know who I am always bound to pray for, in regard o' that, as well as other things."

"Pray for, Dinny? never mind praying for *me*, till you first get the Pope taken out o' you."

Dinny laughed, modestly and approvingly, holding down his head, and eyeing the wine in his glass.

"You know, moreover, that we have some conversation—interrupted by Mistress Doolly, last night, and business, all day,—to go on with." Dinnis discarded his laugh for a face of grave earnestness, as he assented.

"To say nothing of your reporting your new adventure of a few hours ago." Again Dinny agreed, but a cold smile now crept round the corners of his liny lips.

"And so, Dinny, to begin—you seem to think that it was the vision of Gray-mantle at the door that killed the old concealed Jesuit, and cheated you and your old crony, bumbailiff Hicks, of the discovery money?"

"Never a doubt of it, masther; bad speed to his ould spirit, whatever road it's gone, that couldn't stop taking a simple boy, like myself, for the father o' mischief, wid his horns hid under his Spanish hat!"

"Neither would the girl believe in your flesh and blood, at your second appearance, Dinny?"

"I'm afeard not, sir,—though, to the best of my knowledge, she thought I *was* the body you and I wanted her to believe in, the first night, in the wood."

"And what makes you suppose that she is not still of a like opinion?"

"The free and easy way she takes to the real man, since he came among them, this evening; I saw her and him out walking, arm-in-arm, afore I left D'Arcy's grounds, an hour or two ago; and sure if she still was of a mind that the same body met her in the wood, and tould her them frightful stories, and

afterward talked to her about Masther Dan, at the dour of the ould priest's lodgin', she'd run far enough away from him, instead of going out to whisper him, alone, in the night-time,—ay—and the first night of their coming known to one another."

"Um—not if she happens to like him better, at first sight, than this lump of a brother, after all that has passed between them."

"I don't believe she does, masther."

"Then, there's worse news for yourself, Dinny, than for me."

"Why, yes, sir, to be sure ; if we can't manage to take her out of Masther Dan's hands another way."

"Running off with her, for yourself, in his name, Dinny, my boy?"

"Or a thing of the kind, sir."

"Does Dan know what you'd advise him to, as a friend, yet?"

"Hardly, Masther: I thr w it out the night before the stranger arrived, but drew it back again, when I saw that he boggled at it, and maybe was going to get cross with me, moreover ; sure if he comes to look for me here to-night, and we hope he will, late as it is—or at a later hour, for that matter—he'll be in a better humour to hear rason :—Masther—as sartin as we sit here, Jinny saw the hilt of Mark's sword peeping out from under his coat, before she ran home from watching him, the last minute or so, Masther dear."

"Well, Dinny, I wish you all luck with the old grandee's daughter ; she's a girl that does your taste much credit : but surely you don't mean to make me believe that you are ready to try so much for her, just out of love, and nothing else ?"

"I'd like to win and wear her, the white pet, out of goodwill to Masther Dan, and the rest of the family that I owe so much to, sir,—I'll never deny it."

"Ay, Dinny—and not out of great hatred to the little trifle her father can give her, when he *must* give it, to bribe you to make her 'an honest woman'?"

"Faiks, maybe not, sir," grinned Dinnis.

"I'm sorry, though, Dinnis, that she has changed her thoughts so soon about who was the person that spoke to her in the wood : surely the make and colour of the riding cloak and the Spanish hat agree to a tittle with what I sent you from Dublin, after sceing him in the streets there ; I got them made as much alike as was possible : and, upon his appearance at D'Arcy's home to-night, she must have noticed the likeness."

"She didn't, though, Masther, take my word ; the suspicion is gone clean out of her head."

"You and he are of a height, too."

"To an inch, sir ; but that's little help, either."

"Dinnis, I shall begin to suspect that you have played your part, or spoken your speeches badly ; though, as you are a smart lad, that could hardly have happened, after all the drillings and rehearsals we had together."

"And you spake true, sir, it couldn't : I repeated every word you set down for me, and put the same sound of the voice to every word, as well, or better, than when you heard me, for the last time, and said it would do ; and then, if I didn't bould my head up, and stalk, here and there—but very little of that—as fine as e'er a grandee of 'em all—my name is Marks D'Arcy."

"But did you remember to forewarn her, in order to account for any of your old language and tones which remained, after all your endeavours, that you were trying to discourse unlike yourself—that is, unlike the person you wished her to suspect you were ?"

"Indeed, and I did, sir : sure I couldn't forget ; it was the thing you dwelt on most to me."

"Well ; we must only try to work without getting her into love—or into something as useful for us as love—with Master Marks, Dinny, which circumstance her continuing of the same mind regarding her friend in the wood must have assisted, perhaps, effected."

"Sure, Masther, and we *can* work as well without it. Dan believes every word Jinny and I tould him."

"The handkerchief," interrupted the attorney,—“you gave him that, to-night ?”

"B'lieve it, sir ! But, Mither 'Torney Doolly, dear," again indulging in a grin, "might I make bould to ask how it came into your hands ?"

"Surely, I've tould you, Dinny ; he dropped it in the Dilligence, while we travelled down from Dublin—such friends !—together."

"Och, ay !" laughed Dinnis ; "well, Masther, you bate Ireland for putting things together."

"Pho ! Dinny, my boy, the little trick deserves no such praise : we had been on the watch for exactly such little tokens, ever since we heard he was landed safe in Dublin, you know ; and, of a surety, a child, in my place, would have contrived to pocket the handkerchief, the moment it dropped among the straw under our feet."

"Well, sir ; Dan, as I was a saying, swallows every thing, good, bad, and indifferent ; and," lowering his voice, "if he only gives back the small-soord to the right owner, to-night—(and what else 'ud he button it under his coat for ?)—if he only gives it back, the right way, you're in for seeing out your own little liking for the D'Arcy's, by a short cut, Masther."

"I wish, Dinny, you would quite put out of your head that *I* have any cause of quarrel with the family, or, as you hint, in your own way, want any revenge against them."

"Did I say the like, Masther, dear?" asked Dinnis, in simple earnestness ; "sure, if I did, this time, I mistook myself entirely, and the truth of the matther, more betoken ;"—in uttering these last words, Dinnis most deliberately lied ; he knew well, in common with the whole neighbourhood, that 'torney Doolly, although, since his change in life, he had never alluded to the circumstance, treasured up in his inmost breast an eternal and undiminishable revenge to the D'Arcys, on account of his disgraceful departure from their house, when he was a boy. But at present, it was Dinny's interest to flatter the profound dissimulation of his patron, as he has just been heard to do ; not that he hoped, however, to get credit for sincerity from the attorney : nor did even the attorney himself believe that Dinnis would not suspect that *he* suspected his candour ; but, so long as both avoided open opinions, each upon the other's motives, the ends of their present alliance were answered.

"Only, all for me, and for my good, sir, every step you take, and every word between us," continued Dinnis ; "God bless you, for the same, Masther, and mark you wid his grace !"

"And give me a long life, a happy death, and a favourable judgment—goes it not so, Dinny, among the old people?" Doolly scoffed, but his face showed that his heart was not at ease under the deep and blasphemous hypocrisy of Dinnis's prayer.

"But what do you mean by talking of a *short cut*, Dinnis?" he continued.

"Why, sir, nothing but this ; when one body has the misfortune of sending another body out of the world, in the middle of his sins—Lord save us !—it's law to take the life from the other body, in return, I believe : and so, there's always two gone, clane."

"You are a promising lad, Dinny : I did not think of that ; but before I praise you to the skies, let me hear what use you can make of it, regarding the business in hand."

"Musha, and I'll try, sir, to plase you. If my poor ould masther, Hugh D'Arcy, that I love so much, had no sons, the present time, to take it into their heads to go to church, and so keep their father's acres in their own hands,—(an unlikely thing enough, only till there's a chance of it, as long as the life is in the both)—why, sir, where would be the demur in that case to any loyal jintleman, larned in the law, discovering on Hugh's bad, Papist title, and being rewarded with a good picking off his farums, if the whole o' them didn't happen to fall to his share? And sure I make bould to think that *there* 'ud be a short cut for you, masther, as I said before."

"Ay, Dinny, instead of trying to coax Masther Dan inside the church-door, that he may thereby turn out his brother and the ould people at the first going off, and then straining a statute point to blemish his own title, in the long run."

"Faix, and that's it, sure enough, masther."

"Then I wish we knew whether or not we are to be saved trouble, to-night, Dinnis?"

"We'll soon know, sir, before the day break, any how."

"How are you so sure he will come to you, here?"

"Because, whatever he does, he'll want me, sir: more betoken, he asked me is it here, in your house, I could be found, in case o' need."

"Supposing him arrived, then, Dinny, do you think he will appear armed?"

"Only with his brother's small-sword, I'll be bound to say, sir."

"Well: and, if it should be necessary, from any thing he may confess to you, to take it out of his hand, and secure him, would you venture to do so without help?"

"I ought to be stronger than Masther Dan, sir, to be sure—but I'd rather you'd just come in to us, at a signal, and let us do our best together."

"No, Dinny; I must not interfere till he is a prisoner—it would look like an understanding between us:—but since you are not sure of yourself, alone with him, I'll call up a friend, while he and you are talking, and so it can be managed:—whisht, now! what's the matter above stairs?"

"The mistress *ballaragging** poor Jinny, once again, sir," answered Dinnis, after both had listened to Mrs. Doolly's voice ringing through the house in recrimination and anger, and Jinny Haggerty's saucy shrill tones answering her. Presently heavy

* Abusing.

steps came down the stairs, and the enraged dame flung open the parlour-door, and entered.

"You 're found out, in arnest, 'Torney Doolly!" she began—"little I said to you, while I only 'spected:—but Molly, the other girl, is afther giving me the proof at last—and now I come afore you, to bid you have that brazen hussy turned from my dour, this blessed minute, by your own hand, since she won't stir a step for me!"

Her husband, perfectly unruffled, and with an air of innocent equanimity, protested he did not understand her. More minute allusions were made by his afflicted wife, and he met them with mild and firm assurances that Molly could have but imposed on her. Mrs. Doolly gave no credit to his self-vindication, but continued to insist on having Jinny Haggerty thrust out of the house that moment. He could not do so, he owned, even were the girl guilty: such a proceeding would be illegal, at that unseasonable hour, past twelve o'clock; if Mrs. Doolly would only wait till morning, the whole matter should meet an investigation fully satisfactory to her feelings, in every way, and, he would take care, to his own also. No! Mrs. Doolly would not wait an hour—a moment! Was she prepared then to pay her unoffending servant full two years' wages, from the day she had been hired, according to written agreement? This fired Mrs. Doolly more and more, by appealing to her love of money, and she protested against any such arrangement—would not hear of it—only, if Jinny Haggerty did not quit her roof before many more minutes elapsed, she herself would quit it.

"Do, then, Mistress Doolly," said her husband, "and see if you will find it as easy to get back;" and with an expressive smile, he winked aside to Dinnis. Mrs. Doolly caught both his smile and his wink, unobserved by him, however; and, as afterward appeared, they made a great impression on her mind, and led her into a very important course of conduct. For the present, her vehemence appeared suddenly checked, she cast her eyes on the floor, in a reflective mood, and thus replied to her husband's last words: "Well, Micky, dear: I don't like to vex you, entirely, an' so we 'll wait till the mornin', accordin' as you advise: an sure, the joy o' my heart it will be if you can clear yourself; now, the good night."

"Good night, Mistress Doolly: and you had better go to bed, and try if a little sleep wouldn't do you good."

"I will, indeed, Micky, dear;" she withdrew.

Dinnis was about to say something in a low voice, almost as soon as she had gone out; but his patron held up his finger to

enjoin silence, motioning towards the parlour-door. They sat for some time without exchanging a word; then the attorney desired him to "steal out," and watch about the house till he could assure himself that his mistress was a-bed, and meantime send in Jinny to hear something of importance, which he, the attorney, had to communicate to her.

The faithful writing-clerk promptly obeyed these orders. When he returned to the parlour, his sister Jinny was newly-seating herself in a chair at the corner of the table, opposite to that occupied by her master.

"We have been chatting on the old point, Dinny, lad," observed Doolly: "and I am determined, with your help, to take a first step towards sending Judy Haggerty home to her huxter's shop, instead of explaining every thing to her great satisfaction, the first thing after daybreak."

"Poor Judy!" smiled Jinny, while Dinny kept a grave face, and only professed himself ready to do all in his power, at the command of his master.

"Our witnesses for the Court of Conscience are quite ready?" pursued Doolly.

"And willing, sir," answered Dinny, now hazarding a knowing smile.

"My poor old woman! how she will look when she hears herself charged with matrimonial inconstancy!—ay, and when she finds *herself* found guilty of it by the little archdeacon, and sentenced to a divorce from her own faithful and much-wronged husband, and dependent upon him for a separate maintenance in future, out of her own produce of soap, red herrings, salt butter, halfpenny candles, cheese, chalk, and rusty bacon—eh, Jinny?"

"The poor creature! it's myself that pines her," again sneered Miss Haggerty.

"And then, Dinny, there's a friend of yours, not sitting far off from you at present, will stand before the person, and his book open, in church, along with another friend of yours, I'm thinking."

"God bless you, 'Torney Doolly! sure Jinny and I are bound in duty to you for ever," said Dinny looking modestly on the floor, while his flattered sister lavished upon her admirer glances such as were meant to combine, in one pretty expression, gratitude, archness, fondness, and bashfulness. The secret thought of her mind, however, at that very moment, was—"Yes, I'd like to be Mistress 'Torney Doolly, but after it, you ugly Christian! there's a boy of my own I won't give up

for you, any way." And since Jinny's mental reservation is thus exposed, so may be the honest attorney's:—"A brace of audacious fools ye both are! No, no, Masther Dinny Haggerty bring up your men well prepared, to rid me of my own poor Jude, and after that, see if I shall be in a hurry to put your saucy sister in her place:—how *can* the husey expect it, and I already growing tired of her?—what has she to offer me—what bribe?—But hush, and listen!" he continued, addressing them in a whisper—"Dinny, isn't that like a noise in the office?"

Dinny had heard nothing, but Jinny agreed that she thought Mr. Doolly right.

"And just as we began to converse awhile ago, it struck me I heard something like the sound of the side door that opens to the hall turning on its hinges," continued the attorney.

"It can't be, sir," observed Dinny: "sure there's the key at your hand."

"You could not have missed locking it? Come, let us see—but hist again!"

"That's the noise you heard, Masther, at the windows in the next room, and now it's come nearer to us." Dinny rose up much agitated, as some one in the street pulled at the shutters of the parlour windows, which were bolted on the inside, trying to force them open.

"It's Masther Dan D'Arcy," he continued, his eyes fixing with a deep and powerful expression on Doolly's; and the same kind of look was interchanged successively between the three listeners, while their cheeks grew pale.

"Come, then, Jinny," said the attorney, taking her hand: "your brother must receive his old friend alone. Dinny, my lad, let him in at the window, as he seems to prefer it: I may avoid future remarks by such a course—his visit is to you—and the master of a house always has charge of the key of his own hall-door past midnight—you understand me.—Come, Jinny."

"Masther!" Dinny trod stealthily after him to the parlour-door, and whispered in his ear—"Don't forget to call up the friend you spoke of."

"Never fear, Dinny; and do you mind your points, which ever way the thing goes." He passed his arm round Jinny Haggerty's neck, and led her out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE instant Dinnis was left alone, he went to the cupboard of a corner sideboard, took out a bottle of wine, drank off a cup-full, examined the priming of a pistol which he drew from his pocket, put up the weapon carefully, and, while his eyes unconsciously fixed on the ceiling of the apartment, this was his thought—"Well, I wonder is Marks D'Arcy dreaming pleasant dreams, this blessed hour o' the clock, in his innocent sleep under his mother's roof, or is his handsome body lying stretched, cold and stiff, somewhere by the river's side—the spirit gone out of it, and now seeing and knowing every thing we want to do?"

The noise at the window had ceased, so as to allow him time for acting and thinking to such an extent; but Dinnis had scarce proposed to himself the question here recorded, when it was resumed with great violence; and now, stealing on tip-toe to the window, he cautiously raised the sash, and through the chinks of the still unbarred shutters asked, "Who is there?"

"Let me in, in the duoul's name!" answered Daniel D'Arcy; "who can it be but me? and what do you mean by keeping me here so long?" While he spoke, the shutters were unbarred and flung open, and he jumped into the room, his face terribly haggard, and his eyes rolling.

"Is this wine?" he resumed, seizing the bottle which Dinnis had just taken out of the cupboard and placed on the table; and then, without waiting for an answer, he put it to his lips, and drained it at a draught. The next instant he flung himself into a chair. Dinnis Haggerty observed that it was his left hand he used in catching up the bottle, his right being thrust into the breast of his coat, as if it held something tight. Dinnis made another observation: his left hand was bloody.

They sat opposite to each other for some time, without speaking another word. Daniel's head had dropped on his breast, his legs were stretched out, and his right hand still continued hidden, thrust in between some open buttons of his coat. Dinny remained upright on his chair, his palms and fingers holding his knees, and his looks riveted on his visiter.

"Is it hurted your hand is, Masther Daniel?" at last questioned Dinnis.

Daniel held up the hand before his own eyes, and after regarding it, answered, "Yes I suppose so:" then he shook it once or twice, and rubbed it awkwardly, perhaps unconsciously, among the folds of his abundant skirts.

"A fall you got, sir?" pursued Dinnis.

"No," was Daniel's only reply; and they were again silent for some minutes.

"Maybe the other hand is hurted, too, Masther Dan, and that's why you're hiding it in your buzzom?"

"Not that I know of—see."—He drew out his right hand. It was closed tightly upon the hilt of a small sword. The instant it caught his eye, he jumped up, glaring on the fragment of the weapon, and cried—"Curses! Hell and furies! what keeps this between my fingers?" and as he spoke, he dashed it against the floor.

An extraordinary sensation arose within Dinnis Haggerty, and with such strength that it made his head giddy. It was partly gratified revenge and fiendish exultation, partly horror at his own certainty, and, in spite of himself, partly pity, as his mind rapidly recurred to the picture it had before drawn of the young, the handsome, the kind-hearted, the spirited Marks D'Arcy lying dead in the silent moonlight, "somewhere by the river's side,"—and dead by the hands of his own and only brother.

When this sickening feeling partially subsided, Dinnis's thought was to call in the friend promised to be held in readiness, and at once seize and secure the presumed murderer who stood before him. Something that Daniel said, however, checked the execution of his purpose.

"Dinny Haggerty, though we left the Cross-Keys very hearty,* the other night, I well remember every word you spoke to me there."

"To be sure you do, Masther Dan—and why not? Neither of us was so far gone at the time, as to be deprived of our senses, any how."

"And, Dinny, I came here to-night to tell you, that I am ready and willing to do all you wanted me to do, that time."

"Well, sir; and it's I that am glad your mind is made up to take your own part," answered Dinnis, now much at fault.

"Thanks, Dinny; you are my best friend." Daniel smiled

* Tipsy.

hideously as he strode about the room, and Dinnis was still more put out.

"First and foremost, then, I'm ready to go to the church, as early as they'll open it for me, after the daylight, and read my elegant recantation."

Dinnis strove to collect his own thoughts before he replied: "Ay, Masther Dan, and make 'em all march out of the ould house over the hill, in no time, afther?"

"To be sure—to be sure—if they don't give me my own way with that girl, at a word."

"My blessing on your notion, sir!"

"And then, Dinny, my man, we'll have her, at any rate, the way you once gave me the wind of a word about—you remember?"

"'Twas in the wood?" asked Dinnis.

"In the wood; ay, Dinny, and quick work we'll make of it, altogether. She is to be on the road to her own house in a few hours, and you, and ten or twelve boys to help you, can just meet her, and borrow her from her ould dad, for me, the very time I'll be making a good Christian of myself, in the beautiful church: and mind me, Dinny, I'm to find her well guarded, in the Red-House, when I ride back; for as soon as they turn me into a true Protestan', some of them will lend me a horse, surely, for love or money, to let me gallop over the road, in style, like any gentleman; and she and I can have our own time of it, Dinny, for a day or two; and then she may go home to the grandee, Donovan, crying for a husband;" he laughed.

"I'll work the world, to do it for you, Masther Dan." Dinnis went on to think as follows; "Yes; we must let him have his liberty till the colleen is nabbed, in *his* name, but not put up in the Red-House, though maybe in a safer place."

"He may give her to Masther-Don-Bashaw-Cocklofty, if he likes, *then*," resumed Daniel.

"Who do you mean, sir?" asked Dinnis.

"Why, who can I mean, sir, but one whose name I'll never speak while I draw breath? and whose name you must never speak to my face at your peril—and I said so, afore."

"But I thought, Masther Dan," began Dinnis, and he stopped short in misgiving and confusion.

"Thought what?" demanded Daniel, turning quickly upon him, and standing still.

"Tell me, sir,—isn't—wasn't—that little thing on the flure the hilt of his soord?"

"It is the hilt of his sword—well?"

"Why, then, Masther Dan, dear, sure myself thought—and seeing your hand, and all, and the way you bounced into this room,—thought, that something or other had happened to-night."

"Ay, Dinny?" Daniel advanced slowly to him, his brows bent, and his eyes darting their glances into those of his counsellor—"And what, besides, made you think that?"

"Nothing—nothing, indeed, sir," stepping back towards the door.

"Stand still, man, and listen to me! I don't want to hurt you;—why should you think it? and yet you look as if you did. Dinnis Haggerty, I only want to learn one thing: did you, or did you not, suspect me *before* I jumped into this room; and, with that thought on your mind, did you sit here and leave me to follow my own fancy? If you did, Dinnis, I must call you a bad friend, and a bad fellow, and find out some one else to give me good advice for the future; that's all."

This straight-forward and impolitic speech defeated its own aim. It taught Dinnis that, whatever might have happened, he must clear up Daniel's new doubt of him, in order to secure the intercourse, though but one of a few hours, which was indispensable to cloak his designs upon Dora Donovan: and, accordingly, in the most emphatic manner, he protested that a suspicion, such as Daniel hinted at, had never entered his mind until he saw the hilt of the sword; and that if it had, he would have hunted Daniel over the face of the earth to keep his hand from doing what his heart must break at the thought of.

"Well, Dinny, I believe you; so, now let us speed on with our business," resumed Daniel.

"Yes, sir, to be sure,—what's become of the rest of it, I wondher?" he inquired suddenly, in a low voice, as again he pointed to the floor.

"I broke it into a thousand pieces, on a stone," replied Daniel, speaking deliberately, yet vehemently, through his shut teeth.

"You did, sir?"

"And scratched my hand, I suppose without knowing it, or feeling it, at the same time," continued Daniel, in a freer voice, as he turned to resume his striding walk about the room, with an air, which seemed to decline farther words on the subject.

"God be praised, sir!"

"Why, God be praised, Dinny Haggerty?"

"That it was your own blood I saw on your hand, the blessed night, Masther Dan, *mà-chree*!"

"It *was* my own!" cried Daniel, breaking out; "It was! and black as the hatred of my heart and soul is to him, this night—and black as is the revenge I owe him, and will wrake on him—on him, and on all his abettors—ay, though I bind myself for it to the stake, among the flames, here, and in the world to come!—still, still, Dinnis Haggerty, I *can* say, and I do say, with you, praise be to God that it was!"

Hitherto, Daniel had worn his hat in the room; now he took it off, and stood uncovered for a moment, his eyes cast upward, and his lips moving.

"Not that I mean to deny," he resumed, again facing his friend; "not that I mean to deny, my good Dinny, that you were right in your first thought—very nearly right—any how.—Dinny, with a mind as mad as the devil could make it, I *did* run out to cross their path—his own sword upon me—and at a place I knew they must pass close to, I *did* lie down to watch and wait for them. You remember the spot. 'Tis on the very top of the hill, over the river, where the furze and the briars are high and thick, and the narrow path cut through the knock. And oh, Dinny, had they come within reach of my hand, when I first flung myself there, I fear—I fear—I know, I know!—what would—what must have happened!" He paused, to give way and escape to the shudder which ran through his frame.

"And they didn't, Masther Dan?"

"No—but had walked so far along the hill, that, for a good hour, and more, I could catch no sound of their footsteps, coming back. And by degrees, Dinny, in the dead pause, I began to listen to the other sounds near me and all round me, and to fix my eyes on the clear night above me—the sky without a cloud, the young moon, the bright, winking stars;—the little dashing and running of the shallow river was heard like words, in my very heart—words of an ould familiar voice, bidding me be at rest; and the *shauncen black caps*' chirping, near the rushes, by the water, told me to love my brother, my mother's son, or at the least, not kill him;—and, Dinnis, all over my head, the beautiful moon, the wonderful stars for ever in their places, and for ever doing whatever is God's will they *are* doing, so far, far off, in peace, and quiet, and in uncommon glory, as thick, over the great sky, as sand on the seashore;—all this, Dinnis, changed my heart, I don't know how, until the tears amost came:—and then, as I turned on my side

among the bushes, the sword I had ready in my hand glistened, and I jumped up, Dinny, and struck it with my whole strength, against the stone I told you of, and stamped and jumped upon the bits it flew into, as you would do with some spiteful reptile that wanted to twist up against your face and heart, and sting you, Dinny—fearing it, and hating it, together !”

“ The Lord save us, Masther Dan !” whispered Dinnis Haggerty, now neither in scoff nor in hypocrisy.

“ And, Dinny, had they only kept out of my sight, after that, I think my hatred of him would not have come back as strong as it has come : but, just as I stamped my heel upon the last scrap of the sword I could fix my eye on, their footsteps and their voices were in my ears, and I threw myself among the furze and the briars, again. Then I saw them, a good way off, and my madness rose in me, a second time ; and forgetting the haft of the blade, in my hand, sure I danced up, with a shout, and raced down the hill-path, on them.”

“ And spoke to him, sir ?”

“ Ay, Dinny, and more than that ! I took him, this way, Dinny, dear ;” he suddenly seized Haggerty by the arms, with all his strength ; “ And let her go !” I said, “ let her go, you bad brother and deceitful friend ! Let her go, you coxcomb, of the baby face—you poor puppet, tricked out with shinary and finery, for a mountebank’s stage, at a fair—let her go, and, from this night, out, stay away from her side, or, by the mother that bore us both ! you shall not break my heart, and hide me in an early grave, without sorely ruing it ! Feel me !” I said Dinny, griping him tighter ; and, Dinny, the long, weak gad couldn’t move a finger, in my hands ;—“ feel me ! you are the oulder brother and son, and the favourite, and your long neck makes you look a head over me,—but, feel me, I say—you are not able to stand against the strength I have in my bones !—try if you are !” and with that, Dinny, lad, I twisted him round, and flung him a good bit from me, where he fell ; and so I left them—picking up, I believe, the haft I had dropped to leave my hands free—and running along the hill’s-brow like a wind, *her* screeches and *his* words following me, for a time.”

“ God be good to us, again, sir ! and, if he done nothing against you, what did he say ?”

“ Nothing—or something, like a coward, that I didn’t listen to—no matter what. ’Tis all over, now, between us—all over, and for ever. I have laid hands on the grandee, the flower of the flock, the fireside pet, the scholar, and the pride of the fa-

mily, and of course, they will never again let me darken their door, Dinny,—ay! if they can keep me out!—ay, if I will let them wait to send for the Minister, to-morrow—to-day, I ought to say—and forage for some ould priest, at the same time, and hurry on a wedding, to take Dora Donovan out of the way of Dan D'Arcy, the scapegrace, the outlaw, and the madman! But, we'll see, we'll see.—Dinny Haggerty, here I come, I tell you, once again, to get the law on my side against them all!—to turn Protestan', Dinny *a-hager*, and have every sod they're worth in my own hands, and they at my mercy!—show me how I am to go to work for this, first, Dinny. My Papist brother can have no right or title, that I know. But my Papist father;—won't his right stand, either?"

Dinny replied that, although Daniel might confidently trust to him in the affair of forcing off Dora from Mr. Donovan, he could not—(at the same time that he well knew every point of law was in Daniel's favour)—venture to lay down the details of the case, and supply instructions upon his own authority.

"Upon whose, then?" asked Daniel, staring: and he drew back, in instinctive abhorrence, as his counsellor mentioned the name of attorney Doolly. After a pause, however, he suddenly resolved, in obedience to a strange turn of his mind, to consult the man of law directly; asked if he was at hand; and when Dinny left the room to return with him—"To be sure," laughed Daniel, smiting his thigh, as he walked about—"to be sure, and why shouldn't I! Micky is Marks's friend, and why not good enough for me, after all my talk? ay,—and the best body in this living world, to do Marks the friendly turn we now want from him.—Come in, Mither 'torney Doolly—come in, Micky," he continued, as the proprietor of the house appeared, bowing respectfully, at his own parlour door; "I'm glad in the heart to see you, sir, here in your own fine house; it's many a year since I saw you in my poor one—mine that is to be, I mean, Micky, dear; so, shake hands;"—Daniel's greeting was of the roughest and most energetic kind—"and let us sit down, at once, and get the law-books on the table—for our friend Dinny has put you up to the thing, by this time, I dare say."

Daniel guessed aright. A few words in the next room from his writing-clerk had fully advised the attorney of the exact circumstances which he was called on to consider; and burning with rage at Daniel's taunts, and only suppressing his feelings by adding them to the red-hot heap of hatred and projected revenge that was accumulated in his breast, Micky Doolly bowed again, ordered Dinny to supply "the law-books," just as Da-

niel had bidden him, and entered forthwith upon the business of their meeting.

"The first passage of statute-law, Masther Daniel D'Arcy," he began, "which strongly relates to your present concerns, is as follows, in the words of the vote of the Commons House of high Parliament, in the reign of gracious Queen Anne, dated 17th of March, Anno Domini, 1705."

"What do you or they mean by *anno domini*?" asked Daniel, quite bent upon going through the matter in hand, in a watchful, intelligent way.

"The year of Our Lord—that is, so many years since the blessed birth of Our Blessed Intercessor," answered the attorney, religiously.

"Is that the same birth the Papists hold by?" again demanded Daniel, now superfluously, even though information on the abstract point might be presumed necessary.

"Of a surety, the same," answered Doolly, "in their blinded opinion, at the least."

"Well: read out of your book, Masther Attorney."

"The words of the vote are—'All magistrates, and other persons whatsoever, who neglect or omit to put the laws against Papists into execution, are betrayers of the liberty of the kingdom;' and in the same year of 1705, although somewhat later, that is, in the month of June 1705," continued Mr. Doolly, "the same Parliament resolved, 'That the saying and hearing of mass, by persons who had not taken oath of abjuration, tended to advance the interest of the Pretender; and that such judges and magistrates'—(it is known to you, Masther Daniel, that, not considering my honourable calling of gentleman attorney, I have also the honour of holding his gracious Majesty's commission of the peace,)—'that such judges and magistrates as wilfully neglect to make diligent inquiry, and discover such wicked practices, ought to be looked upon as enemies to Government.'"

"Then I advise you to be guilty of no such neglect, Micky," observed Daniel.

"It behooves me, indeed, to take care that I shall not be, Master Daniel D'Arcy: but, with regard to the opinion of still the same House of Parliament upon honourable persons in *your* present situation, sir, suffer me to read one other small passage—'The prosecuting and informing against Papists is an honourable service to the Government.'"

"To the what?" asked Daniel.

"To the Government, sir."

"Oh—an honourable service to—the Government. Well, and so it is. Go on."

"Thus much from my authentic reports of the Commons' journal, Master Daniel. We must now pass to even more important volumes. To approved laws of the land, upon which the foregoing notes were, as I may say, only comments. Give that book near you, Dinnis Haggerty."

"Give it to him, quick, Dinny," echoed Daniel, with unnecessary zeal.

"I opine, sir," resumed Doolly, turning over the leaves of the gigantic volume, "that you seek to recover any property, in the possession of any of the persons at present concerned, to which the law of the land entitles you, as a Protestant discoverer and loyalist?"

"Of a surety," assented Dan rapidly.

"First, then, as to the moneys obtained in foreign parts, by your honourable brother," continued Dolly, although hopeless of a clause to help him on.

"Curse and confound him and them!" exclaimed Daniel: we'll pass that matter: if he *has* riches, why they are his own earnings; or they are but huxter's scrapings, any how, Micky."

"As you please, sir; again the attorney concentrated the inward flashings of his anger into, as it were, a hot dense ball of decreed revenge, which deposited itself on the old heap;— "Here, however, I find a clause of statute law, of which, assuredly, you may avail yourself:—By the thirteenth of his present reigning and most gracious Majesty, George the second, sixth clause, it is enacted, that Protestants educating their children as Papists, are made subject to the same disabilities as Papists are."

"And what have I to do with that?—my ould father is no Protestant," said Daniel.

"Your lady mother is, sir."

"Well? oh, I see: she has some trifle of pin-money, in her own right, and—but no, no, attorney Doolly; we won't meddle with that, either: tell me something else I can do by turning my coat?"

"I will Master Daniel. And first I would call your attention to the truth I am about to affirm. Supposing you, for a moment, to be an illegitimate son of your worshipful father and mother——"

"What, man!" interrupted Daniel fiercely.

"*Supposing*, I say—merely as an unfounded law case," remonstrated the attorney.

"As well founded as any of them, then," muttered Daniel, only half conciliated.

"That you are so situated, sir; again supposing you to conform to the legal religion of the land; in that case, merely as the sole Protestant child, without reference to your being the younger or the elder of another child, or of no matter how many other children, you would be heir at-law to the estates and properties of your parents, granting them to hold such by the best title."

"But since I am *not* a bastard, what's the use of talking about that, 'torney Doolly?"

"It would, nevertheless, be a short way to our present object, Master Daniel, if, indeed, you choose to be guided by a standing enactment: for according to another law of the gracious sovereign who now reigns over us—the nineteenth of his reign, chapter the thirteenth,—all marriages between Protestants and Papists, or celebrated by Popish priests, are annulled, sir; and although some deliver that this law has effect only upon mock marriages, which have taken place after its enactment, yet are others, including my humble self, of opinion, that——"

"Now, may Heaven confound your base-born boldness, Micky Doolly!" interrupted Daniel, standing up. "What! make out my own mother *to be* a mother, without ever having married my father! and my own self—and my own brother—bad as he is to me, and well as I hate him, our father's and our mother's sons, in sin, and in shame, and in dishonesty!—And on whose word? on your's, and on the faith of that big, talky book, there? Tell me, attorney,—how can ye undo what has been done? most of all, what has been done with God for a witness, judging between heart and heart; and when people promise before a priest, in his name, though not of your choosing? and this *is* what you call the law of the land? and by such helps I am to have my revenge?—Micky—sweet as the thought of that revenge is to me, deadly as they have all wronged me, and trampled on me, and resolved as I am to make them all rue it, or, at the least, to get them into my power, and have them at my mercy; yet, Micky, you must find me out better law than that, or I will kick the law-books into your face,—go home, and kneel down to every one I meet there—and deprive you—you, yourself, of the pleasure

and glory of making a conformist, and a good son and brother of me!"

This unexpected burst of Daniel took some time to be cooled down, even assisted as the attorney was by the generous peace-making endeavours of Dinnis Haggerty. Daniel, however, did at last consent to resume his seat, and finally, there was abundance of "better law" found for him, quite away from the last-quoted clause.

The attorney read the third clause of an act of Anne, by which "a Popish father, though he may have acquired his estate by descent, from a long line of ancestors, *or by his own purchase,*" and Mr. Doolly laid an emphasis on the last words, "is deprived of the power, in case his eldest son, *or any other son,*" (an emphasis, again,) "becomes a Protestant, to sell, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of it, or to leave out of it any portions or legacies."

"That's the law!" cried Daniel, slapping the table—"all of them under my thumb, and the whole blame on my own head, without sin or disgrace to any one besides."

Doolly continued to say, "That he believed this clause quite sufficient to entitle Daniel, after reading his recantation, to take immediate possession of his father's house and acres: but there was still another legal provision, by virtue of which, having once become a legal believer, he might assuredly call on the sheriff to instal him in instant possession; and the man learned in the law, concluded by perusing the seventh clause of the act of Anne, dated 1704, by which all Papists are deprived of such "inheritance, devise, gift, remainder, or trust, of any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of which any Protestant was or should be seized in fee-simple, absolute, or fee-tail, which, by the death of such Protestant, or his wife, ought to have descended to his son, or other issue, intail, being Papists," and makes them descend "to the nearest Protestant relation, as if the Popish heir, and other Popish relations, were dead."—"Pursuant to this enactment, Master Daniel," commented the attorney, "your father never had a right to enjoy the bequest of his Protestant uncle, by which he purchased his present lands and holdings; and also, in support of the last-quoted clause, it enables you to dispossess him, as soon as you shall leave the church-door, a sound Protestant."

Daniel triumphantly concurred, and, with the day breaking in upon them through the crevices of the window-shutters, a plan of operations was quickly struck out. In a few hours, Mr. Doolly promised to go forth and arrange for the reception,

at the chief church of the town, of the new conformist ; and thence he covenanted to repair to the sheriff, his most assured friend, and provide, under his permission, a competent posse, civil and military, to accompany Daniel to dispossess his father, mother, and brother. Having so stipulated, Doolly retired. And then Daniel engaged Dinnis to exert himself, simultaneously with these good services of his master, in raising the gallant band who were to force Dora Donovan from the care of her present protector ; and his tried old friend of the wood made him happy with earnest assurances of zeal, success, and good faith. Finally, rejecting Haggerty's hospitable offer of a bed, and insisting upon being left alone, Daniel fell fast asleep in one of the attorney's easy-chairs, his head pillowed upon the statute-books which were heaped on the table.

CHAPTER XIX.

DINNIS HAGGERTY was the first of Daniel's agents, (so, at least, Daniel thought,) who, punctual to his engagements, went out in the broad morning light to do him a service. Before Dinny left the house, however, his master and he had a few words of confidential discourse together. It struck both as probable, that Daniel, after half sleeping away the mingled excitements of wine and passion, might repent of his brave purposes : and to counteract such a misfortune, they resolved to supply a new stimulus to his feelings : "just as we hand the counsellors a refresher, Dinny," observed the attorney, "the second morning of a trial in coort, to keep them kind to their work."

"Dinny duteously grinned in approval of his patron's witty comparison, and sallied forth upon his own business. Mr. Doolly soon after entered the parlour. Dan was still asleep on the statutes. When his new ally gently and respectfully awoke him, it did indeed seem that much of his revengeful courage had flown ; and Doolly, thanking himself in his heart for his wise precautions, promptly set about rallying it back again. He proposed an early and hasty breakfast ; a kind of French one, crusts and a cup of wine ; and, while walking to his cupboard to get those materials, he remarked that, indeed, no time was to be lost, inasmuch that the whole town were

talking of nothing, early as was the hour, but the wedding about to take place, in a few hours, at the church.

"And who be they that are in such a hurry to get married, this morning, Misther Attorney?" asked Daniel.

"A daughter of Squire Donovan's, and your own honourable brother, Masther Daniel."

The experiment succeeded. The wine was gulped down by Daniel, and, arm-in-arm with his friend, Micky Doolly, he hurried off to be before his brother Marks in the church; not indeed in hopes of getting married there, instead of him, but of doing what would help to cloud Marks's honey-moon.

It has just been hinted that Daniel believed he had no earlier friend than Diunnis Haggerty stirring, that morning; and, indeed, the Attorney believed so, too; nay, Diunnis himself was of the same opinion; but they all mistook.

Two hours, or more, before the writing clerk quitted his master's abode, Mr. Mossop, the gentleman who had stood Daniel's friend against the anti-literary bailiff, but who had not so much obliged him by lending his carriage to Mr. Donovan, was startled from his sleep by a strange and unusual noise outside his house. There was a clattering, and a crashing, and a rumbling, all mixed together, to which the windows, nay, the walls of his solid mansion shook; and had an earthquake ever been heard of in his favoured island, the stout-hearted gentleman must have responsively trembled, of his own accord, as he lay, half awake, and listening, in his bed.

The horrid commotion increased every instant, and drew nearer, whatever it was. He suddenly sprang up, and, at the same moment having gained the front of his house, it as suddenly stopped. He was hastening to reconnoitre from a window, but a new noise fixed his feet to the spot; an assault, namely, upon the gigantic knocker of his hall-door, which so pealed and roared through the mansion, that his man-servants and his maid-servants, his house-dogs and his kennel-dogs, all awake in a body, though at different distances from each other, the former uttering frightened cries, or frantic shrieks, the latter barking in every variety of modulation, from the explosive yell of the mastiff, down to the pitiful effort of the lapdog.

Manning himself after this second fright, he soon threw up a front window, and having glanced downward, asked, in a loud and angry voice—"What does all this mean, ye scurvy pack? what is this enormous thing at my door?"

"It's the Fly-Dilly, your honour," answered a group of the usual attendants of that celebrated stage-coach, each trying to

bawl down the other—"it's the mather's Fly-Dilly, from the Cross-Keys."

"Is it? and what business has the accursed machine about my house, at such an hour, almost the middle of the night?"

Before they could answer, a woman's head well-wrapped in flannel, emerged from one of the open windows of the Diligence, and making a strange effort to turn itself upside-down, or downside-up, so as to bring its face under Mr. Mossop's observation, was heard to say—"Oh, sir, my dear crature, an' don't be angry wid the poor Dilly, or me, or any of us; we couldn't help it, sure, on a case o' life an' death."

"And who are you, madam, that are so ready with your excuses for this strange outrage?"

"I'm called the wife o' one 'Torney Doolly, your honour, my dear crature,—to my sorrow I say it; an' the most miserablist o' the Lord's poor subjects, this holy an' blessed mornin', let alone that the lives of half the world, I believe, God have mercy on me! are in my hands, an' I losin' the time, talkin'!"

"You desire my assistance as a magistrate then? am I to understand you so?"

"Och, an' it's yourself that'll plase to do that same, your worship, Misther Mossop, my dear sowl."

"But how can you explain coming here in that vile old barrack of a thing? If you were so pressed for time, why not get their posting coach, at the Cross-Keys?"

Mrs. Doolly said "that the posting-coach, the only second vehicle of the establishment, had been out; and that it was a great mercy that they let her have the Diligence itself; nothing but a heavy bribe could prevail on them to suffer it to engage in extra work before its regular hour of leaving the town for Dublin; and then, only that it came home last night, and only that she was beforehand with it this morning, what must have she done?"

"Done, woman! could you not have run out to me? or walked? your very slowest pace would have outstripped its utmost endeavour, notwithstanding all the uproar it makes."

"Run! me run out to you, Misther Mossop, my darlin' crature, sir? ay, or walk it, either—three good miles o' ground, an' up hill, amost the whole o' the road? your honour, you never seen the shape it's the will o' God to gi' me, or you'd hardly say that, sir;—look at me now, an' I'll engage that you won't say it over again:" at these words the door of the vehicle being opened for her, Mrs. Doolly forced her low, clumsy, and very fat person out of the Fly Diligence, and as its followers

assisted her to set her feet on the ground, Mr. Mossop agreed in her last remark.

A servant, scarce recovered from the terror of heart in which he had awoke from his morning slumbers, was now ready to usher the good dame into Mr. Mossop's library ; and that gentleman, stopping his ears while the Diligence toiled down his avenue, retired to dress for his interview with Mrs. Doolly. He entered the library, anticipating, after all her fuss, only some rigmarole story of imaginary grievance. His proceedings, afterward, showed that he admitted himself to have been mistaken.

His servants heard his bell ring violently. When one of them answered it, the orders he received were to saddle a horse, and get out his carriage, also, immediately. Then he called for his confidential clerk, gave him a hasty whisper, and the man was galloping from the house a moment afterward. Before he passed through the hall, the butler pretended to have heard that the arrest of a certain girl, and "soldiers from the town,—back with her," were the commands issued. While Mr. Mossop impatiently awaits the return of his courier, to step with Mrs. Doolly, into his carriage, the scene may be changed to Hugh D'Arcy's house.

It is not meant that the occurrences now to be narrated, happened at Hugh D'Arcy's immediately after the departure of the man and horse from Mr. Mossop's ; on the contrary the messenger's commission must have been nearly executed before we fix our eyes on the front of the well-known mansion which is inhabited by our old friends. But, the moment we do so, Mr. Donovan appears hastening to the hall-door in grief and agitation.

Nancy opened it at his summons, weeping bitterly : "you have heard of this great misery ?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—yes—almost as soon as you and Mistress Dora bid us good-bye, the mornin'."

"So soon, indeed ? how could that have happened ?"

"Och, *ma-vrone*, sir, an' sure you couldn't be past the avenny-gate when we hard the heavy fall on the boords above, shakin' the whole house, an' then the poor misthress's screech, that went through our hearts like a sword !"

"What *do* you mean, good Nancy ? am I not, indeed, the first messenger of affliction to this family ? has it run on before me, though in another shape ? The fall—the scream !—what has happened ?"

"Avoch, sir, and don't you know, yet ! sure I thought you

did, an' come back on the head of it! Oh, Misther Donovan, dear! the masther—the poor, kind-hearted ould masther!”

“Dead?”—Mr. Donovan momentarily forgot his own sorrows.

“No, sir—but worse! he's sthruck, sir, he's sthruck! an' though the eyes are wide open in his head—too wide open to give any body pleasure in lookin' at them—an' though he draws his breath, an' has the frightful kind of a smile on his poor, white, ould lips, sure he doesn't know one of us, Misther Donovan, honey, nor hear a word we say to him, I believe, let alone spakin' a word to us—avoch, sir, it's my mind he doesn't know whether his own self is livin' or dead, this moment!”

From Nancy's description, Mr. Donovan soon concluded that his old friend had suddenly been stricken with paralysis. It next occurred to him that the misfortune must have been caused by the effects of some distressing and agitating news of Daniel D'Arcy's conduct: “Perhaps,” thought Mr. Donovan, “the unfortunate father has heard—although before the real occurrence—that it was in the wretched boy's name my child was to be forced from my side this morning;” and he went on to question Nancy on this point, disguising what had just occurred on his road homeward, but still seeking to ascertain the truth of his suspicion.”

It relieved him, however, to collect from her answers, that the blow had fallen upon poor Hugh D'Arcy without any apparent or immediate provocation; that Daniel's second hasty departure from the house, the night before, had made no serious impression on his father, who retired to bed, laughing and jesting, soon after the occurrence; and that every one of the family believed Masther Dan to be safe and sound in the Red House, sleeping away his sulks and bad humour, that moment.

“Has Miss Donovan left her bed-chamber, yet?” continued the afflicted father. Nancy replied that she had not. “Then,” he resolved, “I will turn away with my superfluous griefs from this house, try what I can, alone, to recover my poor, innocent Dora, and even her sister shall remain ignorant of the affliction, till I fail or succeed.”

He was retiring from the hall-door, to take his way to the town, when Mrs. D'Arcy came down stairs, and in crossing the hall, saw him, and by a mute invitation, arrested his steps. The lady held up a handkerchief to her eyes, with one hand, and extended the other to her friend. It was an eloquent though silent claim for assistance and counsel in her sudden distress, to which he could not seem insensible. Mr. Donovan

led her into a parlour, resolving, however, that his stay in the house of mourning should be short, and also determined to save Mrs. D'Arcy, for the present, from the additional sorrow it was in his power to impart.

Daniel had seen him approach the hall-door, though from a distance. The lawn before the house was bounded at one side by a close row of trees, to which the neighbouring grounds fell in gentle undulations. Upon one of these little eminences Daniel stood, peeping at the mansion through the interstices of the trees. Hither he had hastened, after reading his recantation, to watch the occurrence of other expected events.

Though a summer's morning, it was a hazy, drizzling one; not a breath of air stirred the leaves, or moved the hazy clouds overhead, or made brisk the sleeping, sullen surface of the wide-spreading fields of wheat, oats, and barley. All was dull and sad around him. He thought, too, that he had never before seen so few living creatures, men or beasts, within view, or heard so few of the pleasant, familiar sounds of the open country. In the drowsy silence, the very chirp of the small birds, and the caw of the low-flying crow, struck on his ear as remarkably spiritless; as illustrations of solitariness, rather than as reliefs to it; and the air felt strangely raw, and seemed to impart similar peculiarities of sensation to his breast, even in the common act of breathing.

He had but just arrived on his watching post, by a circuitous rout from the town, and such were the first vague observations of his mind, without a single reference to other things: and he afterward thought this very strange, while he averred and knew it to be true. Mr. Donovan's approach to the house roused him from his unfeeling, or seemingly unfeeling apathy. Daniel was not too far distant not to notice, and understand, also, the agitation of his old friend. Dora had been ravished from her father, and was now in the power,—“Ay,” thought Daniel for the first time—“ay, and at the mercy of Dinnis Haggerty, the attorney's clerk.” In the Red House? he continued to ask himself; and his impulse was to dart across the fields, and ascertain the fact. Two new observations held him stationary. Down a by-road, from a wild, hilly part of the adjacent country, his eye caught a carriage, apparently directing its course to the more open road which passed his father's avenue gate; and at the same moment Mrs. D'Arcy came to the open hall-door at which Mr. Donovan stood with Nancy, extending her hand, as has already been mentioned. The one circumstance was curious, and demanded a moment's consideration; but the other

more powerfully swayed his mind. Although he was not near enough to see his mother's tears, or discern the handkerchief at her face, still the general expression of her action and deportment struck him as that of one in great affliction. And why in great affliction? It could not be on account of Dora, for Mr. Donovan must be the first bearer of his own tale of grief to the door, and yet Mrs. D'Arcy met him, already affected by grief. Neither could any courier from the town have anticipated,—out-raced Daniel's own speed from the church to his present position, with the story of his having conformed in the view of dispossessing his father. In his heart he felt certain that Marks would hide from his mother all hints of their rencounter on the hill the night before, and Dora's delicacy would not have allowed her to speak of it; what then was the matter, at home? He began to imagine fearful things. The hall door closed upon Mrs. D'Arcy, Mr. Donovan, and Nancy, and his eye reverted, however, to the mysterious carriage. It was about two miles distant. Whose could it be? Mr. Mossop's house lay in a different direction; and no house of any consideration was situated in the barren and wild district from which it seemed to come. Did it contain his friend, Attorney Doolly, the sheriff, and the legal posse who were to give him possession of his new estate and mansion? A noise of horses upon the road which ran by the avenue gate, enabled him to dispose of the last question, when he turned his looks, and saw the two gentlemen alluded to, heading a body of men, all mounted and armed, and all just starting out of a brisk trot into a gallop. At the sight, he dropped on his knees, and lay prostrate on the grass, impulsively avoiding their notice, as if he had been a felon of whom they were in pursuit.

And now Daniel's situation was suddenly comprehended and felt by him. There galloped a band of ruffians, the lowest of the low, the cruel among the cruel, headed by a knave and hypocrite, to turn his father, his mother, and his brother, out of their old home; out of the old home before his eyes—(his glance rested on what used to be the window of his own little sleeping chamber)—there they galloped; he could see their heads rapidly and, he thought, fiercely moving on, still on, over the hedge that lined the road; there they were, racing forwards, only a few yards between them and the avenue gate; and sent by whom? guns and pistols in their hands, or hangers by their sides, for his gentle lady-mother, and for his feeble old father, and supplied by whom? His heart grew weak, in fear and horror; his frame shook, perspiration mingled with the

unheeded mist which had been gathering on his forehead ; he scraped his nails along the grass, as he crouched, and in puny, whispering, disjointed words, such as the dream-ridden try to use in their coward beseechings to be freed from an annihilating pain and terror,—“ Stop, good gentlemen,” he said,—“ stop, for the mercy of God ! stop, stop, and don’t ye kill me.”

His revenge, his wrath, his selfishness, his love for Dora, his hatred of his brother, all were in that excruciating moment forgotten, and he only feared for his friends, his nearest and dearest, and regarded himself as an unparalleled monster. His character shook off its bonds ; its latest and last bonds of sin and obstinacy, and even in its present weakness and exhaustion, was itself again. And, in some vindication of Daniel, it may be said, that he had imagined, and raved, and spoken of the scene now opening to him, but had never called it up truly before his mind, and never actually willed it. If any person, who, with all his frightful faults, likes Daniel less than we do, may think proper here to remark that the same excuse can be made for all the crimes committed by uncontrolled passion, then it must be answered that Attorney Doolly, to say nothing of his clerk, had taken Daniel by surprise in hurrying events to a crisis ; that, in fact, without once giving him a hint of the circumstances or means by which his angry project was to be executed, the interested lawyer had precipitated it, in point of time, and heightened it, in point of atrocity : nay, had Daniel been allowed, or could he have allowed himself pause enough to ascertain and fix the measures within which even his revenge would have stopped short, it is certain he must have limited them to the attaining for him the power of dictating to his family—the having all, whom he believed hated and conspired against him, “ at his mercy ;” and hence his most severe reprover will not charge him with the guilt of deliberately slipping a gang of legal ruffians upon the sacred domestic privacy of the parents he still really loved.

The childish accents in which he uttered his appeal to the sheriff’s party to stop, were unheard by them ; had they been heard, they would have been unheeded. Perhaps a moment of stupefaction succeeded ; for his next observation showed him some of the armed men entering the house, while others surrounded it. Then came screams upon his ear, wild, terrible screams, and he was again standing upright. The servant, Nancy, ran out of the open hall-door, like a mad creature, continuing one of the cries he had heard, and clapping her hands, and pointing to the house, and to a particular window of the

house, as she obviously addressed some appeal to the mounted group on the lawn. Daniel thought her hand motioned towards the window of his father's bed-room--and what did he dread then?

The dread was expressed in words which came measured from his lips, as he slowly raised his clenched hand over his head—"Eternal God above me! I have killed my father!" Freezing at one instant, burning the next, he ran down the eminence, through the stems of the trees which bounded the lawn, and then from clump to clump of younger trees, which studded it, still, strange to say, fearing observation, though his first impulse had been to appear on the scene, until at last he flung himself into the shade of a clump, within a few yards of the hall-door, unnoticed amid the general confusion. Here, panting and shaking, a choking in his throat as if it were stuffed with hard lumps, and his tongue often thrust out between his lips to relieve their parched hotness, he lay almost incapable of farther thought or feeling. "Is he dead?" was the question he had come to shriek forth amid them all; but even that had now escaped his memory.

In a short time, however, loud voices within the house aroused his attention; he could distinguish those of his brother Marks and 'Torney Doolly, in violent altercation. Then his mother spoke, in the low, shivering, heart-cutting tones of female submission under a great sorrow, mixed with the dignified self-assertion of a lady. A pause ensued; once broken by screams from Nancy of a more terrific kind than those she had before uttered, and, it seemed, suppressed by Mrs. D'Arcy's remonstrance; and presently succeeded a strange noise of stamping feet through the house; and then in Hugh D'Arcy's bed-room, a struggling and talking of many persons, and a scraping, occasionally, of something heavy along the boards. "They are dragging him out to me in his coffin!" thought Daniel. The same noises came down the stairs, and into the hall; Daniel fixed his straining eyes on the hall door. First Nancy rushed out; Marks followed, bearing his paralysed father in a chair; Mrs. D'Arcy, leaning on Mr. Donovan, who also supported his daughter Helen, trod close behind. Daniel's whole soul was now momentarily occupied in endeavouring to comprehend this unexpected vision of his father.

With the zealous and desperate exertion of his whole strength, Marks tottered under the weight of the crippled old man, and laid him down just outside the door, it would seem

from inability to proceed. As he did so, "A moment, here, good Attorney Doolly," he said.

"Only one moment, sir," pleaded Mrs. D'Arcy, "to wet his lips, and rest my son, and we shall soon be on the road with him;" and while she spoke, the miserable lady, suppressing every tear that gathered to burst forth, and compelling her fine features into the calm of a breaking heart, stepped slowly to her insensible husband, wiped the damp from his forehead with her handkerchief, stooped and kissed it, and then knelt to drop some cordial out of a phial upon his poor smiling lips.

"And when we shall be quite out of view, Attorney," she continued, "and when the new owner of the house comes to claim the key of the door you are now putting up for him so carefully, tell him, sir, that his mother knelt down in every room of his old home, and almost on the threshold, wishing and trying to curse him, but could not; but that, instead, after all he has done, they were bless—blessings that came——" Mrs. D'Arcy's endeavours were not longer able to suppress the outbreak of her heart, and she interrupted herself in agonies.

Had the case not been so, she would have otherwise experienced an interruption. At the moment, Daniel came like a wild beast from his lair straight upon Attorney Doolly, and crying "Give me *that* man!" twisted the key of the hall door out of the hand of his careful friend. "What's all this?" he continued, unlocking and throwing the door open—"who dared to do this?—and what's the matter, father, dear, with you? and, if it's so sick you are, why don't you keep to the bed?" In the course of uttering these words, he caught up by its arms the easy chair in which Hugh D'Arcy sat, and, as if he but dandled a child, ran into the house with the pious load under which his elder brother had stumbled. The astonished spectators were greatly startled, after the father and son had disappeared in the hall, to hear the old man exclaim, "Dan! is it yourself, Dan, my boy?" and still more so with Daniel's answer, preceded by a laugh; "Ah! aha, father! I've cured you, have I? but I'll cure you better; first lie down in your bed, up-stairs: come, father!"

In an incredibly short time, considering the laborious task he had to perform, Daniel came out again: "That's done," he now said, "and well done! he and I are friends, at any rate: he made me kneel down, in spite of me, and put his hand on my head, and gave me his blessing. Where's my mother? where's Madam D'Arcy? Come into your house,

mother, and look after my father;" he took her hand. "Where's Marks? come in you, too, Marks;" he took his brother's hand also. "Speed down to the kitchen, to your work, Nancy, you poor fool; and come in, Mr. Donovan and Miss Donovan; sure, it's glad in the heart my people will be to see ye, and to make much o' ye; stop,—I don't think Dora is here? and stop again, what luck is driving to us, now?"

The carriage, which Daniel had seen at a distance speeding down the rough by-road, as he stood on the eminence, to one side of the lawn, entered the avenue gate, guarded by two mounted troops, and rapidly approached the house. To the astonishment of some, and the consternation of others of the lookers on, Dinis Haggerty, and his old friend Hicks, the bailiff, occupied seats upon its outside, the one with the driver, the other with the footman: and, at a nearer view, they appeared well bound with cords. Ere the vehicle stopped, a head was stretched out through one of the windows, and while Daniel answered one of his own last questions by exclaiming, "But here she is, by the sky and all the stars in it!" Mr. Donovan and Helen ran to embrace Dora.

"Dan, too! Dan, too!" cried Dora, "I want him, too! Oh, Dan, dear!" as he advanced alone, quite confounded; "we have both been terribly imposed on! and here are the two persons," as Jinny Haggerty was handed out of the carriage by a servant, "to tell you so;—she," pointing to Jinny, "and he," pointing up to Dinny, "for they have both been made to satisfy me, already."

"Yes, we contrived that," said Mr. Mossop, "after arresting Master Haggerty on a charge of abduction, supported by his ancient ally there—first secured, and well terrified; and Miss Haggerty, upon a suspicion of irregular and disorderly conduct in her mistress's house, as well as of various petty larcenies—Some one lay hands on that man!" suddenly exclaimed the speaker, pointing to Attorney Doolly, who was quietly withdrawing from the scene.

Daniel would not have asked a more agreeable commission. In an instant, he closed upon Doolly. The man turned at bay, and was drawing out a pistol. "Come!" cried Daniel, and struck him with his clenched hand to the ground; "put cords round him, too, and plenty of them," he resumed, as some of Dolly's own party came to help him; "for he's the maker and manager of all this, whatever it is, or however it turns out."

Mr. Doolly called upon Mr. Mossop to account for the violence offered to him.

"We must detain you as an accomplice, before the fact, in the forcible abduction of this young lady," answered the magistrate.

"Upon whose evidence?" demanded the accused.

"First, upon that of the common accomplice of Haggerty and yourself, and the common informer against both, Hicks, the discovering loyalist.—Open the carriage," continued Mr. Mossop, addressing his servant. When his orders were obeyed, he walked to its side, saying, "Here is my second witness," and assisted Mrs. Doolly to descend.

"Remember, you are not to speak," whispered Mr. Mossop, to the poor woman.

"I'll never open my lips to Micky Doolly, while the breath to speak the words is in the body o' me," she answered, steadily and determinedly; "it's all over between us sir: he took me, and called me his wife, for my money: I took him, out o' the foolish pride o' my haart, thinking to be a lady: there was never a spark o' throe likin' between us—no, not as much as would light a poor man's pipe of a could mornin'; an' we're both punished, as we deserve, an' that's the lenth and breadth of id; thank God, for ever, an' amin!"

"Mr. Doolly," resumed the magistrate, coming close to the attorney, "when next you depend for secrecy upon the little side-door in your office, pray do not forget that, for reasons of her own, your wife may have got a second key to it, beforehand."

Doolly remembered the noises he had heard in the office, and from the last of which, against his strong suspicion, Daniel's coming to the parlour window had diverted him. He cursed his own mistake in his soul, and his hopes were giving way; but he rallied.

"This can never be believed, Mr. Mossop: a wife giving evidence against her husband—against his life, perhaps. Besides, sir, a wife's evidence is inadmissible, under any circumstances, against her legal protector."

"I grant you that last objection," said Mossop.

"Well, and what then?" sneered the attorney.

"Nothing, sir, only that we have found out this morning, that you are not her legal husband, at all. Mrs. Judith Rafferty, for that is the good woman's true name, has never regularly conformed to the established religion; and you know that well; at all events, we can prove it. Well, sir, such being

the case, the mock ceremony between you and her is annulled by the nineteenth of George the Second, chapter the eleventh, clause the thirteenth—I like to give a man learned in the law my authority, at full length ;—annulled, sir, even though you had been married by a Protestant clergyman. But again, we can prove that Judith Rafferty, as constant to her old faith as she has been to you, master attorney, notwithstanding your arrangements before ‘the little archdeacon,’”—Doolly winced—“refused to permit a heretic minister to bless her nuptial vow, and before she would transfer her long stocking-full of old guineas into your custody, was wedded to you by a concealed priest in Dublin—although you told us it happened by the hands of a different kind of clergyman there, under special license : and so, sir, you are no more her legal husband than I am ; and so, sir, over again, she is a competent witness against you for this abduction—if, indeed, we shall use her testimony, which I hope it will not be found indispensable to compel her to give.”

“Well, Mr. Mossop, we are nothing to each other, with all my heart, and thus is poor Judy disposed of, at all events, and I wish to hear no more of her.”

“Softly, attorney : if you have no right to her, you have no right to her money, and, as Judy will have to refit her shop, she may want it, herself : so, till you enable us to pay it back to her, we must needs look close after you, and request you to hear a *little* more of her.”

“She shall never touch a penny of it, unless by legal process,” answered Doolly, losing temper, “and I think I may know how to play at that game with her, or with you either.”

“Try, then, sir. Do you remember aught of a statute which says that none but Protestants shall be solicitors or attorneys ?”

“I remember all of it. But you do not go upon a case of want of regular conforming on my part ? It was open—in the town church.”

“As open as the day. Another question, however : what says the seventh of this reign ?” Doolly started, bit his lip, and was silent.

“You forget. I’ll tell you. It says, that ‘barristers and solicitors, marrying Papists, are deemed Papists, and made liable to all penalties as such.’ And now, Mister Doolly—plain Mister Doolly—there are a few statutes more than you quoted for your young friend, before day-break this morning. And now, listen—scoundrel ! According to the letter of the

law you would inflict, shall you be dealt with ! and according to it you—*you*, ‘*deemed*’ Papist, are no longer a member of the profession you have disgraced.—And no longer entitled to receive more than thirty pounds profit out of the great farm—the almost estate—you hold—nay—to receive a penny out of it—nay—to hold it, from the moment that a good Protestant can be found to inform of your ‘rate of profit’—and so, beggar—beggar, as mean and as branded as the morning you were chased by the dogs out of the house we now stand before—and which you came here to-day, to destroy—low, baffled beggar ! gainsay *my* law if you can.—The game you challenged me to play with you is over.—Take him into the town.”

During this conversation between the magistrate and the ex-attorney, Dora, Daniel, Marks, and the two Haggertys had been discoursing aside, Mrs. Judith Rafferty being occasionally appealed to. While Doolly was taken in charge, Dora led Dan to his brother and mother, and happy was his heart as he returned their embraces.

“But I can never forgive myself, Marks, dear,” he said.

“I won’t let you, Dan, my boy,” replied Marks, “until you say something for me to Helen, in return for what I said to Dora for you, when she was so vexed with you, last night.”

THE END.

